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## THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL QUESTION OF THE WORLD.\*

WE must not allow the interest attending the affairs of Rome to turn away our attention altogether from a question which concerns us more nearly, is much more important for the world at large, and has been the occasion of a far greater amount of human suffering.

There is no great Power in Europe, the interests of which will not be more or less directly affected by the issues which are being prepared, or slowly worked out, or which may be suddenly consummated in the regions under the sway of the Ottoman scimitar.

The purposes of Russia are a secret to no one. The aspirations that dictate them have been gathering strength these hundred and fifty years, along with Russia's consciousness of her own growing power, and of the irremediable collapse of Turkey. But, in case of a dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire, Austria

is the natural rival of Russia. More than half of her subjects belong to the Slavonic stock, some of them to the Greek communion likewise, so that Francis Joseph reigns over races kindred by blood and attached by religion to those who are panting for escape from the despotism of their Mahometan masters. Austria shrinks from changes that would stimulate the feeling of separate nationality in her own subjects; but, on the supposition of a general breaking-up and reconstruction in the East, it would seem to that Government natural and desirable that the Roumans of Moldavia and Wallachia should be united to those of Transylvania, and that the Servians south of the Danube, the Bosnians also, and the Montenegrins, should cast in their lot with the Servians of Hungary. Under certain circumstances, indeed, the policy of aggrandisement would become necessary for self-defence; Austria would be condemned to enlarge her boundaries or to go to pieces.

Prussia has no prospect of ever directly appropriating any part of Turkey, but she is not indifferent to the interests of

\* *La Question d'Orient, Exposé Politique.* Paris: Dentu, Palais Royal, 17.

Prince Charles of Hohenzollern, and, what is more important, she is so placed as to be ready to exact an equivalent in Germany for whatever accession Austria may receive toward the East. Again, it is of vital importance to Prussia, almost more than any other Power, that Russia should not acquire irresistible preponderance by carrying out her ambitious designs. Prussia is the nearest neighbor of the Muscovite, and, as such, is under an imperious necessity to watch against any increase in the resources of the giant, whose accomplice she has been in former deeds of usurpation.

France is less forcibly involved in the matter than Austria or Prussia. But she has already begun to divide the spoil by her possession of Algiers; she would fain look upon the whole of North Africa as to be one day hers; she is our rival in Egypt. She has moreover committed herself to the struggle against Russian encroachments; professing to be the disinterested friend and protectress of the native Christian populations, she has at least been less interested than Russia, less ungenerous than Austria, or than England, with the important exception of our gift of the Ionian Isles.

As for England, our interest in the East is to be measured, in the first place by our interest in India, and in the next by our wish to preserve the independence of all Europe against the Tartar despot that threatened it a few years ago, and will threaten it again if we are not vigilant and ready, if needs be, to strike.

Such being the importance of the question, we feel no little responsibility in attempting to enlighten public opinion upon it, and we have a very natural leaning to a policy of expectancy. It is easy to see what ought not to be done, and what ought to be hindered at any cost, but it is not so easy to determine what ought to be done. On the other hand there are conjunctures in which delay is as fatal as precipitation, and this may be one of them. We wish therefore to state the facts, the certainties, and the contingencies of the case, as fully as possible—to present the rights, circumstances, and prospects of the several populations whose future is at stake, as they appear to us after many years of careful and impartial observation.

It is certain that the existence of an

independent State upon the Bosphorus sufficiently powerful to protect itself, or sufficiently protected by common consent, is a necessity of the balance of power in Europe. Lord Chatham once said that he would not waste five minutes' argument upon any one who did not at once recognize that the existence of Turkey was a political necessity, but we suppose this opinion may be translated into the more general proposition just laid down. His lordship would not have cared whether the people who held the Bosphorus in trust for the benefit of Europe were Jews, Greeks, Turks, Infidels, or Heretics, provided they were able to hold their own. The necessity of the existence of such a Power is even more evident now than it was in Lord Chatham's time; the only question is—Who are the people best qualified for, and best entitled to, the trust?

The Turks have in their favor the fact that they are in possession. This is a most important, at first sight an almost decisive, point. They could not be supplanted by any direct and immediate action without war, and that, practically, a war of extermination; not only unsettling Europe, but attended by fearful reprisals and massacres in Asia. Every lover of peace and of humanity must admit, that it is better to live with a people imperfectly qualified to meet the responsibilities of their position, than forcibly to put in their place a people better qualified. The Turks ought not to be abandoned by their protectors unless their fall is absolutely inevitable, and even in such a case extreme measures should be delayed as long as would be consistent with the safety of Europe. The *Effete* Power should be gently let down, and its successor gently and gradually inducted.

The view of this question generally taken by Englishmen is exceedingly narrow. In their eyes it is but a choice between Turkey as it is and Turkey as a Russian province, with Constantinople as the capital of the Romanoffs. We are happy in our persuasion that this view is altogether inadequate, and therefore false; for if it were true we should be in despair:—if there be no choice except that between Russia and Turkey, then Russia must have the prey in spite of all the world. We may prolong the life of

the dying man at a ruinous expense in money, and at the still greater cost of sharing the responsibility of all sorts of iniquity; we may struggle against fate, and retard the consummation for a few short years; but the Turkey that now is, is doomed. There are those now living that will either witness its fall, or else a transformation that we fear is hopeless.

As nearly as we can judge after comparing many statistical tables and calculations, the Mahometans of European Turkey are about three millions eight hundred thousand. Of these, three hundred thousand are Tartars and Circassians; about two millions and a half are converts from subject races, Albanian, Bosnian, and Bulgarian, and only one million are genuine Osmanlis of the governing race. It must be remembered that we are not now taking into consideration the Asiatic part of the empire, where the true Turks are five times as numerous. The Christians of European Turkey who have attained to partial independence, that is to say the Moldo-Wallachians, and the Servians of the Principality, number five millions and a quarter. Those that remain in total but unwilling subjection are about seven millions and a half.

The dismemberment of the empire has begun by the independence of the kingdom of Greece, the French conquest of Algiers, the practical independence of Tunis and Egypt, Moldo-Wallachia and Servia; the very Arabs hate the Turks; but the diseased state of the whole body politic is such that the head is hardly conscious of losses at the extremities. While the Christian populations are increasing in numbers, wealth, and intelligence, in aspirations for freedom, and in confidence that they will obtain it, their masters are rapidly growing fewer and poorer, and the conviction is gaining ground among them that their empire is to be destroyed ere long, or as the peasants of Asia Minor put it, that "God has become a Frank." The feeling of apathy is universal, the spirit of armed proselytism has died away, and there is no force of impulsion left.

Since Turkish landowners can no longer compel the rayas to cultivate their fields for nothing, they have begun to leave their villages and crowd into the towns. This movement has been very percep-

tible since 1850; it is one cause of depopulation, and of the rapid transfer of landed property from Mahometan to Christian hands. There are even places where a crowded burial-ground is the only memorial of the Turkish village that was in existence fifty years ago. The other permanent causes of depopulation are over-early marriages, the unhealthy lives and criminal practices of the Turkish women, the excessive severity with which the obligation to military service falls upon the Mahometans exclusively. One provision, indeed, of the Hatt-i-Humayoon extends the right and duty of bearing arms in defence of the empire to all its subjects without distinction; but this clause was only inserted to hoodwink the representatives of the European Powers; its practical result has been the imposition of a new tax upon the rayas as a substitution for the conscription, and the drain upon the Mahometans remains as constant as before. There is a progressive diminution of the Ottoman population in city and country taken together, and an almost total desolation of fertile tracts from sheer lack of cultivators and communications.

These are not the symptoms of a mere functional disorder, but of an incurable organic disease. Turkish peasants have all the virtues of a dominant race. They are brave, truthful; are distinguished by a native dignity and self-respect; they are less brutal to their subordinates than the Mahometans of the subject races. The worst that can be said of them in an economical point of view is, that they allow everything to go to ruin by never mending or renewing anything, and that they dream their lives away; and this is, perhaps, not so much the result of temperament, as of the circumstances in which bad government and their own arbitrary ascendancy have placed them. But the higher we rise, the less morality, truth, and worth we meet within Turkish society. There is no integrity and patriotism, or sense of honour among the men high in office. We can hardly use the word upper class, for there is practically no aristocracy in Turkey, the effendis or country gentlemen having died out, or been crushed by the spoliation of pashas. The corruption of public functionaries is flagrant and universal; hence

the mockery of justice in all courts, civil and criminal, and the inconceivable indifference to either material or moral improvement which astounds the Western traveller. Place is synonymous with receiving bribes from those below, and the obligation of giving them to those above. The vices of Turkey are stronger than her wish to be cured of them; she is her own worst enemy. The pasha copies the bad side of European society without any of its excellencies; his enlightenment consists in drinking without scruple, and he has retained withal the nameless vices of the East.

What are the trade, finances, justice, legislation of the Turks? They once bargained with the conquered and let them govern themselves; but *they* never governed. The Eastern correspondence of our contemporary, *Evangelical Christendom*, has for many years back teemed with complaints by missionaries from all parts of Asia Minor and Syria, relating the outrages inflicted upon Protestant converts by officials of every degree, who have received bribes from the high Armenian clergy, or wished to ingratiate themselves with the representatives of France. The sufferers belong to a small and peculiar class, and one which has always had protectors at Constantinople, except during the residence of Sir Henry Bulwer, so these few glimpses can only convey a faint idea of the unblushing rapacity and lying effrontery of the whole administration: taxes arbitrarily and unequally distributed, men punished for offences which the authorities knew to be imaginary, or thrown into prison for equally imaginary debts; in one instance a Protestant girl taken by force and married to a gipsy, and appeals to Constantinople invariably met by a strenuous denial of the most notorious facts.

"The poverty and misery of the people in the interior of the empire is terrible," writes a missionary some two years ago, "and their condition is becoming worse. This is a fact which European politicians should understand. The people of the Turkish empire (a few cities only excepted), are becoming poorer and more wretched every year, less and less able to bear the weight of taxation which is crushing them."\*

\* Some five months of travel in Turkey in 1867, traversing the empire from the Red Sea to

No country ever thrives on the strength of natural resources without industry, knowledge, equal laws, respect for personal rights, and security for property—things of which a genuine Mussulman would never so much as dream. Hence their commerce is carried on by foreigners; their land, once tilled by serfs, remains waste, and passes into the hands of bitter internal enemies; the master's share of the produce is, virtually, not rent, but tribute. The taxes, especially the tithes, are imposed with odious inequality, and so oppressively exacted as often to ruin the husbandman, putting a stop to cultivation altogether; the poorer Mussulmen, it has been frequently observed, are less able to bear the rapacity of the local governors than even the *rayas*.

When a people fashioned by an inferior civilization is brought into contact and occasional collision with a superior civilization, it is a decisive trial of the vitality of that people; it must adjust itself to the higher civilization; it must be transformed or perish. The Turks have reached this great crisis in their history, and the results are sooner or later to become evident. A really impartial traveller in the East, M. George Perrot, whose antiquarian researches brought him into communication with people of all ranks, says he never yet saw a Turk who had profited by contact with Europeans. "Not only have I never met with a really educated Turk, I have never even seen one who understood what education meant, its value, and the trouble that must be taken in order to acquire it. They have not a shadow of that precious curiosity which is, as it were, the salt of modern societies, and which, notwithstanding their faults, hinders them from becoming corrupt."

The nature of this race, moulded as it has been by a religion which leaves no room for the idea of progress, hinders them from passing with success out of the limits of patriarchal and military life. The vitality of the empire seems to have been lessened rather than increased by the reforms of Mahmood. As soon as the Turk steps out of a

the Danube, and through the interior of Syria, more than confirms this statement.—[ED. OF ECLECTIC.]



simple and elementary mode of existence, as soon as he has lost his native faith and traditional manners, he seems under a fatal incapacity to put anything better in their stead. The partial departure from ancient habits was but the loss of self-confidence and self-respect without the acquisition of a firm and discriminating hold of new principles. As it has been felicitously said, the improvement is of the kind typified by the exchange of the turban suited to the climate for the fez cap, which affords no protection to head or eyes.

Turks imitate only what they like in Western civilization. They have displayed a marvellous readiness to adopt the system of national loans. They would fain copy the centralization of our Continental neighbors. They catch at every excuse for abolishing the exceptional immunities of their Christian subjects, which, however politically anomalous, are necessary to screen the rayas from their own brutality. In this respect Constantinopolitan pashas are perfect masters of the cant of a false and hypocritical liberalism. In the preamble of a firman addressed to the Greek Patriarch in November, 1857, it is said to be destined "to put the privileges and immunities granted to the Greeks by different Sultans in harmony with the progress and the light of the age." The document introduced with this flourish of trumpets simply abolished the patriarch's temporal and judicial authority over his co-religionists, and substituted for his fees and those of the higher clergy a fixed tax, upon which the Government was to have a percentage.

It is strange that a nation like England, in whose inner life religion plays so important a part, should be slower than almost any of the Continental nations to recognize the all-important influence of the religion professed by a people upon its institutions and character. Even Volney, an unbeliever, in his considerations upon the war of 1788, anticipated the impossibility of civilizing Mahometans on grounds which have since been verified by experience. So long as the Turks remain Mahometans, they will be incapable of any such change for the better as would make their yoke tolerable and their empire

stable. What we have seen in India of Mahometan subjects, even though they form only a minority of the population, ought to make us understand what it must be to have Mahometan masters.

When despotism is supposed to be the law of the universe; when God is understood to be a sort of Oriental monarch, stern to His subjects and terrible to His enemies, who has committed to a brave people the task of crushing all idolaters and infidels; when the unity of the Divine Being is so explained as to leave no room in its essence for reciprocal relations, so that God is not conceived as eternal love, but as mere absolute, resistless will;—when this is the religion of a people, no form of government can be practically and consistently carried out except an insolent and cruel military despotism. The Christian subject must remain a despised alien, who is only allowed to exist by sufferance, and cannot be trusted with arms to defend the common country. The Osmanlis must continue to hold down in forcible subjection spirited populations more numerous than themselves. The Government must continue to deal arbitrarily with the persons and properties of its subjects; and the old administrative barbarism will go on spreading desolation over these fertile regions, as the winds of the Bay of Biscay used to spread the sterile sands over the plains of Gascony. You can make their barbarism more refined, their ferocity more corrupt, their venality more full of expedients; but you cannot communicate any culture equivalent to Christian civilization. Why is the Ottoman not to be expected to do aught but dream his life away? His God did so, while he sat from all eternity upon a white cloud, previous to creation, without wants, affections, or motives. For the Turkish mind there is no real life in heaven or on earth; no progress, for, according to the orthodox faith, Mahomet did but restore the religion of Abraham. The institutions founded upon such a conception of the universe must be marked by immobility, and the character of the people who hold it by apathy.

The amalgamation of the Turks with their subject races would be evidently necessary to the stability of the empire,

and this is absolutely hopeless. The various religio-political organizations which create so many separate states within the State are indispensable to protect the Christians from the intolerance of masters who know no medium between the extermination of professors of a different creed, and the leaving them this kind of precarious, unsatisfactory, and embittered independence. Were the Turks to wish for social fusion, the memory of the *rayas* is too tenacious of the traditions of mutual contempt and hatred to admit of it. Wherever the Christians are strong enough to prevent it, a Turk is never seen to enter a Christian village, not even for the purpose of collecting taxes. But the Turks entertain no such wish; their feelings are those of slave-owners, who fear the future escape of the oppressed. Hence, like the defeated planters of America, one of the reforms of the Hatt-i-Humayou which they obstinately refuse to carry out, is the allowing the testimony of a Christian to weigh against a Mussulman in a court of justice. The application to Christians of the word *giaour*, *dog*, is forbidden by the Hatt-i-Humayou; but the term *rayas*, *herd*, is still an official designation, and a more appropriate one could not be imagined. It is no uncommon practice for the mudirs of a district to lock up the rich *rayas* without any pretext, in order to extort money for letting them go.

One thing could save the Ottoman Empire—that would be a religious change upon a scale as wide as the Reformation of the sixteenth century. We believe it would be want of faith deliberately to pronounce such a change impossible. Christianity was made for man, and therefore for Turks as well as others; nor is the East religiously immovable. The great Wahabite schism shows that it is not. There is at present a considerable degree of religious curiosity—not to call it by a better name—among the Turks of Constantinople, enough to arouse the fears of the Ulemas and of the Government. But the question arises—Should we be justified in continuing to shield the oppressor on the bare possibility of his becoming at some future time amenable to the one influence that would create honest

functionaries and a thriving, contented people? Lord Stratford de Redcliffe tried at once to civilize the Turks and to give Protestant missionaries fair play. Sir Henry Bulwer must have thought the plan a failure; for he did everything that in him lay to tie up the hands of the missionaries, to hinder proselytism, and sustain the Government in its attempts to revive the old Mahometan spirit as far as it could go while stopping short of violence and massacre. Hence it is that we read in a letter of August, 1865, by an old resident: "It is my opinion that there is not only in the interior, but in Constantinople itself, a general revival among the Turks of the old insolent contempt of Christians which preceded the Crimean war."

No later than the summer of 1866, two ladies, travelling from end to end of European Turkey, record the following observations:

"The rural population of Bulgaria is Christian, and hereabout the *raya* has a down look and a dogged stolidity, which give one the impression that heart and mind have been bullied out of him. . . . His country, lying as it does on the road of the Turkish armies to the Danube, has been subject to unceasing spoliation, and nothing is more melancholy than the tale told by its desolate highways, and by the carelessness with which villagers are withdrawn from the notice of the passers-by.

"The Mahometans of Monastir and Ochrida are more numerous than the Christians. Whenever this is the case, the state of the disarmed and disfranchised *raya* is most pitiable, and open murder occurs frequently and unpunished. So long as the victims are *rayas*, the authorities take no notice; and even if they did, the conviction of the assassin is hopeless, for a Christian cannot give evidence in criminal cases. The Christians cannot resist; they are unarmed; and if they should injure a Mussulman, even in self-defence, they are rigorously punished."

A fact which occurred during the Crimean war furnishes a sad commentary upon these statements. An officer high in rank amongst our allies, Salih Pasha, violated a young Bulgarian girl of Toulteha. The outrage being perpetrated undisguisedly as a sort of right, attracted the notice of a French general officer, who made a noise about it, and called for an inquiry. The wretch had his victim assassinated in

order to secure her silence, and he was himself sent out of the way by the Turkish authorities, but remained otherwise undisgraced and unpunished until he fell in a skirmish with the Montenegrins some years later. Indeed, outside of the capital there is not a Christian female in European Turkey who can reckon herself safe from the passions of the first Mussulman of rank who may fancy her. A writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, we believe, mentioned a few years ago, apparently on good authority, a tragedy which had just taken place at the foot of the Balkan. A Turkish officer, travelling with his escort, took up his abode for the night in the house of a substantial Bulgarian farmer. That the whole house should be given up to him and his soldiers without any compensation, was a matter of course; but the brutal Turk was not content with this—he ordered the wife of his host to be brought to him. The unfortunate raya attempted no opposition. In the morning the tyrant called for his victim's only daughter, a child of twelve years old; the Bulgarian turned away as if to fetch her, but it was to seize an axe and strike the officer dead at his feet. As was inevitable, this successful burst of indignation and despair cost the injured husband and father his own life.

The Bosnian nobles assume for themselves, their servants, and their visitors, something worse than the most infamous prerogative of the feudal times. There are outrages with which we cannot defile our pages, which are not the less really suffered by Christian mothers and their daughters. This much we can say, that between the 20th and 26th of June, 1858, a hundred and eighty young Bosnian girls were carried off by the Turkish soldiery. The population disarmed by Omar Pasha defended their houses, their churches, and their families as well as they could with ploughshares, scythes, and pitchforks; but they were soon driven by thousands to take refuge within the Austrian frontier. We transcribe part of a complaint presented to the European commissioners at Klibuok, in that fatal summer of 1858, by the villagers of Orobuisk and Piva:

"If the poor Christians have taken up arms, they have done so because of the oppressions

and exactions of the cursed Turks and malefactors, who have taken and eaten up everything that belonged to us; they have profaned our churches, insulted our religion, and above all, outraged our wives and sisters, so that we are obliged to baptize the bastards that our wives and sisters bring into the world.

"Ever since Omar Pasha came into Bosnia, we, wretched rayas, have not taken up arms against the poor Sultan, but against malefactors, his enemies and our own, who do not listen to the Sultan nor obey his orders.

"We call God to witness, that if his Grace the Sultan does not withdraw these malefactors from our midst, and give us justice, we are ready to die to the last man, and drown ourselves with our families."

It was a little later than this that English money enabled Omer Pasha to subdue the Montenegrins, and overawe the people of the neighboring provinces who had been expected to act with them. Is it surprising that these people hate us as they do the Turks? The Jeddah massacre took place that same year—1858. The *Times* thought we were in too great a hurry to expect tolerant feelings from Mahometans. "Let us but give them time," said that journal, "and we shall see them adopt the principles of modern society." The massacres of Damascus two years afterward may serve to measure the progress our pupils had been making.\* Five thousand Christians were butchered in Damascus alone, and many more in various localities of Syria, and that invariably with the connivance of the authorities—in some instances with their direct participation. We may if we please continue to preach contentment to the co-religionists of the victims; let them but bleed patiently for two or three generations more, and their masters will become civilized at last; but they do not seem disposed to lend themselves to the experiment, and let the scimitar dull its edge at their expense.

A letter from Constantinople of Nov. 7, 1860, by a writer not originally friendly to the Turks, says:

"European Turkey cannot long be kept in subjection to the Turks. Since the Crimean war, and especially since the Italian war, the idea of nationality has taken possession of

\* Col. Churchel, a personal observer of the scenes, puts down the whole number at 11,000.—[ED. OF ECLECTIC.]

the minds of Greeks, Slaves, and Bulgarians. . . . It will require but little more mismanagement and oppression on the part of the Turks to fan this spark into a flame. The Turks fear something of this sort, and they are adopting the most severe measures to crush out all thoughts of Bulgarian or Slavic nationality. Scores of Bulgarian young men have been seized within a few years, and hurried off to die in distant prisons, without even a form of trial, without even knowing why they were arrested. There are some twenty such now pining in the prisons of Diarbekir, who were never guilty of any crime whatever, but were simply suspected to be unfriendly to the Turks.

"At the other extremity of the empire the Arabs—Moslems though they are—seem to be waking to these same ideas of nationality. They hate the Turks; and all Syria and Arabia would rise against the Turkish dominion if they could see a chance of success. While these disturbing forces are daily gathering strength, the Government itself is becoming more and more inefficient and oppressive. During the years of peace which have followed the Crimean war, the debt has steadily increased; the money borrowed has been, for the most part, squandered; the taxation has increased in about the same ratio as the debt; the country has grown poorer in spite of the momentary relief afforded to certain districts by the high price of cotton; promised reforms and public works have been postponed; and the people everywhere are in despair. Worse than all, there seems to be no possible hope of improvement. Under these circumstances, it is hardly possible that this empire can remain intact much longer, whether left to itself or helped on to destruction."

The opinion thus forcibly expressed is shared by almost every impartial and competent person who visits the East; and the nearer to Constantinople, the stronger the impression. We have been trying to infuse from without an extraneous strength into the arteries of a decaying race. We gave back Syria to the Sultan when it had been wrested from him in 1840, and by doing so we gave it back to anarchy. We gave him back in 1830 and 1832 the very provinces of Greece, the populations of which had been the first to take up arms for their independence. In 1858 all Europe did its utmost to let anarchy have every possible chance in the Principalities of the Danube. In the eighth article of the Constitution given to the latter, they are subjected to all treaties that the Porte may make with foreign

nations, so that the impoverished Porte may sell to foreigners any exorbitant privileges it pleases upon the Rouman soil.

It is but a few years since the Porte forbade the establishment of printing-presses in Bulgaria. We are helping to keep millions against their will under a Power which does not care for their prosperity, and positively dreads their enlightenment. The tendency of British policy in the East has been to make the disease, decay, and debility of the head the measure of the prosperity that is to be allowed to the limbs. We are known to these rising Christian populations as the powerful, effective, vigilant enemy of their provincial liberties for the present, and of their hopes for the future. There is an oppressive and decayed East—there is an oppressed but rising East—and all our statesmen, except Mr. Gladstone, have thought it just and politic to identify us with the former.

It is not to be denied we have given the Porte a prodigious quantity of good advice. Our relation toward our promising pupil in the fez cap upon the Bosphorus, is exactly that of the French Emperor towards his equally interesting *protégé* with the tiara upon the seven hills. In both cases there is an oppressed people wishing to become their own masters, and an irremediably corrupt theocracy hastening to decomposition, and there are royal or imperial guardians, stuning sick men's ears with recommendations to reform. We may boast that Abdul Medjid and his pashas receive our advice with humbler mien than that of Pius IX. and Cardinal Antonelli under the homilies of Napoleon III. and his ministers; the Sultan does not profess himself infallible. But as far as practical results are concerned, both preachers might as well address themselves to Ailsacraig. It is just as reasonable for Napoleon to expect the Pope to become a philosopher, as it was for Lord Palmerston to imagine that Turkey could really take a place in the family of modern Christian nations. For the Holy See to put itself into the modern condition of governments would be simply suicidal; it would be simply the transformation of a priestly into a lay government.



Similarly, if Turkey were to grant real civil and political equality to the various populations of the empire, it would simply be a transfer of power to the *rayas*. England may hope against hope with national obstinacy; shut her eyes and pretend to believe the reforms she hears of serious; but the Ali Pashas and the Antonellis know better; an unerring instinct teaches them that the old garment had better be let alone; that to sew on the bran new pieces officious hands are holding out from London and Paris, would be but to precipitate the fate of the failing vesture. Our Mussulman restoration is in its results but Russian preponderance. Every appearance we give to Turkey is a reality in the path of Russia. The Sultan can neither govern nor keep the provinces that we thrust back under his feet.

After having been on the eve of annihilation for centuries, the Greeks fell in 1453; partly because they persuaded themselves too fondly that Europe would never suffer them to perish. The Turks are now, by a singular turn of the wheel, in exactly the same position as the Greeks in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Their weakness causes Europe as much trouble now as their power did once. They were our peril of old, and they are our difficulty now.

We believe ourselves under obligation not to precipitate the fall of the Ottoman Empire; but we are equally bound by interest and humanity not to delay giving countenance to the Greek, the Rouman, and the various Slavonian races until they are driven by despair to give themselves over irrevocably to the interested protection of Russia. Here is the great practical difficulty—How are we to know where our protection of the Turks is to stop, and where our protection of the subject nations is to begin? or, Is there any way of dealing fairly, humanely and wisely with all parties at the same time?

We will not attempt to answer these questions until we have passed in review the state, the aspiration, and prospects of the several subject races of European Turkey.

It is natural to begin with the Greeks. They number about 1,500,000 in Roumelia, Macedonia, Thessaly, and Epirus, forming—with about 210,000 Walla-

chians, chiefly inhabiting Thessaly, with 320,000 Albanians, and more than twice that number of Bulgarians—the Christian population of these provinces, which is slightly superior to the Mussulman. The Greeks of Asia Minor are reckoned to be about 1,300,000. The Fanariots, or wealthy Greeks of Constantinople, are notorious throughout the East for their spirit of selfishness, corruption, and jobbery. They have managed to make themselves the agents intervening between the Turkish Government and its Christian subjects of all races, and they have sacrificed the interests of both parties to their own. For this reason they are hated by all their fellow-*rayas*. We are in the habit of looking upon the Greeks as the instruments of Russia. They, on the other hand, look upon themselves as the natural heirs of the Turks, and consequently Russia is in their eyes a natural enemy. When King Otho, upon coming of age in 1835, chose Fanariots and Russian partisans for his ministers, the whole Greek public were indignant; but Lord Palmerston understood this so little that, in the same year, he denounced France to the absolute courts for patronizing Coletti and the constitutional party.

Of course, if the Greeks felt sure that they could never succeed in regaining possession of the capital of their forefathers with its immediately dependent provinces, they would prefer becoming Russian subjects to remaining under the yoke of the Crescent. Hence, if reduced to despair, they will become that for which our statesmen have precipitately taken them; and the fact that they are the co-religionists of the Russians, and that their ancestors were the religious teachers of Russia, would certainly render the humiliation of subjection to the Czar less galling to their national pride. However, for the present they are anything but desponding, and merely coquet with Russia, trying to avail themselves of her power for their own purposes. The passionate ardor with which every Greek (except the higher clergy since they have been paid by the Porte) looks forward to the future restoration of his people, equals, if it does not exceed, that with which the bosoms of Italian patriots glowed for the unity and the

independence of their country. In both cases alike the remembrance of former glory has embittered present humiliation, and in both cases the readiness to sacrifice fortune and life for his country ennoble many a character that in too many other respects bears the stamp left by degradation.

When ceding the Ionian Isles to Greece, the British Government read the natives of both the isles and the mainland a lecture on the necessity of henceforth resigning all unreasonable expectations. This piece of political pedantry was about as effectual as if they had been told to abstain for the future from breathing. The instinct that impels the Greek to make the freedom of the Levant the one wish of his heart, can as little be resisted by himself as the power of gravitation. A total and speedy transformation of the Turks, such as a change of religion could alone produce, might yet save their supremacy; but if this renovation be not brought about in a short time, the next generation, if not the present, will see the Greeks either the subjects of a Christian power, or else the guardians of the Bosphorus under the auspices of Europe.

When George the First entered Athens, deputations from the old soldiers of the War of Independence in Crete, Thessaly, Epirus, Macedonia, Samos, and other isles still under Turkish rule, thronged the road leading from the Piræus. The natives of Independent Greece made an unwise and ungenerous law in February, 1843, refusing to heterochthones, as they called their brethren of foreign birth who should settle in Greece, a full and equal participation in the privileges of citizenship. Notwithstanding this narrow and selfish act, all the Greeks throughout the East look upon the emancipated district as their country. It is to them what Jerusalem was long ago to the Israelites scattered throughout the old Roman world. They say it will prove to them what Piedmont has been to Italy in the present generation, the nucleus of a country much larger than itself, and which, while waiting to attain its full proportions, served as an example and a school of political life.

One might suppose from some appear-

ances, that we have been so long without having to fight for our own liberties as to become ungenerous, indifferent to the wrongs, insensible to the enthusiasm of others. Happily, the warm sympathy of the English people for the Italian cause shows that this is not the case. The fact is, we have some peculiar prejudices to overcome in the case of the modern Greeks, and upon the whole the English press of the last twenty years has been very hard upon them, sometimes positively unjust. We expected too much from them at first, and then in our indignation and disappointment we refuse to take into account the effects of long oppression. The Greek character had already been degraded under the lower empire, and the sway of the Turks was not the sort of adversity fitted to discipline and to regenerate.

Travellers in the Levant, unless possessed of unusual benevolence, or that far-seeing and comprehensive philosophy which measures the effect of circumstances upon a national character, almost invariably come home with a sort of antipathy to the Greeks, and the feeling is not altogether without excuse. There is something in the subtle, selfish, intriguing dexterity of the Greek singularly repugnant to British manliness and plain dealing. Then, the subtle Hellene has inherited from his illustrious ancestors that contempt for strangers and barbarians which ever distinguished them, but which is far less justified in his case than in theirs. He has so little esteem for the intellect of foreigners, that he seems to reckon upon deluding their dulness with the most transparent paradoxes, the most untenable propositions, the thinnest veiling of the most obvious motives. This pretentious conceit in a race our inferior in civilization and in moral principle, is irritating in the highest degree to all but the firmest nerves. With all this we have the natural disposition of the disappointed creditor to be severe upon an insolvent debtor, who has too good an opinion of himself.

But we are not influenced by these excusable weaknesses alone; there are other motives that can less bear examination. Having persuaded ourselves that the maintenance of Turkey is our interest, we are voluntarily blind to the failings of our *protégés*, and

to the merits and even the rights of those whom they oppress. In different ways, during the last fifty years, we have been insensibly drawn into a position that hinders us from forming a disinterested and dispassionate judgment, because we have identified ourselves with the oppressor. It was heroic of Nelson to put the glass to his blind eye when the signal for retreat was hung out at Copenhagen. But in the Mediterranean he showed that he could also turn the blind eye to the atrocities of the Court of Naples. Now, of all the great men in our history, there never was a more completely typical Englishman than Horatio Nelson. The valor, the self-devotion, the sense of duty, the high resolve to show himself in deeds rather than in words, the indomitable tenacity and perseverance—all these eminently English characteristics were associated in him with our equally national capacity for the exhibition of prejudices the most intense that can possess the human mind.

When England undertook the protection of the Ionian Islands, she little knew into what complications this connection would lead her, and still less how far her judgment would be warped by the results of a position that seemed so natural at first, and was to end by becoming utterly untenable. In October, 1809, General Oswald, upon landing at Corfu, informed the inhabitants of the Ionian Isles that his Britannic Majesty offered them the necessary help to drive away their oppressors and establish a free and independent government. "The English do not present themselves as conquerors, but as allies, who come to offer the Ionians the advantages of British protection, and to restore their freedom and commerce." The Congress of Vienna, by the treaty of November 5, 1815, stipulated, Art. I., that these islands should form a free and independent State under the denomination of the United States of the Ionian Islands, losing their continental dependencies. Art. II. that they were to be under the immediate and exclusive protection of England. Art. III.: "They are to regulate their internal organization with the approbation of the protecting Power." The forts to be occupied by English troops, and the isles to pay the garrison.

The concession of the Continental dependencies, Parga, etc., to the Turks, was a cruel and gratuitous one, making us the accomplices of Ali Pasha's atrocities; so that England's wedded life with the Ionians began most unfavorably. It was worse when the War of Independence broke out. Our ports were open to the Turks, while they were sternly shut against the heroic Greek sailors, and Government forbade any islanders going to the mainland to fight the Turks on pain of confiscation of their property. This was a clear violation of the treaty that determined our connection with them; we assumed over them more than a protectorate, indeed, more than the rights which the Government of any free country can assert over its own citizens. In everything that concerned their material prosperity, the Ionians had no reason to complain of us; we acted as enlightened, unselfish, liberal protectors; but in a matter which touched them far more nearly than their commercial prosperity, we abused our power and violated their rights. It was not done for any English interest, it is true, but only in the interest of Turkey, and our statesmen might apply to their consciences the Jesuitical salve that they did evil exclusively from considerations of general policy.

We really wished to be kind, gentle, and considerate guardians, to make our pupils rich, give them good and cheap justice, and teach them self-government; but successive English ministers found the Ionians could not be left the degree of liberty which had been promised them without using it to spread the boon among their kinsmen, and so they were manacled. When part of Continental Greece became free, the one use the Ionians cared to make of their independence was to cast in their lot with their brethren; so the garrison they were bound to pay was used once more to hold them down, and the men who tried to assert in arms their right to dispose of themselves were punished with the lash, which we used to degrade and brutalize our own soldiers, but was to this spirited race an outrage worse than death. Of course the journals of Athens, Syra, Patras, nay, the papers printed under our flag at Corfu, Zante, Cephalonia, circulated through-

out the East their complaints of "British brutality and perfidy." We are such awkward hands at the trade of tyranny, that after rousing the fiercest passions against our rule, we allowed them to vent themselves unhindered in all manner of abuse, and in exaggeration of facts which were bad enough in themselves.

When Sir Thomas Young's despatch was stolen from the Colonial Secretary's office in 1858, and published in the *Daily News*, the *Times* complained that it had been immediately circulated "among Greeks, Servians, Moldo-Wallachians, Russians, and the whole herd of our Oriental ill-wishers." Who made them *ill-wishers*? Who taught them to look upon the Englishman as the unsympathizing, hard, stolid enemy of every man's freedom except his own? Why were we in such a position as to be mortified when the opinion of a clear-sighted and generous statesman of our own came to be made known to the world? Our unpopularity in the East comes of our friendship for Turkey and Austria, the two Powers that have existed hitherto only by crushing every reviving nationality. Europe has everything to hope from the vitality of the Christian populations of European Turkey, and nothing to fear from them unless it make them desperate. Let us add, our unpopularity has been very gratuitously increased by the insulting language in which the *Times* and some other English papers are in the habit of indulging, when they speak of races whose most cherished wishes we believe ourselves obliged to repress.

The Duke of Wellington, in the House of Lords, called the battle of Navarino an untoward event. Europe, in 1830 and 1832, made Greece—that bleeding child of civilization, as Chateaubriand called it—as small as it could, and that with the worst possible grace. We excluded the very districts of which the population had been the first to take arms in 1821, and had struggled bravely for years. There is now a further reaction of prose against poetry, of which the Greeks are victims; and a Continental publicist, M. Jean Lemoigne, thought himself authorized by facts some time back to say that the English people, like an old cynic, repented of the only two

virtuous acts they had ever done—the emancipation of Greece and that of the slaves in the West Indies! Another French writer, Viscount d'Haussonville, takes occasion to say that England never seconds a generous cause, unless it be her interest. The charge is false; but it would be true to say that when we look upon any injustice as an absolute necessity, we try to harden ourselves against the reality.

The complaints of the Ionians naturally exasperated the British public and press, and all the more that it was not easy to answer them satisfactorily. The most unfortunate result of the long continuance of this false position was, that it made our judgment of the Greek race always harsh, and often unjust. We were drawn into a way of thinking akin to that of oppressors by temperament. We gave the Ionians constitution after constitution, each more liberal than the preceding. They would none of them; they wanted but one thing—to become themselves, to be Greeks; and they were ready to sacrifice their prosperity, and all the advantages of British protection, to become one with impoverished Greece. The English papers called this folly and ingratitude; we ought rather to have honored a feeling which in the same circumstances would surely have been our own. In any case our discontented *protégés* achieved a moral victory—we had to let them go. Now, what strange blindness is that which can continue to reckon upon retaining three millions of Greeks in subjection to Turks, when we found it morally impossible to keep two hundred thousand under our own sceptre? Is the Ottoman sway so much more bearable than that of England? We have had to give up being gaolers on our own account, and we still hope to wield the keys on behalf of Turkey. There is neither grandeur nor charity in such a policy, and, for such people as are too practical to be influenced by these considerations, we will add—this policy is impossible.

We have a feeling of respect for the valor of the Turks. They are ready to die hard, and sell their supremacy as dearly as they can. But why can we not sympathize with the valor of the oppressed? The Greeks throughout the War of Independence displayed a hero-



ism as great as that of their ancestors. Mark Botsaris, at Carpenitz, threw himself by night with three hundred palikars into a camp of fourteen thousand Turks. The dauntless assailants appointed to meet at the Seraskier's tent, whither they were to hew their way, every man for himself. Botsaris fell, but in the midst of the confusion, other bodies of Greeks came to help their countrymen, and the Turks were defeated with slaughter. Photos Tsavellas of Suli did more than Regulus, for he sent for his whole family, put it in the power of Ali Pasha, and went back to join them, after betraying the tyrant. During the War of Independence forty-nine members of the one Mainote family of Mavromichaelis fell in their country's cause. Canaris, that dauntless sailor, surpassed the leaders at Salamis by his exploits; and at the present moment, a few thousand Cretans, assisted by less than their own number of volunteers, have braved armies.

Our disposition to be unjust is shown by the reproaches we make. The finances of Greece are in disorder forsooth; we left them to begin housekeeping with a debt, the interest of which absorbs four-fifths of the revenue, and we gave them a Government that squandered the loan. The political adventurers who have come into power have retained the Turkish method of farming the taxes, and used taxation as an instrument of electoral pressure; they exhibit much of the classical Greek spirit of intrigue, restlessness, and instability, with a most unwholesome spirit of place-hunting, only equalled by their administrative incapacity. This is much to be regretted, but Greece is some five-and-thirty years old; how long, we should like to know, does it take to educate a people? The shortcomings of Greece in this respect are certainly less than those of Turkey, and within those limits the United States of America are a proof that a nation does not die of speculation.

Again, we are scandalized at the wretched state of agriculture. We are told that the plough in use is a barbarous imitation of that described by Hesiod; that three-fifths of the arable land in the kingdom is lying uncultivated; that a great deal of what might be the richest land in Europe is a succession of

swamps, breeding marsh fever, instead of producing rice, cotton, tobacco, and Indian corn. In short, it is said, the Greeks should take possession of their own country before they covet new provinces. This is only too true a statement; but, when we reproach a people who are struggling into existence with the unprosperous and unfinished look of everything, let it be remembered that during eight years of a war of extermination, the Turks were burning the houses, cutting down the olives and fruit trees, and laying waste the vineyards. Even before the war broke out, the unsettled tenure of land, the uncertainty of the agriculturist reaping what he had sown, the unequal and arbitrary distribution of taxation, the uncontrolled rapacity of pashas, the ravages of klephts and pirates—all these unfavorable conditions worked together to make agriculture the very last pursuit of peaceful industry to which a Greek would think of devoting himself with any energy. The sailor or the petty trader could make some shift to conceal his earnings, but the peasant could not put his crop out of harm's way. Then came on that long and fierce struggle, with its indescribable horrors, necessarily unfitting many of the population for peaceful pursuits of any kind. Such ruins, material and moral, could not be cleared away by one generation of the best government in the world; and we ourselves helped the Greeks to one of the worst of governments.

The Powers of Europe took an untried boy, the scion of a royal house all whose traditions were those of despotism, the son of a narrow art-pedant, and they set him to accomplish the civilizing of a brave but ignorant and factious people, demoralized alike by slavery and by the struggle which had freed them, and drunk with national pride. Under the Bavarian system Greece boasted ten prefects, forty-nine sub-prefects, and more than six thousand inferior functionaries. It is pretended that in thirty years this Government achieved twenty-six miles of road. And we reproach the unfortunates for not making progress, and for being a people of place-hunters.

An Englishman, who had known Greece for nearly forty years, told Mr.

Senior: "I wish to think that Attica and the other provinces are more prosperous than they were before the War of Independence; but the improvement is not obvious. The debtor and creditor side of the account are nearly balanced. There is more education; there is less municipal liberty; there is less violence, and more corruption; the roads are worse; the insecurity is greater; the taxation is more regular, but more exacting; it has made many kinds of cultivation unprofitable." We believe it can be shown that every item of this indictment tells against those who chose a king stork for Greece, quite as much as against the Greeks. If the government of Otho had been merely imbecile; if, for instance, he had been like his relative, the present King of Bavaria, who only thinks about music at a crisis that is to give the future of Germany its shape, then he would not have done so much mischief. But he was a bigoted Catholic, and a despot in principle, and an intriguer to boot. He broke up the old self-governing communes, which would have been such excellent schools to teach the people the habits, rights, and duties of free political life, and put in their stead artificial districts, in which the exercise of a serious control by the people over their municipal interests was less to be feared. They obtained a constitution at the cannon's mouth in September, 1843; but the king managed to neutralize it; practising both intimidation and falsification of votes without scruple, and training his people in all manner of political immorality. The demarchs or communal authorities were, if not in name yet in fact, selected by the king as absolutely as the eparchs and nomarchs, superintendents of the districts and provinces. For profligate subserviency, corruption, jobbery, malversation, and general inefficiency, these municipal officers have been justly called by a writer in the *National Review*, "in their small way, a set of pashas. Indeed, in their connivance with local brigands, they were worse than pashas."

Brigandism was naturally developed into a profession under Turkish tyranny. Indeed, it would seem that there is in the population of the three peninsulas, Greece, Italy, and Spain, a peculiar tendency to take to brigandage when

under the influence of violent or corrupt governments. It was one of the misfortunes of Greece that the valor and devotedness shown in defence of the national cause by several klephts shed a false lustre upon their former pursuits, and that even before the War of Independence the peasantry had been often accustomed to find them practically protectors against Turkish oppression. The celebrated Nicotsaras was both robber and pirate; the glens and defiles of Mount Olympus are at this moment nests of robbers—the sons of those who effectually made head against Ali Pasha of Jannina. However involuntarily, the Bavarian system, by weakening the integrity and self-respect of the authorities, could not but strengthen brigandism, and bring about the complicity with it of persons high in office. However, the peasantry have more than once shown themselves superior to their rulers with respect to this scourge. In 1855, when they were fairly supported by the Government of the day, one hundred and fifty brigands were destroyed by the rural population in the course of a few weeks. Since that time brigandage has not the less directly injured the fortunes of the whole rural population from the plains of Messenia to the mountains of Etolia, and impeded the progress of the country by preventing the rich Greeks in Western Europe from investing their capital in the purchase of landed estates. But this very summer the peasants of Argolis destroyed the bands of Kitsos, the "King of the Mountain," and Laphasanes, who had once extorted a ransom from a minister of finance. The brigands were surrounded and brought to bay at Nemea on the 24th and 25th of June. The peasants would be satisfied with nothing, but their heads, says the correspondent of the *Times*.

"They have so little confidence in their Government and its authorities that they fear to make prisoners. Throughout all Greece there is a persuasion that every brigand has or will easily find a political patron, who will obtain his pardon and escape from prison. Brigands are also pretty sure of a speedy release by one of the frequent amnesties which form a part of the trading capital of Hellenic statesmen. As a matter of what brigands call honor, a Greek brigand considers it an affair of conscience to murder his captor,

burn his barn, or mutilate some member of his family on escaping from prison. So the peasants gave no quarter to either Kitsos, or Laphasanes, or any of their companions, and the head of the 'King of the Mountains' that surround the city of Minerva, was brought to the capital and exhibited publicly to the people, as a proof that the real Kitsos was not concealed in the country-house or the cellar of some one of his patrons."

Such events as these afford the best hope of future security for life and property in Greece. It is evident that if not thwarted in the zeal they are displaying, the peasants will themselves destroy the scourge and reproach of their country.

The Athens correspondent of the *Times* complained, in a letter of the 12th of September last, that the population of the kingdom of Greece was only 1,300,000 souls, adding, "it ought, after thirty years of peace, at the rate of increase and under the condition of the progress even in the Old World, to be more than 2,000,000." The *Times* of the 18th of September complacently refers to this "testimony of our Athens' correspondent, than whom there can be on such subjects no higher authority." Now, will it be believed that this highest of authorities, in order to demonstrate the want of vitality in the Greek race, has chosen the one point in which they are superior to all the other nations of Europe? Anybody at all conversant with statistics knows that the population of Greece is increasing faster than that of England, or any country of continental Europe. The disposition to judge this people harshly and unfairly cannot be better illustrated than by this singularly awkward choice of the wrongest possible head of indictment.

(To be Continued.)

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# THE HURRICANE, THE TYPHOON, AND THE TORNADO.

BY PROFESSOR D. T. ANSTED, F.R.S.

IN that beautiful and picturesque group of the West Indian Islands called the Virgin Islands, of which St. Thomas and Tortola are the largest and most inhabited, on 29th October last, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, the weather was fine and the sky clear as usual, and the

barometer stood at 30 inches. The harbor of St. Thomas was full of shipping, and in various sheltered spots between the harbor and the adjacent islands the steamers of the West India Mail Steamship Company were collecting, to exchange cargoes and passengers. No one at that hour seems to have foreseen mischief, but a storm was then approaching that in a very short space should bring destruction on everything exposed to it. Within half an hour the barometer had fallen seven-tenths of an inch, and the hurricane commenced. It advanced rapidly, the wind changing as the storm neared. For a time it seemed that the storm would be unimportant, but toward noon the whole of the district near the town and to the east was in the centre of one of the great tornadoes that occasionally desolate the West Indies. At half-past twelve there was a cessation of wind, but the barometer showed a pressure of little more than 28 inches. The sky was then black and the darkness so thick that nothing could be seen either of cloud or sky. Deluges of rain fell, hailstones consisting of angular fragments of ice fell on the earth, earthquake shocks were felt, huge sea-waves swept over the earth, and none either at sea or on shore was safe from the terrible force of this great storm of wind. At this time the central axis of the storm passed over the town. By 5 p.m. the storm having lasted eight hours, all was over; every ship was wrecked, every building destroyed, and a large part of the population ruined. Upward of a hundred lives were also sacrificed. Such was the real meaning of the few terrible words flashed across the Atlantic by the telegraph a few days after the occurrence. The details came later. After a few days the storm was followed by further and more serious earthquake shocks, and all the adjacent islands, especially Tortola, appear to have suffered seriously. Three weeks later a severe earthquake shook the island, destroying much that had been spared by the storm.

About thirty years before, on the 2d August, 1837, a very similar storm travelled over almost exactly the same path, and was accompanied by similar phenomena. Then also there was a fearful wind felt, torrents of rain fell, hailstones consisting of angular frag

ments of ice were picked up by the terrified inhabitants, and earthquake shocks then also assisted in the destruction. The great sea-wave came up over the land and carried back with it to the deep the evidences of the mischief done; and the destruction caused by the storm on the shipping in the harbor and in the seas around, as well as on all the buildings on the shore, by the wind, the wave, and the earthquake, was of the same nature, only carried to a still greater extent. Many other severe storms have happened since, and many are recorded that happened before. They were not dissimilar; but it does not often happen that such a complete and perfect parallel can be traced as is obtained by a comparison of the log of H.M.S. Spey, a packet-ship that visited St. Thomas a few days after the hurricane of 1837, with that recorded of the recent event. We quote the account from the admirable and well-known work by Sir William Reid "On the Law of Storms." It should be mentioned that the year 1837 was remarkable for two severe hurricanes in the West Indies, and several other great storms. On same year it is recorded that many severe earthquakes were felt in Mexico and several islands in the West Indies. It may be observed, as a further coincidence, that the hurricane of the 2d August seems to have originated in the open sea to the east of the Virgin Islands, and not off the South American coast. This was the case also with the late hurricane of the 29th October.

August 6, 1837, A.M.—Arrived at Tortola. Here the hurricane (of the 2d Aug.) has destroyed the town and several plantations.

P.M.—Came to an anchor in St. Thomas' harbor. Here the hurricane appeared to have concentrated all its power, force, and fury, for the harbor and town were a scene that baffles all description. Thirty-six ships and vessels totally wrecked all round the harbor, among which about a dozen had sunk capsized at their anchors; some rode it out by cutting away their masts, and upwards of a hundred seamen drowned. The harbor is so choked up with wreck and sunken vessels that it is difficult to pick out a berth for a ship to anchor. The destructive powers of this hurricane will never be forgotten. Some houses were turned regularly bottom up. One large, well-built house was carried by

the force of the wind from off its foundation, and now stands upright in the middle of the street. The fort at the entrance of the harbor is levelled with the foundation, and the 24-pounders thrown down; it looks as if it had been battered to pieces by cannon shot. In the midst of the hurricane shocks of earthquake were felt, and to complete this awful visitation a fire broke out in some stores. Heavy tiles were flying about from the tops of the shaking and trembling houses, killing and wounding many persons. One fine American ship, 500 tons, was driven on shore near the citadel, and in an hour nothing could be seen of her but a few timbers. Several fine merchant ships and brigs are at anchor, dismasted, with cargoes, and not a spar or rope for standing rigging to be had in the island. No place hitherto has suffered so much from a hurricane in all the West Indies as St. Thomas.

Terrible and fatal as were the great storms of 1837, whose results we are still lamenting, they are by no means the only, nor are they the worst cases recorded of destructive hurricanes in the West Indian Seas. The great hurricane of 1780, which took place on the 10th October, was much more destructive and very far more fatal to human life than either of these, or even than both put together. On that occasion, at Santa Lucia, Admiral Rodney speaks of 6,000 persons having perished, while at St. Eustatia between 4,000 and 5,000, and at Martinique nearly 10,000 fell victims to the storm. At Barbadoes the loss of life exceeded 3,000, and in several of the other islands the result was disastrous, though in a less degree.\* The amount of shipping destroyed was never accurately known, but among the losses may be mentioned a French convoy with 5,000 troops on board, which disappeared altogether during the storm. Part of the mischief seems to have been done by an earthquake, and a large part by great sea-waves, which washed over the land carrying everything away. At St. Pierre, in Martinique, a great sea-wave which rose twenty feet did more damage than the wind-storm itself.

All these and many other terrible storms, occurring between the months of July and November, have been especially destructive in and near the

\* It must be remembered that at this time the West Indian Islands were much more densely peopled than they are now.



Gulf of Mexico and among the group of the West Indian Islands, which shuts off that sea from the Atlantic. They have many points in common and belong to a class of storms happily rare in our climate, though frequent in tropical seas, both in the east and west. Their course in the Atlantic is well known. They take their start generally from the islands nearest the north-eastern corner of South America, and travel in a tolerably regular and almost parabolic curve, first to the N.W., then past the coast of Florida towards the north, and afterwards bearing more to the east, parallel to the North American coast, emerge again on the Atlantic near the banks of New Foundland. They travel at rates varying from two to seven hundred miles per day for a distance sometimes exceeding 4,000 miles. They have a limited breadth, generally from one to four hundred miles, and within the limits of their path they move with so much system and regularity that with a few data we may almost tell by calculation the exact details of their course. Their courses have been frequently and accurately laid down on charts.

All these storms are of the nature of whirlwinds, and the direction and rate of motion of the wind in the hurricane is very different from the direction and rate of motion of the whole hurricane. Thus within a very short time, and in the same spot, during the late storm, the wind is described to have blown from various points of the compass; and while the whole storm was moving at the rate of ten or twenty miles per hour the wind within the storm was blowing at the rate of a hundred miles an hour. Almost every one must have noticed on a summer day a cloud of dust raised from the earth, whirling round leaves and twigs with great violence, and advancing with comparative slowness in a certain direction. The same, on a vastly larger scale, is the case with these terrible hurricanes. They twist round with fearful rapidity, on a central axis where there is generally a calm, the belt of storm moving steadily at the same time along the surface. Waterspouts at sea, and sandstorms in the deserts of Africa, are similar phenomena.

Originated chiefly because of the excessive heating of the earth in some  
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special localities near the equator, and set in motion by opposite currents of air rushing in to fill the partial vacuum thus formed, it is not extraordinary that the central part of a whirlwind should be comparatively calm and be accompanied by electrical phenomena; nor need we be surprised at the mechanical force exerted where the wind is once set in motion. It is recorded that even small whirlwinds lift not only vast quantities of dust, but carry even fish into the air. The partial vacuum in the central part where the pressure is reduced from 100 to 150 pounds on each square foot of surface, acts in the most extraordinary manner on buildings, not unfrequently forcing the windows and roof outwards, instead of blowing them into the building, and sometimes lifting a whole house from the foundation. The mere force of the wind moving with extraordinary rapidity, in a spiral and with a complicated motion (one motion round the axis, the other in a curved line in the main course of the storm), is sufficient to explain most of the wonderful things recorded of these phenomena. Some that verge on the impossible may, perhaps, owe a little to the fears and lively imagination of the describer.

The class of storms to which these great tropical hurricanes belong is now generally called *cyclonic*, from their moving round an axis in a circle, or rather spiral. Though producing their most striking effects in the tropics, and best known in the Tropic of Cancer, they are not limited to such latitudes; occasionally crossing the Atlantic into the temperate zones, and sometimes originating apparently near our own shores. The great storm of 1850, which among other fatal accidents was the cause of the wreck of the Royal Charter off the mouth of the Mersey, and strewed our shores with wrecks, will long be remembered. This storm followed a distinct path through England, and in all respects resembled the hurricane of which we have just heard. It was less disastrous, because as we leave the tropics there are fewer of the causes at work that give intensity to atmospheric disturbances; but the course of the hurricane was similar, and though not accompanied by earthquake shocks, there was an amount of derangement of magnetic equilibrium both in

the atmosphere and the earth, which proved clearly that the phenomena in question are not merely violent local winds, but have some peculiar characteristics and are the outward indications of something going on in the interior of the earth. There is reason to suppose that they may even be connected with changes and occurrences in open space, or in the sun itself, the centre of our system.

It was in the China Seas and in the Bay of Bengal that storms of this kind were first distinguished from ordinary tempests: and it was more especially the study of the storms of the Coromandel coast that enabled Colonel James Capper to point out (in 1801) that they were invariably whirlwinds or circular storms, while to Mr. Redfield, who succeeded him, we owe the determination of the fact that they are not merely circular or confined to one spot, but spiral, having a path on the earth as well as a revolution round an axis.

The East Indian hurricanes, of which we have unfortunately had a terrible example in the cyclone of the 1st November last, have been as frequent, as fatal, and as distinctly traced as the West Indian tornadoes. As in the case of the latter, there seems to be a singular resemblance between recent and former storms. Thus, on the 31st October, 1831, there was a hurricane in the Ganges, on which occasion 150 miles of country were flooded, and 300 villages with 10,000 persons destroyed. After 36 years the storm recurs almost on the same day. But these storms are very frequent, for in the very next year (1832) there was another great hurricane, on the 7th October, and six months afterwards a third, at the mouth of the Hoogley, when the barometer fell  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches, or one-twelfth of the whole atmospheric pressure. In all these cases the nature of the storm, the existence of a spiral movement, and the limits of a path, were made out. Storm-waves advancing up the great rivers occurred on all these occasions, and are especially liable to do serious mischief. In the instance recently recorded in the present year, it appears that 30,000 native huts were destroyed, a thousand lives lost, and 600 native boats destroyed. The constant and sudden changes in the direction of the wind

after occasional lulls, the limit of duration of the storm in any one spot, and the fact that the total diameter of the storm is rarely more than from one to two hundred miles, clearly place this hurricane in the class of storms we have been describing. It may be regarded as certain that while on the whole such storms take place at distant parts of the world at similar seasons, and may be even almost contemporaneous, they have no direct relation with each other. Thus, the path of the late West Indian storm, commencing on the 28th or 29th of October in the Atlantic, and running eastward and northward, could have no immediate reference to the storm in the Bay of Bengal that commenced on the 1st November and travelled northward. At the same time, it must not be lost sight of that about that season, and for some time both before and after, there has been unusual atmospheric disturbance in the Atlantic and also in the Indian Seas. Thus the problem to be solved in reference to the cause of cyclonic storms is one of very large dimensions, and the phenomena are numerous, complex, and very varied.

Several important facts may be noticed in most of the accounts of great cyclonic storms that have been carefully recorded. There are—First, the limit of space on the earth's surface over which such storms are common, and the fact that within this limit each storm has its own path and its own limits of breadth. Second, the approximate identity of these paths at very distant intervals, and the strict fidelity with which the principal phenomena are repeated. Third, the spiral or corkscrew motion of the storm round a central axis, the outer limit of the largest spiral being the extreme width of the storm. Fourth, the complication of earthquake shocks with the hurricane on those parts of the course of the storm where it is most destructive. Fifth, the electrical and magnetic disturbances frequently indicated. And Sixth, the occurrence of a great sea-wave during such storms sweeping over the lands, and exceedingly destructive to life and property. All these phenomena were observed during the late hurricane at St. Thomas and Tortola.

Leaving for the present the case of

typhoons, waterspouts, and variable-wind storms, and confining ourselves to the region of the West Indies, it may be remarked that all the great hurricanes that have devastated the islands themselves, the shores of the Gulf of Mexico, and the east coast of the United States, have originated near the north-eastern extremity of South America, between latitudes  $10^{\circ}$  and  $20^{\circ}$  North and between  $50^{\circ}$  and  $60^{\circ}$  West longitude. Almost all have followed the direction of the islands to the peninsula of Florida, and have then passed on, grazing as it were the coast, and gradually diminishing in intensity till they re-enter the open Atlantic, near the island of Newfoundland. The best observed have performed this whole path in a time varying from seven to ten days. They have sometimes been only partially traced, and in some of these cases the rate has been much more rapid. Some few have gone in a straight line towards Mexico. In these storms the path of the centre of the storm is always from the equator into the north temperate zone, but the whirl itself moves from north by west to south, and round from south by east to north, being the reverse direction to that of the hands of a watch. The diameter of the whirl, at first small, has gradually increased, the strength of the storm at the same time diminishing.\* Thus the greatest intensity of each storm is near the centre of the whorl, and near the commencement of the path, and there of course are the most disastrous results produced. The smaller whorls of some great storms have not been more than 50 miles in diameter at first, but have increased to 500 miles. Others have been more uniform.

The limit of space occupied by these storms has been proved by the examination of the logs of ships in various positions, some within and others just outside the limit of the storm, and sometimes by the effect produced on land. The nature of the spiral motion is detected, and the magnitude of the spiral estimated, by the mode in which the storm

returns to the same spot, and the very different quarter from which the wind blows within very short intervals. This is a characteristic of cyclonic storms; and a knowledge of the fact and its cause is extremely useful to shipmasters, enabling them in some cases to avoid altogether the storm, in others to steer out of it with little damage, while other ships less intelligently conducted have suffered serious injury or been entirely wrecked.

Few things are more remarkable than the exact repetition of the phenomena of great West Indian hurricanes. This has been shown by an example quoted at the commencement of this article. The following outlines, derived from recorded narratives of characteristic examples, will serve as a general account. Before the storm the weather is fine, clear, and excessively hot, with light, shifting winds and a high barometer; if at sea the water is smooth. Suddenly the barometer falls, sometimes very much and very rapidly, at other times moderately, but almost always rapidly, and often some hours previously to change. The direction of the wind when the storm arrives depends on the part of the storm that first reaches the place; but it shifts rapidly and soon veers, in all cases backing round from east by north to west.\* After a while the central axis arrives, and then there is a dead calm, which lasts for a short time—perhaps an hour. The wind then rises again, commencing almost instantaneously with a hurricane from the opposite quarter to that from which it had last blown. When the observer is at sea we find it described in such words as these: "The sea tremendous from the force of the wind; no tops to the waves, being dispersed in one sheet of white foam; the decks tenanted by many sea-birds in an exhausted state, seeking shelter in the vessel; impossible to discern even during the day anything at fifty yards distance; the wind representing numberless voices elevated to the shrillest tones of screaming" (Log

\* This is not always the case, as in the great Barbadoes hurricane of 1837 the path of the storm at Barbadoes was about 130 miles wide, and had not increased to 200 miles when near Florida, a distance of nearly 1,500 miles.

\* It is well known that when the wind changes in the direction of the motion of the hands of a watch, north by east to south, and so by west to north, there is a probability of fine settled weather. The reverse motion indicates bad weather, and is called by sailors the "backing" of the wind.

of the Rawlings, Captain Macqueen, 20th August, 1837). On shore the case is somewhat different. Electrical phenomena and magnetic disturbances, and sometimes earthquakes, complicate the horrors, and the destruction, if not greater, is more seen and more easily described. In the account of the Barbadoes hurricane of 1831 we read, that "On the morning of the 10th August the sun rose without a cloud; at 10 A.M. a breeze that had been blowing died away; towards 2 P.M. the heat became oppressive; at 5 P.M. thick clouds appeared in the north, rain fell, and was succeeded by a sudden stillness and a dismal blackness all around except towards the zenith, where there was an obscure circle of imperfect light. Till 10.30 P.M., however, there was no sign of change; then lightning appeared in the north, and very unusual fluctuations of the thermometer were observed. All this time the storm was only approaching.

"After midnight the continued flashing of the lightning was awfully grand, and a gale blew fiercely from the north and north-east, but at 1 A.M. on the 11th August the tempestuous rage of the wind increased as the storm suddenly shifted and burst from the north-west and intermediate points. The upper regions were illuminated by incessant lightning, but the quivering sheet of blaze was surpassed in brilliancy by the darts of electric fire which exploded in every direction. At a little after 2 A.M. the astounding roar of the hurricane cannot be described by language.\*

"About 3 the wind abated and the lightning ceased for a few moments at a time, when the blackness in which the town was enveloped was inexpressibly awful. Fiery meteors were presently seen falling from the heavens; one in particular, of a globular form and a deep red hue, was observed by the writer to descend perpendicularly from a vast height. On approaching the earth it assumed a dazzling whiteness and an elongated form, and on reaching the ground splashed around in the same

manner as melted metal would have done, and was instantly extinct.\* A few minutes afterwards the deafening noise of the wind sank to a solemn murmur, or rather a distant roar; and the lightning, which from midnight had flashed and darted forkedly with few but momentary intermissions, now for nearly half a minute played frightfully between the clouds and the earth with novel and surprising action. The vast body of vapor appeared to touch the houses, and issued downward flaming blazes, which were nimbly returned from the earth upward.

"The moment after this singular alternation of lightning the hurricane again burst from the western points with violence prodigious beyond description, hurling before it thousands of missiles, the fragments of every unsheltered structure of human art. The strongest houses were caused to vibrate from their foundations; and the surface of the very earth trembled as the destroyer raged over it. No thunder was any time distinctly heard. The horrible roar and yelling of the wind; the noise of the ocean, whose frightful waves threatened the town with the destruction of all that the other elements might spare; the clattering of tiles, the falling of roofs and walls, and the combination of a thousand other sounds, formed a hideous and appalling din.

"After 5 A.M. the storm abated; at 6 the wind was at south; at 7 south-east; at 8 east-south-east; and at 9 the weather was clear.

"The view from the summit of the cathedral tower, a few hours later, was frightfully grand. The whole face of the country was laid waste; no sign of vegetation was apparent, except here and there small patches of sickly green. The surface of the ground appeared as if fire had run through the land, scorching and burning up the productions of the earth. The few remaining trees, stripped of their boughs and foliage,

\* The commanding officer of the 36th Regiment, who had sought protection by getting under the arch of a lower window outside his house, did not hear the roof and upper story of the house fall, and only found it out by the dust caused by the fall.

\* It is evident that the coincidence of the storm on this occasion with the day on which the earth is known to pass through the August belt of meteors, rendered the effect of this great storm at Barbadoes more striking. It is not safe to assert that there was no relation between the phenomena.



wore a cold and wintry aspect; and the numerous seats in the environs of Bridgetown, formerly concealed among thick groves, were now exposed and in ruins."\*

It was reported that earthquake shocks were felt during this great storm, but the accounts seem not to have been sufficiently clear to justify the statement. Of the electrical state of the air there is no doubt, but observations on earth magnetism were not then understood or thought of in the island. It is said that heavy showers of salt water occurred.

In both the accounts here given, and in all the recorded accounts of hurricanes in the northern hemisphere, the fact of the spiral motion, the extreme force, and therefore velocity of the wind in the storm, the comparatively slow motion of the whole storm in path, and the backing of wind from north by west to south, and thence by east to north, are facts made perfectly clear. It has often happened that ships at a distance of twenty or thirty miles from the storm, and not in the line of its path, have failed to notice anything extraordinary in the weather; and on land the storm has sometimes swept through a forest, throwing down trees in various directions in its path, but injuring nothing on either side. This has been noticed in England as well as in the tropics, and is indeed a familiar fact.

The coincidence of earthquake shocks with hurricanes may be only accidental, but as it is certain that both events are frequently, if not always, accompanied by electrical and magnetic disturbances, and that earthquakes are almost always indicated by barometric changes, it would be unsafe and unphilosophical to deny that the earthquake and the storm are without mutual connection. It is not indeed easy to explain how or why this is the case; but the fact being determined by observation, the theory will soon adapt itself. Earthquake shocks have also been often accompanied by falls of meteoric stones, and these again very frequently by storms and hurricanes. The earthquake shocks have usually been recorded as near the central axis of the storm, and also near the

time of its commencement. It is only of late that observations of earth magnetism have been made and recorded; but it is now well known that the telegraph wires, especially those nearly meridional (proceeding from the north to the south), are altogether unusable for signals during great storms, owing to the surcharge of magnetic electricity passing through them in the form of earth currents.

Lastly, the great sea-wave that is produced by the sudden alteration of atmospheric pressure in the central part of a tornado (amounting sometimes to one-tenth of the whole pressure), multiplied as all such waves are when they enter narrow funnel-shaped channels, is at once an illustration of the nature of the storm and the cause of some of its most fatal results. This wave approaching the land rises and rushes over the surface, sometimes rising twenty or thirty feet or more above the ordinary sea-level, and in its forward and return motion sweeps away almost everything that is not attached in the most solid manner to the earth. It is rarely (perhaps never) absent from a great hurricane; but the amount of destruction it causes is dependent on the mode in which it obtains access to the land, and the form of the land it comes in contact with.

Great tropical storms are thus not mere accidents: they are like most natural phenomena—simple results of certain great laws that may be studied and understood. They occur periodically; they are intimately connected with other phenomena with which at first they seem to have no relation: they are preceded by certain indications or appearances; and they are followed by certain results. The forces that are in action to produce ordinary winds tend from time to time to produce these storms also; and should certain changes take place in the distribution of the land near the part of the world where they originate, there can be no doubt that corresponding changes would take place in the time and path of the tornadoes. Like all those phenomena which must be regarded as occasional they excite surprise, and when their effects injure human life or property we call them terrible; but they are in no sense interruptions to the established order of things, and they involve

\* Reid's Law of Storms, p. 23, et seq.

no special interference with the ordinary course of nature. In the sense in which all natural events, such as the daily rising and setting of the sun, the annual course of the seasons, or the monthly phases of the moon, are providential, and illustrate the design and intelligence of a Creative Power; so must the hurricane, in its wildest and most frightful horrors, be regarded no doubt as indicating the finger of God. But it is so in no other sense. It is not a special visitation, in the sense of involving a special exercise of Divine will; for it is one of the modes by which equilibrium is restored upon the earth's surface, and is the result of a very simple modification of force essentially belonging to the established order of creation. Since the earth has existed there have been such storms; since the land existed in its present position they have taken their present course; and as these events long preceded the advent of the human race, it follows that they are neither sent to clear the air of cholera, to sweep away wicked men from the earth, nor to act as warnings to the indifferent and careless among the survivors. The human sufferings and losses that arise from them may indeed be foreseen, and if desisted may be prevented. Every one interested in navigation knows well that the West Indian Islands have always been subjected to hurricanes; that the island and harbor of St. Thomas, known to be unhealthy at certain seasons, lie in the direct path of the tornadoes—few years passing without some injury from them. But the station possesses certain conveniences which it is to be presumed counterbalance this risk. It seems as unreasonable to complain and be astonished, when a serious accident from storm occurs in such a spot, as it is for the capitalist who invests in a speculative security at a high rate of interest to feel aggrieved when his security is found to be somewhat unsound. The speculator must be presumed in each case to have estimated the risk, and acted accordingly. We venture to offer these remarks, not to check the liberality of those who, after a disaster of this or any other kind, do their utmost to sympathize with and help innocent sufferers, but simply to show the real state of the case. The hurricane that swept over the harbor

of St. Thomas and the adjacent island of Tortola was not in any sense an extraordinary phenomenon. It was one of a class foreknown, foreseen, and certain to happen at one time or other. The risk might have been calculated in any required terms; and as far as the West India Mail Steamboat Company were concerned, it appears that their Insurance fund provided for their loss in ships and money. Unfortunately, although we may insure human life for the benefit of the survivors, we cannot replace the life sacrificed—and life being lost, money cannot pay for it. Thus there is a sad and painful feature in these events, admitting of no comfort; and naturally enough the human part of the question is so prominent in the eye of human beings that they are apt to forget or ignore the greater cosmical question which is also involved.

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The Saturday Review.

#### THE CAUSES OF SHIPWRECKS.

A GREAT many dismal returns of casualties of various kinds are annually produced for the warning of people who seem to pay little heed to the teachings of statistics, or of anything else. The records of railway disasters, indeed, rather diminish the impressiveness of the lesson conveyed, on account of the comparatively small percentage which the actual deaths bear to the number of passengers conveyed; and as for the constant drain of life by the neglect of sanitary precautions, we have all grown so used to the normal conditions of fever-breeding that the Registrar-General's returns of mortality scarcely produce any appreciable effect. It is otherwise, however, with the register of casualties at sea. Except to those whose life is spent upon the sea, a tale of wreck is unfamiliar enough to seize hold strongly of the imagination, while the terrible adjuncts of these most appalling of disasters must, one would think, suffice to prevent any amount of familiarity from dulling the sense of horror. And yet the annual Wreck Register includes at least as large a number of avoidable casualties as are presented by the returns of accidents by land, while there is some reason to fear the years, as they roll on, bring with them anything rather than symptoms of improvement.

The Chart for 1866, which has recently appeared, shows a large increase in the number of wrecks on the British coast. No less than 2,289 ships are returned as lost or damaged, the casualties including 422 collisions, by almost every one of which the two vessels suffered, besides 562 total wrecks from other causes, and 876 cases of partial loss. This is a formidable catalogue, and it is almost a relief to find that the loss of life is not even greater than it is; but it is serious enough to hear that 896 sailors and passengers are returned as having been lost in 200 vessels. It thus appears that in more than nine cases out of ten the crew and passengers manage to escape, owing in a very large degree to the provision of lifeboats made all round the coast by the exertions of one of our most valuable institutions, and to the unflinching courage of the crews by which these boats are manned. If the inevitable dangers of the sea were the sole cause of these calamities, the returns would be a useless subject to discuss, except perhaps in a sermon; but it is certain that many, and probable that most, of the disasters to shipping are to be ranked among the avoidable causes of destruction to life and property.

Some sort of classification is generally attempted in the official returns, though, for some reason or other, the presumed causes of wreck are not detailed in the last Report. The upshot, however, of previous experience is that about half the total losses from causes other than collisions are in a greater or less degree attributable to stress of weather, while the remainder are attributable in nearly equal proportions to unseaworthiness, or other defects in the ship or equipment, and to the neglect or incompetency of the captain or crew. Even this gives an insufficient idea of the extent to which wrecks are properly to be classed as avoidable calamities, for hundreds of cases occur—like that of the *London*, for instance—in which, though the weather was in one sense the occasion of the loss, the ship might not improbably have escaped had she been sent to sea in better trim, or handled by a more competent crew. In the case of collisions, except those which occur during fogs, one or other of the ships is almost always in fault, so that we can scarcely be wrong in attributing the great majority of these catastrophes

to the bad seamanship of the officers in charge of one or both of the vessels. On the most lenient view that can be taken, the majority of the casualties at sea are to be laid to the charge either of masters or owners; and it is a very grave question how the blame is to be divided between them, and whether any means can be devised to encourage or compel greater attention to the conditions of safety.

One or two facts come out very clearly from the returns. In the first place, an enormous number of ships are daily sent to sea in a crazy condition, wholly unfit to contend against even a moderate gale. Between half and a third of the whole number of wrecks fall upon the collier class of vessel, and it is a matter of perfect notoriety that a really seaworthy collier is the exception rather than the rule. The larger class of vessels in which most of the passenger packets are included produce a much smaller number of casualties; and these, as is well known, are under the control of an official supervision which, however imperfectly it may be exercised by the Board of Trade, does seem to exclude from the risks of the sea the chance of tempting the weather in a vessel almost doomed to destruction before she sails. In many respects the inspections of officers under the Board of Trade are lamentably defective; and it has long been the favorite maxim of the chiefs of that supine department that it would be better to leave ships and crews and passengers to the tender mercies of political economy, and to trust to the imagined interests of owners to secure the seaworthy condition of their ships. The statistics, however, point the other way; for where there is no inspection—as in the case of colliers—calamities are far more frequent, though less noticed by the public, than those which befall passenger vessels. When a gentleman is murdered in a first-class carriage, the sympathy felt by people who may any day be exposed to the same danger is wonderfully more active than when a coalheaver thrashes his wife to death. Just in the same way the foundering of one packet-ship alarms the public mind infinitely more than the loss of any number of crazy colliers; and if it were not for the statistics annually published, it would scarcely be known that there is a class of shipowners who habitually, knowingly, and as a judicious

mode of carrying on business, send out floating coffins fit only for the breaker's yard, with crews scarcely strong enough to navigate even a first-class ship in safety. And yet we are told that Government interference does more harm than good, and that it is always the interest of the shipowner to save his property from the chance of loss. The real truth is that he has no such interest, and that it is a problem depending on the rate of insurance, the interest of money, the foolhardiness of seamen, and some few other conditions, whether it pays better to buy vessels that are sound and comparatively dear, or to use wornout craft that no man whose conscience was not blunted by custom and example would dare to send to sea at all. Experience, moreover, shows that as a rule it does pay best to employ unseaworthy craft in the collier and some other branches of the coasting trade; and, however sacred the doctrine of *laissez faire* may be in certain cliques, it cannot be for a moment denied that it does lead to a multiplication of casualties to life, and to a serious loss of property—loss unfortunately not to the niggardly owner, who is insured, but not the less loss of actual property, by which the national wealth is to that extent diminished. It is something to know, first, that even bad Government inspection is not entirely useless; and secondly, that under the present conditions of some branches of trade it does unhappily pay to increase, instead of diminishing, the avoidable dangers of the sea. It has been said that the true remedy for the wicked indifference of owners to the safety of their crews rests with those who navigate their ships, and that, if sailors would but refuse to serve in what are known to be floating coffins, there would soon be none of this undesirable class of ships left in existence. This is true, like most other statements qualified by an "if." But it is notorious that the seamen engaged in the coasting trade have almost abandoned the idea of insisting upon passing their lives in a seaworthy and well-found ship. The practice of considering any old hull good enough for a collier has become so universal that a strike against dangerous ships would throw half the maritime population of the East coast out employment for months, if not years; and the men, though ready enough to stand out

for an extra shilling or two per month, are too hardy and too accustomed to the special risks which they run to make any effective protest against the cupidity of their employers. This might be otherwise if the class by whom the evil is chiefly felt were more intelligent or less courageous, but the fact remains that neither the interest of the owners nor the prudence of the seamen is such as to insure the seaworthiness of the great majority of the class of vessels of which we are speaking. Whether this is or is not to be considered a case for legislative interposition depends mainly on the broad question whether the *doctrinaire* maxims of a certain school of economists are a more precious possession than the lives of hundreds of the stoutest and the bravest of our seafaring population. There are, strange to say, different opinions on this abstract question; but if all those who are indifferent to the subject, simply because the peril to which greedy owners expose their servants is not brought to their attention, would but stir their little fingers in a good cause, it would soon be seen how far the hard doctrines that have been preached from official pulpits are from commanding assent or even toleration from the common sense of the community.

We have dwelt upon the single case of the collier fleet, not as the solitary, but as the most striking instance of the evils produced by the absence of adequate machinery for the protection of those who trust their lives to the chances of a seafaring career. Much might also be said, notwithstanding some improvement of late years, of the incompetency of too many of the masters of all except the first class of passenger ships. The same power that would check the one mischief could be applied to control the other; but without entering into any details, our purpose will be accomplished if we succeed in directing attention to the two leading facts to be gathered from the Wreck Register—namely, first, that the ordinary influences which govern the action of men of business do not prevent ships more or less unseaworthy from being habitually used; and secondly, that Government inspection, where it is applied, does to a large extent restrain this most abominable form of reckless cupidity.



Chambers's Journal.  
IN A CITY 'BUS.

Few of the habitual dwellers in London have occasion to visit the city less frequently than I have. I have never set foot inside the mansion of the Old Lady of Threadneedle street in my life. To me, the Stock Exchange is a complete *terra incognita*. Of the thousand-and-one different methods of coining money, as practised by merchants, bankers, brokers, and that countless army which flocks cityward every week-day morning from nine till eleven, I know absolutely nothing. Neither, to best of my belief, has the Money Article of the *Times* ever been read by me from beginning to end. Yet, notwithstanding all this, it has so happened that, on certain rare occasions, I have been compelled, by "urgent private affairs," to join the throng of city bees for a few hours and wing my way eastward with the swarm. At such times, I have generally chosen to survey mankind from the box-seat to an omnibus, as from a "coign of vantage" not to be surpassed, and hardly equalled, for any one who loves to watch the wonderful, ever-shifting panorama of London life.

On one such occasion—now several years ago—the morning was so intolerably rainy that I was obliged to give up all thought of my favorite perch aloft with the driver, and content myself with the humbler position of an inside. At that time I was only three-and-twenty years old, and had been in London about a couple of years, having been sent up from my far-off home, in one of the northern counties, to attend the classes of, and to study under, a certain then famous analytical chemist. On the morning to which I have just referred, after waiting twenty minutes in the rain, I was glad to find a vacant place inside one of the numerous city 'buses that passed the end of the street in which my rooms were situated. After having squeezed into my place, and been well scowled at for my pains, I proceeded to take stock of my companions in misery. We were eleven men and one woman. All of us men were more or less moist, and each of us had a very damp umbrella. We had all put on our

severe business air, and we were all more or less suspicious of the company in which we found ourselves; and—in consequence, perhaps, of the badness of the weather—we were all more than usually inclined to bully the conductor, and to poke him viciously in the ribs with the ferrules of our umbrellas.

But the twelfth inside? Well, she was a lady, young and nice-looking into the bargain; and enveloped with the prettiest air of unconsciousness that she was in the company of eleven blocks of wood, rather than in that of as many beings of flesh and blood, not quite unsusceptible, let us hope, to the charms of female loveliness. I have no doubt in my own mind, that if she had travelled any length of time in our company, the mere fact of her presence would have softened our manners, and have weaned us in some measure from that touch-me-not boorishness with which, as a rule, all passengers by omnibus love to cloak themselves. But fortunately or unfortunately, as the case may be, journeys by omnibus are of short duration, and our young lady asked to be set down at the corner of Cheapside. Previously to this, however, we have stopped some half-dozen times to let down and take up other passengers, all of them of the masculine gender, so that I was beginning to look upon myself quite in the light of an old acquaintance, when our young lady got up to leave us. I was sitting next the door, as she alighted, and I could not help noticing how pale she seemed all at once to have become. Without heeding the rain that still kept falling, she began to feel for her purse in a trembling, nervous sort of way, first in one pocket, and then in another.

"I have either lost my purse, or else my pocket has been picked!" she said at last, with a sort of gasp.

The conductor expressed no surprise, but merely put a fresh straw in his mouth, and then asked us "gents" to move while he looked for the purse, "which if young ladies was 'bus conductors," he murmured softly to himself, "they would learn to take better care of their money."

But the purse was not to be found. "If it really ain't anywhere about you, miss," said the conductor, as he emerged from among the straw, "then your

pocket *has* been picked. How much was there in it?"

"Half-a-sovereign and five-and-six-pence in silver," answered the young lady, with tears trembling on her eyelids. "But that was not all. It also contained a valuable diamond ring, the property of the lady with whom I am living, and which I was taking to a jeweller's not far from here, to be repaired."

The conductor turned an eye of compassion on her. "Well, I'm blowed!" he muttered; "to think of anybody in their senses being so green." Then turning quickly on the remaining insides, he scanned us over one by one, ending with a solemn shake of the head. "Can do nothing for you, miss," he said. "You had better go to the police, and give them a description of your property. I knows most of my morning passengers for respectable city gents; but there was one fishy-looking cove—him as got in at Edgware Road, and sat next you, miss, all the way to Farringdon street—what I didn't like the looks of; and if your purse was taken by anybody after you got into the 'bus, I'll lay odds that was the cove as took it. And wasn't he a downy-looking card! Oh, no, not a bit of it!" And the conductor winked at me portentously, to signify that his last remark was meant for "sarkasum."

"But I have not even money left to pay my fare with," urged the young lady.

Half a dozen purses were out at once, such was the influence of beauty in distress.

"Never mind the fare, miss," answered the conductor, affably, as he mounted to his perch. "A tanner won't either break the Co. or make its fortune. You go to the police—that's what you've got to do. All right, Joey; go ahead."

The 'bus drove away, leaving the young lady standing on the curb. She put down her fall, to hide her wet eyes, and was turning sadly away, when our conductor leaped nimbly down, ran back to her, said a few words, and was on his perch again in less than two minutes. "Thought it best to give the poor young creeter my number," he remarked confidentially to me, "and the address of our secretary, in case of anythink turning up. But that ain't likely, you know,

sir. Ah, it was that fishy-looking cove, you may depend upon it."

I was detained in the city till 5 o'clock. At that hour I set off westward, with the intention of walking home. The rain had ceased hours ago, and a fresh crisp breeze was now blowing. Over the murky city roofs the moon was rising in an unclouded sky, and all the shops were ablaze with light. My rooms were in a street leading out of Oxford street; but having one or two calls to make, I chose, this evening, to go round by way of the Strand and Charing Cross. My calls all made, I turned up St. Martin's Lane, as my nearest way home, and was walking carelessly along that classic thoroughfare, when, whom should I see a little way in front of me, staring intently into the window of a jeweller's shop, but the "fishy-looking cove" of my friend the conductor! I recognized him in a moment, having taken particular notice of him while he was my fellow-passenger in the morning. Not that there was anything either in his appearance or manners that made me suspicious of his honesty, but rather that he offered such a marked contrast to the respectable, well-to-do-looking city men who made up the rest of the passengers. He was a thin, frouzy, disreputable-looking man, dressed in a suit of rusty black; with a hat and boots that had been carefully "doctored," and might still do some fair-weather service, but which were ill calculated to stand the brunt of a rainy day. His mouth was that of a habitual dram-drinker. His eyes were weak and watery; and his high-ridged aquiline nose had an inflamed look about it, suggestive of many a deep potation. His chin had evidently not felt a razor for several days; and the minute fragments of straw and chaff which clung to his dress, and were mixed up with his unkempt hair, hinted at the style of accommodation to which he had been reduced during the preceding night. Yet, with all this, the fellow carried a jaunty little cane, which he swung to and fro as though he had not a care in the world; and he had on a pair of dog-skin gloves that would have looked stylish if they had not been quite so dirty.

But was it he who took the young lady's purse? That was the question; and

the oftener I looked at the man, the more inclined I felt to endorse the opinion of the 'bus conductor. A brown morocco purse, containing fifteen-and-sixpence in cash, and a lady's diamond ring of the value of fifty guineas—not a bad morning's work for a gentleman in reduced circumstances. In such a case, however, all the surmising in the world was of no avail. No one had seen him take the purse, and so long as he kept his own counsel, he was safe from detection. The grand point was to ascertain whether he really had the ring or a pawnbroker's duplicate for it about his person! But how to do this?

This was the problem that I kept turning over and over in my mind as I cautiously followed up my man when he went on his way from the jeweller's shop. At the top of the lane he seemed to hesitate for half a minute; then he turned to the right, and went up Long Acre, I still following cautiously about a dozen yards in the rear.

"I will put you to a simple test, my friend," thought I; "and as you come out of it, so will I adjudge you innocent or guilty."

Hurrying up behind him, I tapped him lightly on the arm. "I beg your pardon," I said, "but did you drop this pencil-case just now?"

He started as I touched him, and seemed for a few seconds as if he could not take in the meaning of my question. He looked at me with eyes full of suspicion. Whether he recognized me as one of his fellow-passengers by the morning's 'bus, I could not determine. We had halted opposite a large shop, and the light from the window shone full on my silver pencil-case, on which, at length, when he was apparently satisfied with his scrutiny of my face, his glance fastened greedily.

"Picked it up, did you say?" he asked, as he began to fumble with thumb and finger in his waistcoat pocket.

"Just behind you," I answered. "But if it's not yours, I shan't bother any more about it, but pocket it myself."

"But it is mine," he put in eagerly. "How stupid of me to lose it!"—I put the pencil-case in his hands without hesitation.—"I am really much obliged to you," he went on, "for your kindness in returning it. As you grow older, young

gentleman, you will find that honesty is the exception in this world, and not the rule."

"Well, I'm glad to have found the owner," I said, with a laugh. "You seem to value the case?"

"I do value it, young gentleman," answered the old hypocrite. "Less, perhaps, from its intrinsic worth, than from the fact that it is the sole relic now left me of a very dear friend. Friendship ever let us cherish. A truly noble sentiment!"

"Then, if you value it so highly," I said, "you can hardly object to stand half a go of brandy for its recovery."

"Half a go of brandy!" he said, in a horrified tone. "Young man, young man, I'm very much afraid——"

I had taken out my watch, a valuable gold lever. As his eye fell on it, his intended remonstrance came to an abrupt conclusion.

"Well—ah—yes, you are quite right," he resumed, "and I shall be happy to treat you to a go of brandy. To what place shall we adjourn?"

"To the nearest house, please. I want to get home to my dinner."

So we went into the nearest tavern, where my new acquaintance ordered a glass of brandy for me, and half a pint of stout for himself. Not to be behind-hand, I ordered a couple of cigars.

"Been in London long?" asked my companion, as I was lighting my weed.

"No, only a few months. Fresh from the country."

"At the risk of being thought impertinent, may I just inquire to what particular line of business your talents are devoted?"

"To no line at all, just at present.—The fact is," I added, lowering my voice to the proper confidential tone, "I had a little money left me about a year ago, and I am up in London looking out for a sound business investment. But I've met with nothing to my liking, so far; in fact, I'm getting tired of town, and have half a mind to go back home, and take my money with me."

I could see the old scamp's eyes brighten as he drank in my words eagerly.

"My dear young friend, if you will allow me to call you so," he began in blandly persuasive accents, "let me counsel you to do nothing rashly. There

are thousands of excellent investments in London. But what you want is a man at your back who knows all the ins and outs of this great city; who knows how to separate the wheat from the chaff; and who can distinguish, almost as it were by instinct, a sound investment from a rotten one."

"All very fine. But where is a greenhorn like me to find such a man?"

The gesture with which my scampish friend bowed to me, and laid his hand on his heart, had in it a touch of the sublime. "It is not for a modest man like me to vaunt himself or his qualifications, but I—*moi qui vous parle*—have lived in London all my life, and I have not lived with my eyes shut. Although I am, just now—why attempt to deny it?—in some measure under a cloud, my fortunes, I am proud to say, have not always been at their present low ebb. My wife—she is dead now, poor creature!—at one time kept her brougham and pair; and I had my hack for the park, and a hunter down at Melton. But those days are gone, never to return. (Drink up, sir, and let us have another glass.) I was ruined in the year of the great panic. All the more, then, am I fitted, after passing through such a bitter experience, to fill the part of a judicious Mentor to inexperienced youth with capital at its back. Sir, my humble services are yours to command."

"Well," I said, with a dubious air, "it is just possible that you might be able to put me up to a useful wrinkle or two. But, in any case, this is not the spot to discuss such matters. Come and have a bit of dinner with me at my rooms, and we can talk things over afterward, with the assistance of a pipe and a tumbler."

"A bit of dinner, a pipe, and a tumbler! Ha, ha! I will attend you, my young friend, with the utmost satisfaction."

I hailed the first cab I could find, and we rattled off to my lodgings. No conversation took place while we were going over the stones; but in imagination I saw before me a certain sweet, tearful face, and I felt more determined than ever to go through with the scheme, wild and preposterous as it might have seemed at any other time, which had suddenly flashed across my brain while

I was following the rascal by my side up St. Martin's Lane.

Having instructed my landlady to put down another cutlet, and to send out for one or two extras, we ascended to my rooms.

"In the hope, my dear sir, that our friendship will be a long and flourishing one," said my unwelcome guest, "allow me, as a needful preliminary, to present you with my card."

He handed me, as he spoke, a very limp, and rather dirty piece of paste-board, which he had had some difficulty in finding among his multifarious pockets, and on which was inscribed the name of "Mr. Reginald Tracy." Of course, I could do no less than return the compliment.

Dinner was served a few minutes later; and while it was in progress, the conversation between Mr. Tracy and myself was of the most intermittent character. I gathered enough, however, to enable me to discover that he was a man of some education, and must at one time have mixed in superior society. By the exercise of what knavish arts he had contrived to forfeit the position he once held, I could not, of course, tell: therein, no doubt, lay hidden the great secret of his life. Poor wretch! It was easy to see, from the style in which he got through his food, that a plentiful and wholesome meal was what he had not partaken of for some time. At length, he lay back in his chair in a state of happy repletion. "Not another morsel, my dear boy," he said with a benignant smile. "Positively, I could not. 'Let good digestion wait on appetite'—you know the rest. A bountiful meal! But, 'Providence tempers the wind to the shorn lamb!' And now for the pipe and the tumbler. Ha, ha! I have not forgotten."

As soon as we were fairly under way with our first tumbler, Mr. Tracy broke ground on the subject that was evidently uppermost in his thoughts. "If, sir," he said, "you would favor me with a hint as to the special class of investment in which you are desirous of laying out your capital, and would also furnish me with some idea as to the amount of the capital itself, I should then have some positive data to work upon, and could give you the benefit of my experience in that particular line of procedure which



your inclinations may lead you to prefer."

"Capital, three thousand; line of investment not decided on," I said. "Something light and genteel would be preferred."

"Such as an importer of wines and spirits, for instance," said Mr. Tracy.

"That would do capitally, I daresay, only I happen to know nothing in the world about it."

"Quite unnecessary, my dear sir, that you should. Only find the money, and I will engage to find the brains, and to make your fortune into the bargain." Mr. Tracy sighed deeply, took a long pull at his tumbler, and then proceeded to enlighten my ignorance as to the various methods by which extraordinary profits might be realized, without the slightest risk of failure, by any one who, combining capital with brains, might choose to appear before the world as an importer of wines and spirits. That some of the methods indicated by Mr. Tracy were several degrees on the shady side of honesty, might at once have been predicated from the character of the man; but he certainly had a very neat way of wrapping up and labelling his "tricks of trade," so as to make them look as much like a genuine article as possible.

His exhortation and his third tumbler came to an end together.

"Have you ever been in the United States?" I suddenly asked.

"Never, sir. As a patriotic Englishman, my love of travel never took me so far from home."

"Then you never tasted any of those delicious drinks which, under various strange names, are so popular among the Yankees?"

"Once more a negative must be my answer. But, my dear young friend, if you will only decide to lay out your capital in accordance with——"

"A moment, if you please," I said. "Before going into any further business details, what do you say to a change of tippie? I think we have had enough of this stuff. Let me try whether I cannot brew you one of those delightful American drinks of which I spoke just now. I had the recipes for several of them from an uncle of mine who is captain of a liner."

"Just as you like, *cher ami*—just as

you like," he said; "though I don't think much improvement on this delicious toddy is possible."

"We can come back to it again, if the other does not prove to our liking," I said.

"And not be flouted for our inconstancy," added Mr. Tracy, with a laugh. "So now for this Yankee nectar of yours. I grow thirsty by anticipation."

Two large tumblers and the various ingredients required for my purpose were quickly got together; last of all, I went into my study, and after staying there about a couple of minutes, I went back, carrying with me a packet containing half-a-dozen powders done up in differently-colored papers. The degree of knowledge I had laid claim to as a concocter of American drinks was by no means fictitious; and I now proceeded to mix one after the most approved fashion, and ended by opening one of the colored papers and pouring the contents of it into the tumbler, and then offered the whole to Tracy.

But the putting in of the powder had evidently roused his suspicions, and with a polite wave of the hand, he refused the proffered tumbler. "After you, my dear sir," he said. "I must really insist on your imbibing the first tumbler yourself. The second one will do excellently well for me."

"As you please," I said, with a shrug. With that I proceeded to drain the first tumbler, expressing by pantomime, as I did so, my appreciation of its excellence. After this, I mixed a second tumblerful, into which, as before, I poured the contents of one of the colored papers, and then handed the whole to Tracy. His lips having once touched the glass, stuck there till it was empty.

He gave a sigh of intense satisfaction as he put down the glass. "Ambrosia, by Jupiter!" he exclaimed. "The man who invented that tippie ought to be immortalized by a statue of the whitest marble. I have no wish to be thought presumptuous, but I cannot resist asking you to mix me one more potation."

"One! half-a-dozen, if you like," I replied, "and all of them different. Unless your taste differs very much from mine, you will find No. 2 an improvement on No. 1."

He refilled his pipe while I was mixing the second tumbler, but still kept a watchful eye on my proceedings; not that he was any longer suspicious of my good faith, but because he was desirous of taking a lesson in the art of concocting such delicious drinks. When all the other ingredients were properly combined, I opened one of the packets, as before, and shook the contents into the tumbler; and then having well stirred the whole, I handed the glass to Tracy. But the powder, in this case, possessed properties very different from that of the innocent alkali of which I had made use previously.

As before, Tracy's lips seemed glued to the tumbler till he had drained the contents to the last drop.

"How does that suit your taste?" I said. "Is it equal to the first?"

"Such a question is hard to answer," he replied. "The beauties of both are so evenly balanced, that Bacchus himself would find it difficult to decide between the two. I have to thank you, my dear young friend, for having opened up a new vista of pleasure undreamed of by me before."

"I must give you one or two of my recipes, and then you can mix for yourself. One more tumbler, and then to business."

Even while I was speaking, the pipe dropped from his lips, and his eyes began to wander. Slowly and deliberately, I proceeded with my preparations for another tumbler. Tracy, after glancing down reproachfully at his pipe, took no further heed of it, but planting both his elbows firmly on the table, and taking fast hold of his head between his hands, he tried his utmost to bring his weak, wavering gaze to bear on my manipulating fingers. But the effort was too much for him. His eyes closed, opened, closed again; and then, with a few incoherent words of apology, his head drooped forward on the table; his nerveless arms lost all powers of tension; and in twenty seconds he was faster asleep than he had ever been in his life before.

It was to this end that all my efforts had been directed. The powder put by me into his second tumbler was a powerful Indian narcotic, which I had latterly had occasion to use in some of

my chemical experiments. Although successful so far, it was not without a more unequal beating of the heart than usual that I proceeded to carry out the remainder of my design. However honest one's intentions may be, there is something nefarious in the act of feeling a man's pockets—something that goes utterly against the grain; yet that was precisely what I had now got to do. Before proceeding any further, however, I thought it advisable to have a third person by me to act as a witness of what might follow. So I went down-stairs to my landlady's room, with the intention of getting either the worthy dame herself or her husband to act the part of chorus in my forthcoming little drama. Fortunately, I found the old lady's son, who is a strapping sergeant in the Guards, and who made no difficulty about going back with me.

We found Tracy still soundly asleep, with his head on the table. From this posture I gently raised him, and laid him back in the easy-chair in which he was sitting. My next proceeding was to insinuate my hand into each of his pockets, one after the other, in search of the missing diamond. I found the young lady's purse, but the ring was not in it; I also found a number of pawnbroker's duplicates, but none of them having reference to the object of which I was in search. Here, too, was my pencil-case, which, together with the stolen purse, I did not fail to appropriate. One after the other, I searched all the pockets I could find, but still the ring was not forthcoming, and I began to fear that he had already disposed of it, in which case it was probably lost beyond recovery. My friend the sergeant, seeing my perplexity, suggested that the ring was perhaps sewn up inside the lining of his coat or waistcoat. Acting on this hint, I felt all over the lining of his coat, but without success; but on coming to his waistcoat, I found something hard, over which a patch of wash-leather had been carefully stitched. A few seconds sufficed to unrip the sewing, and there, wrapped up carefully in cotton-wool and tissue-paper, was a lady's diamond ring. In silent triumph, I held it up on the tip of my finger for the sergeant's inspection.

"Hurrah! that's jolly, and no mis-

take!" shouted the guardsman, with a wave of his pipe. "How will Mr. Sly-boots feel when he wakes up?"

We were not left long in doubt on that point. Mr. Tracy began to yawn, and stretch, and pull himself together. It was a peculiarity of the narcotic I had given him that its effect, when administered in small doses, was of very short duration, and I knew that Tracy's stupor would not last above half-an-hour at the most. To assist his recovery, I held a vial of strong-smelling salts under his nose. He opened his eyes, sat up, sneezed, and stared vacantly around.

"Good-evening, governor," said the sergeant. "You seem to have had quite a refreshing little snooze."

Mr. Tracy did not respond to this friendly greeting. His fingers were busy fumbling at his waistcoat, and next moment he started up with a tremendous oath, and declared that he had been robbed.

"Of what have you been robbed, Mr. Tracy?" I asked.

"Of a valuable diamond ring, which, for better security, I had stitched up in the folds of my waistcoat."

"Probably this purse also belongs to you?" I said, holding up the article in question.

He changed color at once, and all the defiance seemed to ooze out of him as I kept my eyes fixed steadily on his.

"That, too, is my property," he said with a poor attempt at bravado; "and I must ask you at once to explain how it came into your possession."

"Let me first tell you how it came into yours," I said. "You took it, this morning, out of the pocket of a young lady who sat next you in an omnibus. At that time it contained, beside a small sum of money, a diamond ring, now in my custody, and which I mean to restore to its owner to-morrow. Are you satisfied?"

"A lie! an infernal lie!" he said, with an angry stamp of the foot.

"You are *not* satisfied," I said. "Such being the case, let us adjourn to the nearest police station, and each tell his own story to the inspector. For my part, I am quite willing to bear the brunt of such a proceeding. Are you ready to accompany me?"

"Sold! most damnably sold!" cried

Tracy, flinging up his clenched hands. Then he turned, and picked up his hat and cane; then facing me, he said: "You villain! You have tricked me this time, but I'll be revenged on you yet. Next time it will be my turn, and I advise you to beware."

"If you are not out of this house in two minutes," I said, "I will give you in charge of the police."

He turned on me with a snarl, and made as though he would have struck me across the face with his cane. My friend, the sergeant, was on his feet in an instant.

"Now, governor, you just book it quietly, or it will be worse for you," he said. "I may as well light you to the street-door, or you might perhaps find your way by accident into one of the other rooms. Now just step out, will you?"

I called next morning at the office of the Secretary of the Omnibus Company, and found, as I had anticipated, that the young lady had left her address there. To this address, which was in a certain west-end square, I hurried as fast as a cab could take me. I found the young lady, and the old lady with whom she was living as companion, terribly put about by the loss of the ring, and therefore proportionately pleased at its recovery. That first visit was not the last, by any means; but all the rest merely concerns Minnie and myself, and may remain left unwritten.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

#### WOMEN OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

BEING alive to the awkward conjunction of the words "women" and "middle age" in the same sentence, we at the outset entreat patience until the sequel shall prove our innocence of the intention to write about "*middle-aged women*," or even to affirm that such beings are. Women, we know, are all either young or old. There is no debatable ground between these extremes. May and December are familiar, but there is no autumn, and, if there were, it is hoped that we have too much sense to call attention thereto.

The real subject of this paper is the social position of women during the middle ages of the Christian world; and

the train of thoughts which led up to it began with reflections on woman's anxiety to unsex herself in the present age. The lovely being is tired of the sanctity in which she was enshrined centuries ago, and is determined to "clear out" of the same, to jostle us men on the walks which we have hitherto considered proper to ourselves, to owe nothing to our gallantry, but to forage for herself, and to prefer a fair field and no favor to all the homage which has been hitherto hers. She, no doubt, has weighed carefully the prescriptive rights which she is about to abdicate; but we, not being well informed on that subject, desire to "take stock" of these advantages, and to understand how she acquired them. For, looking back to our early histories, and especially to that earliest of all in which are recorded her first appearance in the world, and the little obligation which she laid us all under, we see her able to exact but small regard from men, and men disposed to concede but sparing regard to her. Milton has suggested something like a beginning of chivalrous homage in Eden, but as "Paradise Lost" is not the poetry of the period, it does not prove much for our inquiry. She appears to have been for ages little better than a drudge. Howbeit, between that original forced drudgery and the voluntary drudgery which she is to-day demanding as a right, she has known a canonization, or rather an apotheosis; she has been exalted to an absolute sovereignty; her breath has been incense, her perpetual tribute adoration; the deeds of heroes have been amply rewarded by her smile, her displeasure has brought despair and ruin; to do her will was man's voluntary and laudable service, to offend her was to rouse the wrath of every manly bosom, and to incur the reproach of being recreant and disloyal. Perhaps this is attributing to the whole sex a power which only distinguished individuals could exercise to the full; nevertheless the sex at large was endued with it in kind, if not in degree. Strong in her weakness, overruling by the abnegation of all right and will, woman reigned despotic; her sway rested on no charter, but the swords of paladins leapt from their scabbards to sustain it; her wrong,

borne in voiceless meekness, pointed the lance of chivalry, and made every true man her sworn avenger. How the resignation of such high influences as these, which set her in some senses above the world and its vicissitudes, can be compensated by a pair of small-clothes with tribulations, one is at a loss to understand. Yet such is her pleasure, and our faith would be unfaithful if we did not bear with her even in her self-asserting caprice. In place of her true knight, woman proposes to champion herself to-day; it is not masculine strength, but her own right hand, that shall help her.

The sceptre is not one, we trow, which she can lay down and resume at will. It is an artificial ensign, not for all time, though it has endured for many ages. The halo will not disappear by a sudden eclipse, but it will go down slowly and with a mellow glory, like the setting sun, into the future; and Christendom, forlorn and chill, will accept its destiny, and seek a savage civilization. And so, when the gentle tyranny shall be a tradition of the past, a power never to revive while the world standeth, the marvel will be how it ever existed. We do not pretend to solve the riddle, or to explain by what subtle course of feeling and opinion the unruly wills and affections of sinful men came to bow themselves before this absolute idol; but we do hope to be able to exhibit some of the circumstances of the dawn of the worship and of its meridian glory. Its decline and fall are already a topic familiar to our age.

On first considering the question we found ourselves possessed of an idea that the social state known to our own experience and pervading our literature was according to the eternal fitness of things; that woman's position is not an arbitrary one which she can relinquish or which she can be deprived of, but one prescribed by Providence and by our nature; one, therefore, certain to be re-established whatever attempts may be made to change it. But a very brief retrospect shows the fallacy of this. The mention of her in the books of the Old Testament does not indicate that she is a being claiming by natural right any particular influence, or that there should be merit in obeying or indulging her.



Far less have we a warrant for worshipping her. "I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and thy conception," said the Creator to her; "in sorrow thou shalt bring forth children; and thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee." There is not much foreshadow of supremacy in that sentence. And we are well assured that throughout the Jewish dispensation, woman, far from dictating or controlling, was not allowed to have a will of her own. An episode here and there proves that Eve's daughters were worthy of her, and that they did a little in the beguiling line, principally to their husbands' detriment, as Solomon, Ahab, Job, Samson, and others knew to their cost, though sometimes an Abigail or an Esther showed a better spirit. But there was nothing like an acknowledged deference to the sex: on the contrary, there was scarcely a decent respect. When Jehu, a prince and a warrior, saw wretched Jezebel at the window, his order was, "Throw her down;" and over her corpse he exclaimed, "Go, see now this cursed woman, and bury her; *for she is a king's daughter!*" The concession of the rite of burial was not made to the woman, but to the daughter of a king. Thus, notwithstanding that between the ninth century B.C., and the nineteenth century of the present account, there rises a great arch of time, on the keystone of which we see woman sitting supreme. The feet of the arch are nearly on a level. Jezebel suggests New Orleans, and Jehu might have been a humble follower of Butler. Jezebel was, it is true, an ugly old crone, but her treatment by the great charioteer is of kin to the modern outrage on Beauty by "the Beast."

If we refer to profane history, we find that the heathen woman of ancient days was worse off than the Jewish. The Roman lady's condition has been carefully described by Gibbon as follows:

"According to the custom of antiquity, he" (the Roman) "bought his bride of her parents, and she fulfilled the *coemption* by purchasing with three pieces of copper a just introduction to his house and household deities. A sacrifice of fruits was offered by the pontiffs in the presence of ten witnesses; the contracting parties were stated on the same sheepskin; they tasted a salt cake of *far* or rice; and

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this *confarreatio*, which denoted the ancient food of Italy, served as an emblem of their mystic union of mind and body. But this union on the side of the woman was rigorous and unequal, and she renounced the name and worship of her father's house to embrace a new servitude, decorated only by the title of adoption. A fiction of the law, neither rational nor elegant, bestowed on the mother of a family (her proper appellation) the strange characters of sister to her own children, and of daughter to her husband or master, who was invested with the plenitude of paternal power. By his judgment or caprice her behavior was approved, or censured, or chastised; he exercised the jurisdiction of life and death; and it was allowed that in the cases of adultery or drunkenness the sentence might be properly inflicted. She acquired and inherited for the sole profit of her lord; and so closely was woman defined, not as a *person* but as a *thing*, that if the original title were deficient she might be claimed like other movables, by the use and possession of an entire year.

And in a note the same author quotes Aulus Gellius as follows:

"Metellus Numidicus the censor acknowledged to the Roman people, in a public oration, that had kind nature allowed us to exist without the help of woman, we should be delivered from a very troublesome companion; and he could recommend matrimony only as a sacrifice of private pleasure to public duty."

Metellus and the Apostle Paul appear to have been much of the same mind on this head.

But when we begin to reflect on women as they are shown in classic lore, it is not the Roman lady that we feel inclined to dwell on, but our memories instantly summon up such brilliant names as Aspasia, Lais, Glycera. And here it would seem as if we came upon an oasis in the great desert—as if that glorious city of old days, whose image, once suggested, will lead the mind captive, and distract it from its work-a-day theme—

"Whate'er the tale,  
So much its magic must o'er all prevail,"  
—as if the renowned Athene, preëminent in so much of what is beautiful and noble, had also been preëminent in removing the disabilities of women, and had anticipated the gentleness of Christianity by cultivating their minds, encouraging their talents, and venerating their opinions. If not worship, here they

enjoyed equality with the other sex; if the female sex itself did not exercise an absolute supremacy, its individuals were recognized and celebrated according to their abilities and charms. But no: this is only a specious fancy, striking at first, but no exception when sifted and examined. We prefer, however, not to put forward our own argument on this head, but rather to show how far the instance was thought to be favorable to the rights of women by one of themselves, and a clever one, too.\*

"These women, whose names are linked with those of the greatest and wisest men of antiquity, were the outcasts of society—its admiration, its pride, and its shame, the agents of its refined civilization, the instruments of its rapid moral corruption.

"Born in slavery, or sold to it, infant captives taken in war, or of a class too lowly to be recognized as citizens by the state, these victims of civil combinations, foredoomed, by the accidents of their birth or of their lives, to an inevitable social degradation, had one privilege incidental to their singular lot; and of that they availed themselves, to the triumph of mind over station, and of usurping acquirement over established ignorance. They were not under the ban of that intellectual proscription which was reserved by the law for the virtuous and the chaste. . . .

"The position of these women was a false one, dangerous to the best interests of society; and their privileges and their influence (for rights they had none), though uncontrolled by the lawgiver, and freely permitted by the conventional manners of the times and country, became a deteriorating principle, which worked out the political ruin of Greece through its moral depravity."

After this, we will add nothing of our own concerning the Athenian women, but accept the dictum of our gifted authority, the champion of her sex. From her pages, however, we will take the liberty of extracting another passage, illustrative of the condition of women in the East.

"The position of the woman of savage life, miserable as it may be, is less strikingly degraded than that of the females of those vast empires of the East which vaunt an antique origin, and in which the lights of a semi-civilization have surrounded a fraction at least of the species with the luxuries of wealth, and afforded something of the semblance of a social policy. Of the earliest condition of these widely-extended nations

nothing is known; and the few scanty fragments of their history which have reached posterity show them as then already far removed from the rudeness of savage life. In these fragments, the records of ages when civilization was as yet exclusively confined to Asia (the supposed cradle of the human species, and certainly the cradle of its written history), physical pressure of another character and origin is found to determine the servitude of woman, and to crush her under a slavery, if possible, more revolting than that of the mere savage. . . .

"It is an awful and heart-rending act to raise the dark curtain which hangs before the 'sanctuary of the women' throughout the great continent of Asia, and to penetrate the domestic holds of those vainglorious nations which arrogate to themselves the precedence in creation, and date their power and their policy from eras anterior to the written records of more civilized communities. In these states, on whose condition the passage of some thousands of years has impressed no change, and in which the sufferings of one half the species have awakened no sympathy, may be discovered the most graphic illustrations of the tyranny of man and of the degradation of woman."

And, referring particularly to China, both past and present, it is written:

"The female slave who, at the head of a band of inferior slaves, is dignified with the name of superior (adequate to that of wife), who has been purchased with gold, and may be returned if on trial not approved, is not deemed worthy to eat at her master's table."

And so, whenever we can arrive at any knowledge of the condition of women of old, whatever may have been their country, we find them in subjection—degrading subjection generally—to the male sex. Then the oldest antiquity passed away; Christ was incarnate in the world, was dead and buried, and rose again and ascended into heaven, yet clouds and thick darkness were not immediately dispelled from woman's lot.

Plutarch, as every student is aware, took some pains to set forth the merits of women of different nations. It is quite evident that, in doing so, he considered that he was putting in an apology or a plea. He is the mill of ancient days, and his interference proves that woman in his time suffered, or fancied that she suffered, or was believed by him and his disciples to suffer, grievous wrong, and that the good that was in her was not appreciated by the times in

\* Lady Morgan.

which he wrote—that is to say, the latter end of the first and beginning of the second century. As time rolled on and Barbarian kingdoms were founded on the ruins of the Roman Empire, woman's moral position appears to have been a very subordinate one. Historians complain bitterly of the darkness of those periods; but the glimmer that we get shows us women still a very humble if not a degraded being. Her physical burden was greater or less according to the customs of tribes; but legally and morally she was nowhere. At last we came upon the Round Table and see the beginnings of chivalry, which shone for a season, only to be quenched in Saxon grossness and idolatry: that is, if it did shine, and if Arthur and his Court was not an imagination of later years. As to Lombardy, as late as the sixth and seventh centuries "we incidentally learn that no woman was mistress of her own actions; she was under the *mundium*, the legal protection or control, of her father, her brother, her husband, or in their default, of the nearest male of her family, or even of the king; if she were injured, the pecuniary compensation went not to her, but to the person who exercised this mundium over her—in other words, to her owner."\*

When we pass to other tribes and nations the picture is no better. The laws and customs show plainly that the honor and virtue of women were matters of small account. Not only is there no concession of rights or position to them, but there is no acknowledgment that they were due to them. The world was quite satisfied that woman as an *inferior* was in her right and natural place. Whatever alleviation or benefit she enjoyed, she enjoyed by the favor and condescension of man, whose caprice might lead him sometimes to indulge her; but as to *her* grace being worth obtaining, there is not a vestige of such an idea!

Thus it is abundantly clear that up to the sixth or seventh century of the years of our Lord, the sex all over the world, far from enjoying worship, or precedence, or observance, was in an inferior and sometimes cruelly base condition, although individual women had, by their

charms or their talents, enslaved here and there their own admirers. But the time had now come when it was to experience a rise in the world, when it was to become successively a *protégée* and a toy, an equal, a power, a glorified power, an idol, an object of the wildest fanaticism. To trace the origin and early growth of this influence until we find it recognized as a leading article of knightly faith, would be a grateful task; but we fear that to trace them accurately is now impossible. As far as actual records guide us the account amounts nearly to this, viz., we lose sight of a moral insect somewhere in the third century after Christ, and in the tenth century find the same insect developed as a moral butterfly, the intermediate grub state being a blank of seven or eight centuries. But in the absence of positive history to guide them, modern writers have speculated, though not very widely, on the probable circumstances and degrees of the transition.

It has been said by some whose opinions are well worthy of respect, that the germ of female ascendancy is to be traced among the manners of the Germans or Gauls. Tacitus says that the Germans thought there was something holy in women, and that they never despised their counsels nor neglected their answers. The following anecdote, which may be thought to support the same view, we take from an old translation of Plutarch's Essays:

"Before the Gauls passed over the mountains called Alpes, and held that part of Italy which now they do inhabit, there arose a great discord and dangerous sedition among them, which grew in the end to a civil war; but when both armies stood embattled and arranged, ready to fight, their wives put themselves in the very midst between the armed troops, took the matter of difference and controversy into their hands, brought them to accord and unity, and judged the quarrell with such indifferent equity, and so to the contentment of both parts, that there ensued a wonderful amity, and reciprocate good will, not only from city to city, but also between house and house; insomuch that ever after they continued this custom in all their consultations, as well of war as peace, to take the counsell and advice of their wives; yea, to compose and pacify all debates and braules with their neighbors and allies, by the mediation of them, and therefore in that composi-

\* Dunham's "Middle Ages."

tion and accord which they made with Annibal, at what time he passed through their city, among other articles this went for one: That in case the Gauls complained of any wrongs done unto them by the Carthaginians, the Carthaginian Captains and Governour which were in Spaine should be the judges between them; but contrariwise, if the Cathaginians pretended that the Gaules had wronged them, the Gaule Dames should decide the querrell."

The Germans, according to Sir W. Scott, who follows Tacitus, fought in the presence of their women, who, with dishevelled hair and fierce aspect, rushed into the *mêlée*, thereby exciting the valor of the warriors to its highest effort. The females, by a natural instinct, admired and preferred those whom they had seen distinguishing themselves in fight; and so they become the judges and the rewarders of achievements.

But we confess that this reasoning does not satisfy us. If this cause would account for woman's elevation, she would have begun to rise long before the Germans were heard of, for in all savage or primitive wars, there must have been but too many contests of which women were spectators: and the fame of exploits produces as great or a greater impression on the female mind than the view of the exploits themselves. The deeds, therefore, of early days which woman might not witness, she would certainly know by report, and appreciate; yet her appreciation of them never seems to have done her much good. The Indian squaws revile the cowards of the tribe, and admire the great warriors—still they are only squaws. When the women of Israel answered one another as they played, and said, "Saul has slain his thousands, and David his ten thousands," though their "damnable iteration" drove Saul mad, and sent David into exile after several narrow escapes from assassination, it does not appear that they themselves took anything by their clamor. We have all been taught that the Lacedæmonian and Roman mothers fostered the devoted valor of the two nations; and we cannot doubt that they criticised and favored it; still they remained only as the Roman women, whose condition Gibbon, as above quoted, has described. The learned Henry Hallam puts forward another theory, and maintains that the treatment

of women must improve as civilization advances, and will be, in every nation, proportioned to the degree of refinement. But, according to this rule, there would have been a certain chivalry in the most advanced of ancient nations; and, as we have been growing more and more refined since the days of Edward III., it would follow that woman's position, instead of declining, as it has done, would have continued, and if possible improved, up to the present day. Look, however, at the facts. Butler stalks about in whole skin, and with the rank of a general officer, defying opinion. In the fourteenth century a thousand knights would singly have gone in quest of him, immediately after hearing of his proceedings, and his mouth would have been stopped and his soul been sent to Hades as soon as an avenger could get within a lance's length of him. On this side the Atlantic, if we have not reached the point of tolerating brutality toward women, we have, by many infallible signs, abated in our homage to them. We cannot, therefore, quite accept Mr. Hallam's doctrine as explanatory of the phase of woman's history into which we are inquiring.

Our own belief is, that although mere civilization could never have produced the effects which we are contemplating, civilization, accompanied by the spread of the Christian religion, might, and did, give rise to it. The nation which could approve the maxim *parcere subjectis*, would, by an expansion of its principle, exercise at least forbearance toward woman; but it required a knowledge of the doctrines of Christ to conceive the principle which was afterward pushed to such a marvellous extreme. As soon as men learned to believe in the beatitudes, and to see in meekness, poorness of spirit, and earthly inability, marks for the favor of God, their toleration for women probably grew into respect; and the wish to uphold them whom God regarded with favor, would suggest the protection of them. Allow for the enthusiasm with which a new and popular creed is often followed to the pitch of ridicule, and for the superstitious elements which are to be expected when the world is shaking off an old and inducing a new belief, and we have some plausible conception of the mode in which our fathers' minds were



acted upon so as to assign to woman her place in the system of chivalry.

What pure and sober Christianity would have done for women may be learned from St. Paul's First Epistle to Timothy, chapter 2, verse 11, to the end of the chapter: "Let the woman learn in silence with all subjection. But I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence. For Adam was first formed, then Eve. And Adam was not deceived, but the woman, being deceived, was in the transgression. Notwithstanding she shall be saved in child-bearing, if they continue in faith and charity and holiness with sobriety." But Christianity, instead of being pure and sober, was engrafted, as we know, on some very ignorant and wilful stocks. As a general rule, conversion was only a compromise. Nations, like individuals, accepted the new religion with a proviso in favor of their besetting sins. The European nations held fast by war and violence, but acted them now for the glory of God instead of for the indulgence of their own savage passions. On the other hand they conceded the confession that hitherto their usage of the gentler sex had been unwarrantably severe. The blessed Redeemer was the son of David and of Joseph in name only, but He was truly and literally born of a woman. And this highest indication of Divine favor toward the sex was in conformity with those Christian teachings which sanction as blessings many of woman's attributes. Though the practice, therefore, of patience, meekness, temperance, and forgiveness, was more than a warrior could stoop to, he was pleased to compound with religion by admiring and extolling these virtues in the weaker sex. And here were the beginnings of a reaction—a reaction whose force must be measured, not by the power which produced it, but by the contrary force which had prevailed before. By how much it was perceived that woman, blessed of God, had been degraded and enslaved by man, by so much it was felt, and sworn by the holy rood, that she should be exalted and compensated. She was to get not only her own, but her own with usury. Forty centuries of arrears were to be paid up to the fair creature: men heaped Ossa on Pelion to form a homage worthy her

acceptance, and believed that they had come short of her desert. With this revolution woman herself had little to do. Intrinsically she remained much what she had ever been. She was translated, not transformed. She had been the Pagan's victim and thrall. She was the Christian's idol and mistress.

Inclination, no doubt, powerfully seconded the sense of duty. Men, having once tried the experiment, rejoiced to find a natural passion elevated to a noble sentiment. Emulation was excited and fostered on both sides. Woman strove to approach the perfection that was ascribed to her; ascertained and practised the virtues and graces that became her sex; and shed over domestic and public life a brightness and a tenderness which had never been seen in the world before. Man, to render himself worthy of his divinity, became in principle, if not always in practice, a combination of dazzling qualities and virtues. A new refinement began to improve manners. Courtesy, condescension, and subordination were found not only to be no detriment to the valor of a knight, but to add tenfold lustre to that valor.

Whatever may have been the facts of the transition from the state assigned to her by St. Paul, we find that in the days of Arthur and of Charlemagne, woman had already attained to some consideration; and the few glimpses that we get of her between that period and the period of the Crusades, when her exaltation may be said to have been fairly established, though not yet at its height, show that she is gradually ascending in the social scale. Her halcyon days may be said to have been contemporary with Edward III. and his glorious son. And about that period we are enabled to see and appreciate her worship and renown; for we have chroniclers who delight in details of knightly acts and magnificence.

However obscure may be the causes and progress of her power, there is no doubt or darkness about the height and glory to which it attained. *Malgré* the impiety, folly, and extravagance which are proved along with it, the fact of her ascendancy and the circumstances thereof, are elaborately and indelibly stamped on the pages of the histories of the middle ages. The love of God and of

*the ladies* was the prime motive of every true knight in his course of chivalry. To this he publicly and solemnly devoted himself. The ladies occupy the second place in the sentence, but it is to be feared that their prophets far outnumbered the prophets of the Lord. We ourselves believed before we examined, and we doubt not most of our readers now believe, that the expression above quoted, however great its impropriety, was simply a *façon de parler*, without serious signification, and that the religious faith of those days, when sifted, would be found to be sound and pure. But lo! when, in the hope of proving this, we begin to turn over the books and chronicles of chivalry, we are startled by the information that among some, at least, and those persons who exercised a wide-spread influence, the worship of the ladies was literally a RELIGION. Hear the doctrine of La Dame des Belles Cousines, a burning and a shining light in the days of chivalry. She held, as touching *l'amour de Dieu et des Dames*, that "the one should not go on (*ne devoit point aller*) without the other, and the lover who comprehended how to serve a lady loyally *was saved!*" And St. Palaye, in his "Memoires sur la Chevalerie," hesitates not to accept this as a serious article of the faith of a knight. Speaking of the education of gentle youth, he says: "The first lessons given to them had reference principally to the love of God and of the ladies—that is to say, to religion and to galantry. If one can credit the chronicle of Jean de Saintre, it was generally the ladies who undertook the duty of teaching them at one and the same time *their catechism and the art of love*. But in like manner, as the religion which was taught was accompanied by puerilities and superstition, so the love of the ladies, which was prescribed to them, was full of refinement and fanaticism." La Dame des Belles Cousines was, we venture to hope, an extreme ritualist, claiming for her pet observances a merit which the great body of worshippers did not quite concede to them. Moderate believers may have been free from the sin of absolute and confessed idolatry. Still, whether the service of the fair sex was or was not regarded by them as a religious duty, it is certain that they

entertained very strong opinions concerning it. The general maxim, according to Sir Kenelm Digby, was, "*Perdu est tout honneur à cil qui honneur à dame ne refère*;" and the same author quotes the poet Chaucer to the following effect: "Women are the cause of all knighthood, the increase of worship, and of all worthiness, courteous, glad, and merry, and true in every wise." Gassier, in his "*Histoire de la Chevalerie Française*," speaking of the romancers or troubadours, has the following:

"Many knights are numbered among these poets. To consecrate his heart and his homage to a mistress, to live for her exclusively, for her to aspire to all the glory of arms and of the virtues, to admire her perfections and assure to them public admiration, to aspire to the title of her servant and her slave, and to think himself blessed if, in recompense of so great a love, and of so great efforts, she deign to accept them; in a word, to serve his lady as a kind of divinity whose favors cannot but be the prize of the noblest sentiments, a divinity who cannot be loved without respect, and who cannot be respected without love—this was one of the principal duties of every knight, or of whosoever desired to become one. The imagination sought to exalt itself with such a scheme of love; and by forming heroes, it (the scheme of love, we presume) gave reality to all the flights of the poet's imagination of that time. The fair whose charms and whose merit the knights-troubadours celebrated, those earthly goddesses of chivalry, welcomed them with a winning generosity, and often repaid their compliments with tender favors. . . . It is easy to understand that, love and war being the spring of all their actions, some celebrated the deeds of arms which had rendered so many brave knights illustrious, while others sang of the beauty, the graces, and the charms of their ladies, and of the tender sentiments with which the ladies had inspired them."

St. Palaye, speaking of the duties of knights, remarks: "It was one of the capital points of their institution on no account to speak ill of ladies, and on no account to allow any one in their presence to dare to speak ill of ladies." In a note he says: "This is, of all the laws of chivalry, that which was maintained at all times with the greatest rigor among the French nobility." "If a virtuous dame," says Brantome, as quoted by St. Palaye, "desire to maintain her position by means of his valor and constancy, her servant by no means

grudges his life to support and defend her, if she runs the least hazard in the world, either as regards her life, or her honor, or in case any evil may have been said of her; as I have seen in our court many who have silenced slanderers who have dared to detract from their mistresses and ladies, whom by the duty and laws of chivalry we are bound to serve as champions in their troubles."

"By the customs of Burgundy a young maid could save the life of a criminal if she met him by accident, for the first time, going to execution, and asked him in marriage." "Is it not true," asks Marchangy, "that the criminal who can interest a simple and virtuous maid, so as to be chosen for a husband, is not so guilty as he may appear, and that extenuating circumstances speak secretly in his favor?" Again: "The greatest enemies to the feudal system have acknowledged that the preponderance of domestic manners was its essential characteristic. In the early education of youth women were represented as the objects of respectful love, and the dispensers of happiness."\*

It is not necessary to adduce further proof of the eminence to which, morally, woman was exalted. Her empire was notorious and unchallenged. All writers of those times celebrate it, and in recent times it has been attested by the charming pen of Scott and by the sneer of Gibbon.† The theory of the worship is beyond dispute; but it may be interesting to examine how the practice of chivalry accorded with its profession, and whether the power and position of the sex were substantially as dazzling as speculation represented them. Upon reflection we shall probably all admit that they were so. For though the phase of lady-worship most familiar to us is seen in the practice of the knights-errant, to whose vagaries a certain amount of ridicule attaches, there is ample evidence of a real, practical, established female ascendancy. The

wandering or the soldier knight would vaunt the charms and virtues of a mistress whose favor he might or might not wear,\* and enforce the acknowledgment of them with the point of his lance; he would draw his sword for the deliverance of a captive lady, or to redress a lady's wrong; but independently of the effects of real or fancied passion, independently of acts of individual compassion, or generosity, or condescension, the sex, as such, undoubtedly did experience and exercise the benefits and the powers which the knight's profession assigned to it. In proof of this be it remembered that a lady never hesitated to lay her commands upon a knight, whether specially devoted to her service or not, and that it was imperative upon the knight to obey her, except the command should unfortunately be incompatible with his devoir to his own elected lady, to his sovereign, or to a brother in arms. Conflicting orders and duties thus sometimes placed an unhappy knight in a "fix;" and so delicate an affair was it, that when he had the opportunity of obtaining advice, he generally submitted himself to the decision of a court of honor. The expressed approbation of a noble or beautiful lady, whether dame or demoiselle, was fame. The ladies could and did soften and exalt the characters of knights and the sentiments of knighthood generally. "They can even impart," says Digby, "noble and generous sentiments, so that their power exceeds that of kings, who can grant only the titles of nobility." The excessive exertions of this power by vain or indiscreet women are proofs of the reality of the power, if not very creditable to the ladies concerned. There is the story of the lady who sent her shift to a knight, and bade him combat, with this only for armor, in the *mêlée* of harnessed knights. The fine fellow vindicated her opinion of his valor, and proclaimed her inhumanity to after ages, by wresting the victory from his armed opponents, though he was fearfully slashed and gored in so doing. In return for the trifling service, he requested the owner to wear the blood-stained shift in public as an outer

\* Sir Kenelm Digby. The *Orlandus* in the "Broad Stone of Honor."

† "As the champion of God and the ladies (I blush to unite such discordant names), he devoted himself to speak the truth; to maintain the right; to protect the distressed; to practise courtesy, a virtue less familiar to the ancients; to pursue the infidels, etc., etc."—Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," vol. vii, p. 340.

\* Sometimes a knight would vaunt a violent passion for a lady whom he had never seen.—*St. Palaye.*

garment, which she, with a complimentary speech, undertook to do, and which she did. The well-known story of the knight bringing a lady's glove out of the den of lions, and other anecdotes scattered about the annals of chivalry, and setting forth most perilous adventures wantonly imposed by ladies on knights, also illustrate the argument. It is consolatory to know that in these last instances the knights, after performing their devoir, renounced the service of the exacting ladies, and obtained the general approbation by so doing; for these merciless ladies were not in harmony with the true spirit of chivalry, which "even gave warning to women not to forget the softness and humanity of their character, in requiring any unreasonable service of danger from a knight." But, to pass beyond instances of the abuse of the power of the sex by individuals, we have historical evidence that the peril or requirements of ladies were sufficient to interrupt military operations, and temporarily to unite, for their especial service, contending armies. The story of the ladies of Meaux, however well known, may, we hope, be here repeated without fear of its proving tedious.

France and England were at war: the former country had suffered cruel loss and humiliation from the armies of the Black Prince, and to its troubles from abroad were added disaffection and rebellion at home. The peasantry of Brie had risen upon the nobles, who were unable to suppress the rising, and they were ravaging the country in large bands, committing the most frightful atrocities on noblemen and knights, and on their ladies. Panic-stricken and horror-stricken, a crowd of helpless dames and young children fled before this jacquerie, and some of the greatest ladies in France, married and unmarried, and children of quality were assembled at Meaux, under the protection of the Duke of Orleans. The Duchess of Normandy was there, and the Duchess of Orleans, with three hundred other ladies; but the Duke had not the means of defending them against such a mighty rabble as the peasants were becoming. The insurgents of Brie were joined by those of Valois, and another crowd was advancing from Paris. Al-

together, about nine thousand of them were in motion, while the garrison of Meaux was but a handful of knights and men-at-arms. The danger was imminent, and the terror and misery of the ladies and the desperation of the scanty garrison of Meaux may be conceived. Every hour brought nearer the time when they were to be at the mercy of a brutal mob—all was lamentation and affright. At this crisis the Capital de Buch, who was in the service of the King of England, was returning from an expedition, and happened to be at Chalons with the Comte de Foix. There these gallant knights got word of the miserable strait in which the French ladies were. Forgetting their national animosities, remembering only that a flock of trembling women were exposed to the violence of the jacquerie, they started without hesitation to the rescue. They numbered about sixty lances, while the peasants counted their thousands; but that consideration did not trouble them—they thought only of the fair fugitives and their danger. Happily they reached Meaux before the rabble; and it may be imagined how relieved the ladies were at the appearance of the brave little band, and how gratified they were at such devotion.

The peasantry, who had increased in numbers at every step, were not long in arriving; and it would appear that there was either poltroonery or treachery within, for the wretched inhabitants opened the gates, and in swarmed the whole motley force, filling the streets; but the market-place at Meaux was, it seems, a kind of citadel, defensible after the town was in the enemy's hands. The river Marne nearly surrounds it, leaving but a small front to guard. It was here that the ladies were lodged, and it was from hence that they saw their bloodthirsty pursuers advancing through the streets of the town. Their only hope was in the little band of knights and warriors: as long as they lived, no woman would be molested, but if they should be overborne and slain by this vast multitude, as seemed not improbable, these helpless delicate beings would be at the mercy of the insurgents. The emergency was a dreadful one for all. The good knights, however, were equal to the occasion. Like wise sol-



diers, did not wait to be attacked by the banditti, but went out to meet them in one company, as if they had been brothers in arms instead of being the servants of hostile sovereigns. Their knightly vows had bound them to the service of God and the ladies, and they were all therefore united for the time in the execution of their highest duties. Ensigns and battle-cries usually proceeding from opposite sides of the field were now all going forth together in a service of the greatest danger and responsibility: side by side fluttered the banners of Orleans and of Foix and the pennon of the Captal de Buch; and their valor met the reward which all true hearts would desire for it, although the throbbing bosoms in the market-place dared not expect so glorious a result. The sight of this firm and well-appointed array, small though it was, caused the foremost of the rabble to hesitate and to draw back a little; whereupon the knights allowed them not a minute to recover, but charged home, using their spears and swords in such fashion that the banditti, losing all their assurance, turned about and commenced a retreat, which soon became an utter rout. In their confusion they fell one over another and prevented anything like resistance, so that the gentlemen had only to cut them down or to drive them before them like a herd of beasts, and clear the town of them. They were absolutely tired with slaying, and threw them in great heaps into the river. Indeed, they might have slain all had they been so minded, and, as it was, the slaughter was prodigious.

Thus did the ladies' peril outweigh all other considerations with these gallant knights, and thus did chivalry dare and do for the dames' deliverance.

#### THE TALMUD.

(Concluded from page 306.)

ANOTHER most striking story is that of the Sage who, walking in a market-place crowded with people, suddenly encountered the prophet Elijah, and asked him who, out of that vast multitude, would be saved. Whereupon the Prophet first pointed out a weird-looking creature, a turnkey, "because he was merciful to his prisoners;" and next two common-looking tradesmen, who came walking

through the crowd pleasantly chatting. The Sage instantly rushed toward them, and asked them what were their saving works. But they, much puzzled, replied: "We are but poor workmen who live by our trade. All that can be said for us is that we are always of good cheer, and are good-natured. When we meet anybody who seems sad we join him, and we talk to him, and cheer him, so long that he must forget his grief. And if we know of two people who have quarrelled, we talk to them and persuade them, until we have made them friends again. This is our whole life." . . .

Before leaving this period of Mishnic development, we have yet to speak of one or two things. This period is the one in which Christianity arose; and it may be as well to touch here upon the relation between Christianity and the Talmud—a subject much discussed of late. Were not the whole of our general views on the difference between Judaism and Christianity greatly confused, people would certainly not be so very much surprised at the striking parallels of dogma and parable, of allegory and proverb, exhibited by the Gospel and the talmudical writings. The New Testament, written, as Lightfoot has it, "among Jews, by Jews, for Jews," cannot but speak the language of the time, both as to form and, broadly speaking, as to contents. There are many more vital points of contact between the New Testament and the Talmud than divines yet seem fully to realize; for such terms as "Redemption," "Baptism," "Grace," "Faith," "Salvation," "Regeneration," "Son of Man," "Son of God," "Kingdom of Heaven," were not, as we are apt to think, invented by Christianity, but were household words of talmudical Judaism, to which Christianity gave a higher and purer meaning. No less loud and bitter in the Talmud are the protests against "lip-serving," against "making the law a burden to the people," against "laws that hang on hairs," against "Priests and Pharisees." The fundamental mysteries of the new Faith are matters totally apart; but the Ethics in both are, in their broad outlines, identical. That grand dictum, "Do unto others as thou wouldst be done by," against which Kant declared himself energetically from a philosophi-

cal point of view, is quoted by Hillel, the President, at whose death Jesus was ten years of age, not as anything new, but as an old and well-known dictum "that comprised the whole Law." The most monstrous mistake has ever been our mixing up, in the first instance, single individuals, or classes, with a whole people, and next our confounding the Judaism of the time of Christ with that of the time of the Wilderness, of the Judges, or even of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. The Judaism of the time of Christ (to which that of our days, owing principally to the Talmud, stands very near), and that of the Pentateuch, are as like each other as our England is like that of William Rufus, or the Greece of Plato that of the Argonauts. It is the glory of Christianity to have carried those golden germs, hidden in the schools and among the "silent community" of the learned, into the market of Humanity. It has communicated that "Kingdom of Heaven," of which the Talmud is full from the first page to the last, to the herd, even to the lepers. The fruits that have sprung from this through the wide world we need not here consider. But the misconception, as if to a God of Vengeance had suddenly succeeded a God of Love, cannot be too often protested against. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" is a precept of the Old Testament, as our Saviour himself taught his disciples. The "Law," as we have seen and shall further see, was developed to a marvellously and, perhaps, oppressively minute pitch; but only as a regulator of outward actions. The "faith of the heart"—the dogma prominently dwelt upon by Paul—was a thing that stood much higher with the Pharisees than this outward law. It was a thing, they said, not to be commanded by any ordinance; yet was greater than all. "Everything" is one of their adages, "is in the hands of Heaven, save the fear of Heaven."

"Six hundred and thirteen injunctions," says the Talmud, "was Moses instructed to give to the people. David reduced them all to eleven, in the fifteenth Psalm: Lord, who shall abide in Thy Tabernacle, who shall dwell on Thy holy hill? He that walketh uprightly," etc.

"The Prophet Isaiah reduced them to six

(xxxiii. 15): He that walketh righteously," etc.

"The Prophet Micah reduced them to three (vi. 8):—What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"

"Isaiah once more reduced them to two (lvi. 1):—Keep ye judgment and do justice."

"Amos (v. 4) reduced them all to one:—Seek ye Me and ye shall live."

"But lest it might be supposed from this that God could be found in the fulfilment of His whole law only, Habakkuk said (ii. 4):—'The just shall live by his Faith.'"

Regarding these "Pharisees" or "Separatists" themselves, no greater or more antiquated mistake exists than that of their being a mere "sect" hated by Christ and the Apostles. They were not a sect—any more than Roman Catholics form a "sect" in Rome, or Protestants a "sect" in England—and they were not hated so indiscriminately by Christ and the Apostles as would at first sight appear in some sweeping passages in the New Testament. For the "Pharisees," as such, were at that time—Josephus notwithstanding—simply the people, in contradistinction to the "leaven of Herod." Those "upper classes" of free-thinking Sadducees who, in opposition to the Pharisees, insisted on the paramount importance of sacrifices and tithes, of which they were the receivers, but denied the Immortality of the Soul, are barely mentioned in the New Testament. The wholesale denunciations of "Scribes and Pharisees" have been greatly misunderstood. There can be absolutely no question on this point, that there were among the genuine Pharisees the most patriotic, the most noble-minded, the most advanced leaders of the Party of Progress. The development of the Law itself was nothing in their hands but a means to keep the Spirit as opposed to the Word—the outward frame—in full life and flame, and to vindicate for each time its own right to interpret the temporal ordinances according to its own necessities and acquirements. But that there were very many black sheep in their flock—many who traded on the high reputation of the whole body—is matter of reiterated denunciation in the whole contemporary literature. The Talmud inveighs even more bitterly and caustically than the New Testament against

what it calls the "Plague of Pharisaism," "the dyed ones," "who do evil deeds like Zimri, and require a goodly reward like Phinehas," "they who preach beautifully, but do not act beautifully." Parodying their exaggerated logical arrangements, their scrupulous divisions and subdivisions, the Talmud distinguishes seven classes of Pharisees, one of whom only is worthy of that name. These are—1, those who do the will of God from earthly motives; 2, they who make small steps, or say, just wait a while for me; I have just one more good work to perform; 3, they who knock their heads against walls in avoiding the sight of a woman; 4, saints in office; 5, they who implore you to mention some more duties which they might perform; 6, they who are pious because they *fear* God. The real and only Pharisee is he "who does the will of his Father which is in Heaven *because he loves Him*." Among those chiefly "Pharisaic" masters of the Mishnic period, whose names and fragments of whose lives have come down to us, are some of the most illustrious men, men at whose feet the first Christians sat, whose sayings—household words in the mouths of the people—prove them to have been endowed with no common wisdom, piety, kindness, and high and noble courage: a courage and a piety they had often enough occasion to seal with their lives.

From this hasty outline of the mental atmosphere of the time when the Mishnah was gradually built up, we now turn to this Code itself. The bulk of ordinances, injunctions, prohibitions, precepts—the old and new, traditional, derived, or enacted on the spur of the moment—had, after about eight hundred years, risen to gigantic proportions, proportions no longer to be mastered in their scattered, and, be it remembered, chiefly unwritten form. Thrice, at different periods, the work of reducing them to system and order was undertaken by three eminent masters; the third alone succeeded. First by Hillel I., under whose presidency Christ was born. This Hillel, also called the second Ezra, was born in Babylon. Thirst for knowledge drove him to Jerusalem. He was so poor, the legend tells us, that once, when he had not money enough to fee the porter of the academy, he

climbed up the window-sill one bitter winter's night. As he lay there listening, the cold gradually made him insensible, and the snow covered him up. The darkness of the room first called the attention of those inside to the motionless form without. He was restored to life. Be it observed, by the way, that this was on a Sabbath, as, according to the Talmud, danger *always* supersedes the Sabbath. Even for the sake of the tiniest babe it must be broken without the slightest hesitation, "for the babe will," it is added, "keep many a Sabbath yet for that one that was broken for it."

And here we cannot refrain from entering an emphatic protest against the vulgar notion of the "Jewish Sabbath" being a thing of grim austerity. It was precisely the contrary, a "day of joy and delight," a "feast day," honored by fine garments, by the best cheer, by wine, lights, spice, and other joys of pre-eminently bodily import: and the highest expression of the feeling of self-reliance and independence is contained in the adage, "Rather live on your Sabbath as you would on a week-day, than be dependent on others." But this only by the way.

About 30 a.c. Hillel became President. Of his meekness, his piety, his benevolence, the Talmudical records are full. A few of his sayings will characterize him better than any sketch of ours could do. "Be a disciple of Aaron, a friend of peace, a promoter of peace, a friend of all men, and draw them near unto the law." "Do not believe in thyself till the day of thy death." "Do not judge thy neighbor till thou hast stood in his place." "Whosoever does not increase in knowledge decreases." "Whosoever tries to make gain by the crown of learning perishes." Immediately after the lecture he used to hurry home. Once asked by his disciples what caused him to hasten away, he replied he had to look after his guest. When they pressed him for the name of his guest, he said that he only meant his soul, which was here to-day and there to-morrow. One day a heathen went to Shammai, the head of the rival academy, and asked him mockingly to convert him to the law while he stood on one leg. The irate master turned him from his door.

He then went to Hillel, who received him kindly and gave him that reply—since so widely propagated—"Do not unto another what thou wouldst not have another do unto thee. This is the whole Law, the rest is mere commentary." Very characteristic is also his answer to one of those "wits" who used to plague him with their silly questions. "How many laws are there?" he asked Hillel. "Two," Hillel replied, "one written and one oral." Whereupon the other, "I believe in the first, but I do not see why I should believe in the second." "Sit down," Hillel said. And he wrote down the Hebrew alphabet. "What letter is this?" he then asked, pointing to the first. "This is an Aleph." "Good, the next?" "Beth." "Good again. But how do you know that this is an Aleph and this a Beth?" "Thus," the other replied, "we have learnt from our ancestors." "Well," Hillel said, "as you have accepted this in good faith, accept also the other." To his mind the necessity of arranging and simplifying that monstrous bulk of oral traditions seems to have presented itself first with all its force. There were no less than some six hundred vaguely floating sections of it in existence by that time. He tried to reduce them to six. But he died, and the work commenced by him was left untouched for another century. Akiba, the poor shepherd who fell in love with the daughter of the richest and proudest man in all Jerusalem, and, through his love, from a clown became one of the most eminent doctors of his generation, nay "a second Moses," came next. But he too was unsuccessful. His legal labor was cut short by the Roman executioner. Yet the day of his martyrdom is said to have been the day of the birth of him who, at last, did carry out the work,—Jehuda, the Saint, also called "Rabbi" by way of eminence. About 200 A.D. the redaction of the whole unwritten law into a Code, though still unwritten, was completed after the immense efforts, not of one school, but of all, not through one, but many methods of collection, comparison, and condensation.

When the Code was drawn up, it was already obsolete in many of its parts. More than a generation before the Destruction of the Temple, Rome had

taken the penal jurisdiction from the Sanhedrin. The innumerable injunctions regarding the temple-service, the sacrifices, and the rest, had but an ideal value. The agrarian laws for the most part applied only to Palestine, and but an insignificant fraction of the people had remained faithful to the desecrated land. Nevertheless the whole Code was eagerly received as their text-book by the many academies both in Palestine and in Babylonia, not merely as a record of past enactments, but as laws that at some time or other, with the restoration of the commonwealth, would come into full practice as of yore.

The Mishnah is divided into six sections. These are subdivided again into 11, 12, 7, 9, (or 10) 11, and 12 chapters respectively, which are further broken up into 524 paragraphs. We shall briefly describe their contents:—

"Section I, *Seeds*: of Agrarian Laws, commencing with a chapter on Prayers. In this section the various tithes and donations due to the Priests, the Levites, and the poor, from the products of the lands, and further the Sabbatical year, and the prohibited mixtures in plants, animals, and garments, are treated of.

"Section II, *Fests*: of Sabbaths, Feast and Fast days, the work prohibited, the ceremonies ordained, the sacrifices to be offered, on them. Special chapters are devoted to the Feast of the Exodus from Egypt, to the New Year's day, to the Day of Atonement (one of the most impressive portions of the whole book), to the Feast of Tabernacles, and to that of Haman.

"Section III, *Women*: of betrothal, marriage, divorce, etc.: also of vows.

"Section IV, *Damages*: including a great part of the civil and criminal law. It treats of the law of trover, of buying and selling, and the ordinary monetary transactions. Further, of the greatest crime known to the law, viz., idolatry. Next of witnesses, of oaths, of legal punishments, and of the Sanhedrin itself. This section concludes with the so-called 'Sentences of the Fathers,' containing some of the sublimest ethical dicta known in the history of religious philosophy.

"Section V, *Sacred Things*: of sacrifices, the first-born, etc.: also of the measurements of the Temple (Middoth).

"Section VI, *Purifications*: of the various levitical and other hygienic laws, of impure things and persons, their purification, etc."

There is, it cannot be denied, more symmetry and method in the Mishnah than in the Pandects; although we have



not found that minute logical sequence in its arrangement which Maimonides and others have discovered. In fact we do not believe that we have it in its original shape. But, as far as the single treatises are concerned, the Mishnah is for the most part free from the blemishes of the Roman Code. There are, unquestionably, fewer contradictory laws, fewer repetitions, fewer interpolations, than in the Digests, which, notwithstanding Tribonian's efforts, abound with so-called "Geminationes," "Leges fugitivæ," "errativæ" and so forth; and as regards a certain outspokenness in bodily things, it has at last been acknowledged by all competent authorities that its language is infinitely purer than that, for instance, of the mediæval casuists.

The regulations contained in these six treatises are of very different kinds. They are apparently important and unimportant, intended to be permanent or temporary. They are either clear expansions of Scriptural precepts, or independent traditions, linked to Scripture only hermeneutically. They are "decisions," "fences," "injunctions," "ordinances," or simply "Mosaic Halachah from Sinai"—much as the Roman laws consist of "Senatusconsulta," "Plebiscita," "Edicta," "Responsa Prudentium," and the rest. Save in points of dispute, the Mishnah does not say when and how a special law was made. Only exceptionally do we read the introductory formula "N. N. has borne witness," "I have heard from N. N.," &c.; for nothing was admitted into the Code but that which was well authenticated first. There is no difference made between great laws and little laws—between ancient and new Halachah. Every precept traditionally received or passed by the majority becomes, in a manner, a religious divinely sanctioned one, although it was always open to the subsequent authorities to reconsider and to abrogate; as, indeed, one of the chief reasons against the writing down of the Code, even after its redaction, was just this, that it should never become fixed and immutable. That the Mishnah was appealed to for all practical purposes, in preference to the "Mosaic" law, seems clear and natural. Do we generally appeal in our law-courts to the Magna Charta?

This uniform reverence for all the manifold contents of the Mishnah is best expressed in the redactor's own words—the motto to the whole collection—"Be equally conscientious in small as in great precepts, for ye know not their individual rewards. Compute the earthly loss sustained by the fulfilment of a law by the heavenly reward derived through it; and the gain derived from a transgression by the punishment that is to follow it. Also contemplate three things, and ye shall not fall into sin: Know what is above ye—an eye that seeth, an ear that heareth, and all your works are written in a book." The tone and tenor of the Mishnah is, except in the one special division devoted to Ethics, emphatically practical. It does not concern itself with Metaphysics, but aims at being merely a civil code, yet it never misses an opportunity of inculcating those higher ethical principles which lie beyond the strict letter of the law. It looks more to the "intention" in the fulfilment of a precept than to the fulfilment itself. He who claims certain advantages by the letter of the law, though the spirit of humanity should urge him not to insist upon them, is not "beloved by God and man." On the other hand, he who makes good by his own free will demands which the law could not have enforced; he, in fact, who does not stop short at the "Gate of Justice," but proceeds within the "line of mercy," in him the "spirit of the wise" has pleasure. Certain duties bring fruits (interest) in this world; but the real reward, the "capital," is paid back in the world to come: such as reverence for father and mother, charity, early application to study, hospitality, doing the last honor to the dead, promoting peace between man and his neighbor. The Mishnah knows nothing of "Hell." For all and any transgressions there were only the fixed legal punishments, or a mysterious sudden "visitation of God"—the scriptural "rooting out." Death atones for all sins. Minor transgressions are redeemed by repentance, charity, sacrifice, and the day of atonement. Sins committed against man are only forgiven when the injured man has had full amends made and declares himself reconciled. The highest virtue lies in the study of the law. It is not only the

badge of high culture (as was of old the case in England), but there is a special merit bound up in it that will assist man both in this and in the world to come. Even a bastard who is learned in it is more honored than a high-priest who is not.

To discuss these laws, their spirit, and their details, in this place, we cannot undertake. But this much we may say, that it has always been the unanimous opinion of both friends and foes that their general character is humane in the extreme: in spite of certain harsh and exceptional laws, issued in times of danger and misery, of revolution and reaction; laws, moreover, which for the most part never were and never could be carried into practice. There is an almost modern liberality of view regarding the "fulfilment of the Law" itself, expressed by such frequent adages as "the Scripture says: 'he shall live by them'—that means, he shall not *die through them*. They shall not be made pitfalls or burdens to him, that shall make him hate life." "He who carries out these precepts to the full is declared to be nothing less than a 'Saint.'" "The law has been given to men, and not to angels."

Respecting the practical administration of justice, a sharp distinction is drawn by the Mishnah between the civil and criminal law. In both, the most careful investigation and scrutiny is required; but while in the former three judges are competent, a tribunal of no less than twenty-three is required for the latter. The first duty of the civil judges is always—however clear the case—to urge an agreement. "When," says the Talmud, "do justice and goodwill meet? When the contending parties are made to agree peaceably." There were both special local magistrates and casual "justices of peace," chosen *ad hoc* by the parties. Payment received for a decision annuls the decision. Loss of time only was allowed to be made good in case of tradesmen-judges. The plaintiff, if proved to have asked more than his due, with a view of thus obtaining his due more readily, was non-suited. Three partners in an action must not divide themselves into one plaintiff and two witnesses. The Judge must see that both parties are

pretty equally dressed, *i. e.*, not one in fine garments, the other in rags; and he is further particularly cautioned not to be biased *in favor of the poor against the rich*. The judge must not hear anything of the case, save in the presence of both parties. Many and striking are also the admonitions regarding the Judge. "He who unjustly hands over one man's goods to another, he shall pay God for it with his own soul." "In the hour when the Judge sits in judgment over his fellow-men, he shall feel as it were a sword pointed at his own heart." "Woe unto the Judge who, convinced in his mind of the unrighteousness of a cause, tries to throw the blame on the witnesses. From him God will ask an account." "When the parties stand before you, look upon both as guilty; but when they are dismissed, let them both be innocent in thine eyes, for the decree has gone forth."

It would not be easy to find a more humane, almost refined, penal legislation, from the days of the old world to our own. While in civil cases—whenever larger tribunals (juries) had to be called in—a majority of one is sufficient for either acquittal or condemnation; in criminal cases a majority of one acquits, but a majority of two is requisite for condemnation. All men are accepted in the former as witnesses—always except gamblers (*kuβia*—dice-players), betting men ("pigeon-flyers"), usurers, dealers in illegal (seventh year's) produce and slaves, who were disqualified from "judging and bearing witness"—either for the plaintiff or the defendant; but it is only for the defence that everybody, indiscriminately, is heard in criminal cases. The cross-examination of the witnesses was exceedingly strict. The formula (containing at once a whole breviary for the Judge himself), with which the witnesses were admonished in criminal cases was of so awful and striking a nature, that "swearing a man's life away" became an almost unheard-of occurrence:

"How is one," says the Mishnah, "to awe the witnesses who are called to testify in matters of life and death? When they are brought into Court, they are charged thus: Perchance you would speak from conjecture or rumor, as a witness from another witness—having heard it from 'some trustworthy man'—or perchance you are not aware that we shall proceed to search and to try you with

close questions and searching scrutiny. Know ye that not like trials about money are trials over life and death. In trials of money a man may redeem his guilt by money, and he may be forgiven. In trials of life, the blood of him who has been falsely condemned will hang over the false witness, and also that of the seed of his seed, even unto the end of the world; for thus we find that when Cain killed his brother, it is said, 'The voice of thy brother's blood is crying to me from the ground.' The word blood stands there in the plural number, to indicate to you that the blood of him, together with that of his seed, has been shed. Adam was created alone, to show you that he who destroys one single life in Israel will be called to account for it, as if he had destroyed a whole world. . . . But, on the other hand, ye might say to yourselves, What have we to do with all this misery here? Remember, then, that Holy Writ has said (Lev. v. 1), 'If a witness hath seen or known, if he do not utter, he shall bear his iniquity.' But perchance ye might say, Why shall we be guilty of this man's blood? Remember, then, what is said in Proverbs (xi. 10), 'In the destruction of the wicked there is joy.'

The "Lex Talionis" is unknown to the Talmud. Paying "measure for measure," it says, is in God's hand only. Bodily injuries inflicted are to be redeemed by money; and here again the Pharisees had carried the day against the Sadducees, who insisted upon the literal interpretation of that verse. The extreme punishments, "flagellation" and "death," as ordained in the Mosaic Code, were inflicted in a humane manner unknown, as we have said, not only to the contemporary courts of antiquity, but even to those of Europe up to within the last generation. Thirty-nine was the utmost number of strokes to be inflicted; but—the "loving one's neighbor like oneself" being constantly urged by the Penal Code itself, even with regard to criminals—if the life of the culprit was in the least degree endangered, this number was at once reduced. However numerous the delinquent's transgressions, but one punishment could be decreed for them all. Not even a fine and flagellation could be pronounced on the same occasion.

The care taken of human life was extreme indeed. The judges of capital offences had to fast all day, nor was the sentence executed on the day of the verdict, but it was once more subjected

to scrutiny by the Sanhedrin the next day. Even to the last, some favorable circumstance that might turn the scale in the prisoner's favor was looked for. The place of execution was at some distance from the Court, in order that time might be given to a witness or the accused himself for naming any fresh fact in his favor. A man was stationed at the entrance to the Court, with a flag in his hand, and at some distance another man, on horseback, was stationed, in order to stop the execution instantly if any favorable circumstance should still come to light. The culprit himself was allowed to stop four or five times, and to be brought back before the judges if he had still something to urge in his defence. Before him marched a herald, crying, "The man N. N., son of N. N., is being led to execution for having committed such and such a crime; such and such are the witnesses against him; whosoever knows aught to his favor, let him come and proclaim it." Ten yards from the place of execution they said to him, "Confess thy sins; every one who confesses has part in the world to come; for thus it is written of Achan, to whom Joshua said, My son, give now glory to the God of Israel." If he "could not" offer any formal confession, he need only say, "May my death be a redemption for all my sins." To the last the culprit was supported by marks of profound and awful sympathy. The ladies of Jerusalem formed a society which provided a beverage of mixed myrrh and vinegar, that, like an opiate, benumbed the man when he was being carried to execution.

There were four kinds of capital punishment,—stoning, burning, slaying with the sword, and strangling. Crucifixion is utterly unknown in the Jewish law. "The house of stoning" was two stories high, "stoning" in the Mishnah being merely a term for breaking the culprit's neck. It was the part of the chief witness to precipitate the criminal with his own hand. If he fell on his breast, he was turned on his back; if the fall had not killed him on the spot, the second witness had to cast a stone on his heart; if he still survived, then, and then only, the whole people hastened his death by casting stones upon him.

The modes of strangling and burning were almost identical: in both cases the culprit was immersed to his waist in soft mud, and two men, by tightening a cord *wrapped in a soft cloth* round his neck, caused instantaneous suffocation. In the "burning" a lighted wick was thrown down his throat when he opened his mouth at his last breath. The corpse was buried in a special place appropriated to criminals. After a time, however, the bones were gathered together and transferred to the burial-place of the culprit's kin. The relations then visited the judges and the witnesses, "as much as to say, we bear no malice against you, for a righteous judgment have ye judged." The ordinary ceremonies of outer mourning were not observed in such cases, but lamentation was not prohibited during the first period of grief—"for sorrow is from the heart." There was no confiscation of the culprit's goods.

Practically, capital punishment was abrogated even before the Romans had taken it out of the hands of the Sanhedrin. Here again the humanizing influences of the "Traditions" had been at work, commuting the severe Mosaic Code. The examination of witnesses had been made so rigorous that a sentence of capital punishment became almost impossible. When the guilt had, notwithstanding all these difficulties, been absolutely brought home, some formal flaw was sure to be found, and the sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life. The doctors of a later period, notably Akiba, who, in the midst of his revolutionary dreams of a new Independence, kept his eye steadily on a reform of the whole jurisdiction, did not hesitate to pronounce openly for the abolition of capital punishment. A Court which had pronounced one sentence of death in seven, or even seventy years, received the name of "Court of Murderers."

So far the Mishnah, that brief abstract of about eight hundred years' legal production. Jehudah, the "Redactor," had excluded all but the best authenticated traditions, as well as all discussions and exegesis, unless where particularly necessary. The vast mass of these materials was now also collected, as a sort of apocryphal oral code. We have, dating

from a few generations after the redaction of the official Mishnah, a so-called external Mishnah (Boraita); further the discussions and additions belonging by rights to the Mishnah, called Tosefta (Supplement); and, finally, the exegesis and methodology of the Halacha (Sifri, Sifra, Mechilta), much of which was afterward embodied in the Talmud.

The Mishnah, being formed into a code, became in its turn what the Scripture had been, a basis of development and discussion. It had to be linked to the Bible, it became impregnated with, and obscured by speculations, new traditions sprang up, new methods were invented, casuistry assumed its sway—as it did in the legal schools that flourished at that period at Rome, at Alexandria, at Berytus,—and the Gemara ensued. A double Gemara: one, the expression of the schools in Palestine, called that of Jerusalem, redacted at Tiberias (not at Jerusalem) about 390 A.D., and written in what may be called "East Aramæan;" the other, redacted at Syra in Babylonia, edited by R. Ashe (365-427 A.D.). The final close of this codex, however, the collecting and sifting of which took just sixty years, is due to the School of the "Saboraim" at the end of the fifth century A.D. The Babylonian Gemara is the expression of the academies of Syra, Nehardea, Pumbeditha, Mahusa, and other places, during six or seven generations of continuous development. This "Babylonian" Talmud is couched in "Western Aramæan."

Neither of the two codes was written down at first, and neither has survived in its completeness. Whether there was a double Gemara to all the six or even the first five divisions of the Mishnah (the sixth having early fallen into disuse) is at least very doubtful. Much however that existed has been lost. The Babylonian Talmud is about four times as large as that of Jerusalem. Its thirty-six treatises now cover, in our editions, printed with the most prominent commentaries (Rashi and Tosafoth), exactly 2947 folio leaves in twelve folio volumes, the pagination of which is kept uniform in almost all editions. If, however, the extraneous portions are subtracted, it is only about ten or eleven times as large as the Mishnah, which



was redacted just as many generations before the Talmud.

How the Talmud itself became by degrees what the Mishnah had been to the Gemara, and what the Scripture had been to the early Scribes, viz., a Text; how the "Saboraim" and "Garonim," those Epigoni of the "Scribes," made it the centre of their activity for centuries; what endless commentaries, dissertations, expositions, responses, novellæ, abstracts, etc., grew out of it, we cannot here tell. Only this much we will add, that the Talmud, as such, was never formally accepted by the nation, by either General or Special Council. Its legal decisions, as derived from the highest authorities, certainly formed the basis of the religious law, the norm of all future decisions; as undoubtedly the Talmud is the most trustworthy canon of Jewish tradition. But its popularity is much more due to an extraneous cause. During the persecutions against the Jews in the Persian empire, under Jesdegerd II., Firuz, and Kobad, the schools were closed for about eighty years. The living development of the law being stopped, the book obtained a supreme authority, such as had probably never been dreamt of by its authors. Need we add that what authority was silently vested in it belonged exclusively to its legal portions? The other, the "hagadistic" or legendary portion, was "poetry," a thing beloved by women and children, and by those still and pensive minds which delight in flowers and in the song of wild birds. The "Authorities" themselves often enough set their faces against it, repudiated it, and explained it away. But the people clung to it, and in course of time gave to it, and it alone, the encyclopædic name of "Midrash."

We have now to say a few words respecting the language in which these documents are couched, as furnishing an additional key to the mode of life and thoughts of the period.

The language of the Mishnah is as pure a Hebrew as can be expected in those days. The people themselves spoke, as we mentioned above, a corrupt Chaldee or Aramaic, mixed with Greek and Latin. Many prayers of the period, the Targums, the Gemaras, are conceived in that idiom. Even the Mishnah itself

could not exclude these all-pervading foreign elements. Many legal terms, many names of products, of heathen feasts, of household furniture, of meat and drink, of fruits and garments, are borrowed from the classical languages. Here is a curious addition to the curious history of words! The bread which the Semites had cast upon the waters, in the archaic Phœnician times, came back to them after many days. If they had given to the early Greeks the names for weights and measures,\* for spice and aromas,† every one of which is Hebrew: if they had imported the "sapphire, jasper, emerald," the fine materials for garments,‡ and the garments themselves—as indeed the well-known *χιτών* is but the Hebrew name for Joseph's coat in the Bible—if the musical instruments,§ the plants, vessels, writing materials, and last, not least, the "alphabet" itself, came from the Semites: the Greek and Latin idioms repaid them in the Talmudical period with full interest, to the great distress of the later scholiasts and lexicographers. The Aramaic itself was, as we said, the language of the common people. It was, in itself, a most pellucid and picturesque idiom, lending itself admirably not only to the epigrammatic terseness of the Gemara, but also to those profoundly poetical conceptions of the daily phenomena, which had penetrated even into the cry of the watchmen, the password of the temple-guards, and the routine-formula of the levitical functionary. Unfortunately, it was too poetical at times. Matters of a purely metaphysical nature, which afterward grew into dogmas through its vague phraseology, assumed very monstrous shapes indeed. But it had become in the hands of the people a mongrel idiom; and, though gifted with a fine feeling for the distinguishing characters of each of the languages then in common use ("Aramaic lends itself best to elegies, Greek to hymns, Hebrew to prayer, Roman to martial compositions," as a common saying has it), they yet mixed them all up, somewhat in the manner of the Pennsyl-

\* *μνᾶ, κάδος, δραχμή.*

† *μύρρα, κιννάμωμον, κασία, νάρδος, βάλαμον, αλά, κρόκος, &c.*

‡ *βάσσος, κάρπασος, σινδών.*

§ *νάβλα, κινύρα, σαμβέκη, &c.*

vanians of to-day. After all, it was but the faithful reflex of those who made this idiom an enduring language. These "Masters of the Law" formed the most mixed assembly in the world. There were not only natives of all the parts of the world-wide Roman empire among them, but also denizens of Arabia and India; a fact which accounts for many phenomena in the Talmud. But there is hardly anything of domestic or public purport, which was not called either by its Greek or Latin name, or by both, and generally in so questionable a shape, and in such obsolete forms, that both classical and Semitic scholars have often need to go through a whole course of archæology and antiquities before unravelling it.\* Save only one province, that of agriculture. This alone, together with some other trades, had retained the old homely Semitic words: thereby indicating, not, as ignorance might be led to conclude, that the nation was averse to it, but exactly the contrary: that from the early days of Joshua they had never ceased to cherish the thought of sitting under their own vine and fig-tree. We refer for this point to the idyllic picture given in the Mishnah of the procession that went up to Jerusalem with the first-fruits, accompanied by the sound of the flute, the sacrificial bull with gilt horns and an olive-garland around his head, proudly marching in front.

The Talmud does, indeed, offer us a perfect picture of the cosmopolitanism and luxury of those final days of Rome, such as but few classical or post-classical writings contain. We find mention

made of Spanish fish, of Cretan apples, Bithynian cheese, Egyptian lentils and beans, Greek and Egyptian pumpkins, Italian wine, Median beer, Egyptian Zephyrus: garments were imported from Pelusium and India, shirts from Cilicia, and veils from Arabia. To the Arabic, Persian, and Indian materials contained, in addition to these, in the Gemara, a bare allusion may suffice. So much we venture to predict, that when once archæological and linguistic science shall turn to this field, they will not leave it again soon.

We had long pondered over the best way of illustrating to our readers the extraordinary manner in which the "Haggadah," that second current of the Talmud, of which we spoke in the introduction, suddenly interrupts the course of the "Halacha,"—when we bethought ourselves of the device of an old master. It was a hot Eastern afternoon, and while he was expounding some intricate subtlety of the law, his hearers quietly fell away in drowsy slumbers. All of a sudden he burst out: "There was once a woman in Egypt who brought forth at one birth six hundred thousand men." And our readers may fancy how his audience started up at this remarkable tale of the prolific Egyptian woman. Her name, the master calmly proceeded, was Jochebed, and she was the mother of Moses, who was worth as much as all those six hundred thousand armed men together who went up from Egypt. The Professor then, after a brief legendary digression, proceeded with his legal intricacies, and his hearers slept no more that afternoon. An Eastern mind seems peculiarly constituted. Its passionate love for things wise and witty, for stories and tales, for parables and apologues, does not leave it even in its most severe studies. They are constantly needed, it would appear, to keep the current of its thoughts in motion; they are the playthings of the grown-up children of the Orient. The Haggadah too has an exegesis, a system, a method of its own. They are peculiar, fantastic things. We would rather not follow too closely its learned divisions into homiletical, ethical, historical, general and special Haggadah.

The Haggadah in general transforms Scripture, as we said, into a thousand

\* Greek or Latin, or both, were the terms commonly employed by them for the table (*τραπέζα*, *tabula*, *τραπέζις*, *tripes*), the chair, the bench, the cushion (*subsellium*, *accubitum*), the room in which they lived and slept (*κοίτων*, *cubæ*, *ἐξέδρα*), the cup (*cyathus*, *phiala* *potioria*) out of which they drank, the eating and drinking itself (*onogaron*, *collyra*, *παροψίς*, *γλεικός*, *acraton*, *opsonium*, etc.). Of their dress we have the *στράβη*, *sagum*, *dalmatica*, *bracca*, *chirodota*. On their head they wore a *pileus*, and they girded themselves with a *ζώνη*. The words *sandalium*, *soles*, *soleus*, *talaria*, *impilia*, indicate the footgear. Ladies adorned themselves with the catella, cochlear, *τίρανα*, and other sorts of rings and bracelets, and in general whatever appertained to a Greek or Roman lady's fine apparel. Among the arms which the men wore are mentioned the *λέγχη*, the spear, the *μάχαιρα* (a word found in Genesis), the pugio.

themes for its variations. Everything being bound up in the Bible—the beginning and the end—there must be an answer in it to all questions. Find the key, and all the riddles in it are solved. The persons of the Bible—the kings and the patriarchs, the heroes and the prophets, the women and the children, what they did and suffered, their happiness and their doom, their words and their lives—became, apart from their presupposed historical reality, a symbol and an allegory. And what the narrative had omitted, the Haggadah supplied in many variations. It filled up these gaps, as a prophet looking into the past might do; it explained the motives; it enlarged the story; it found connections between the remotest countries, ages, and people, often with a startling realism; it drew sublime morals from the most commonplace facts. Yet it did all this by quick and sudden motions, to us most foreign; and hence the frequent misunderstanding of its strange and wayward moods.

Passing strange, indeed, are the ways of this Prophetess of the Exile, who appears wherever and whenever she listeth, and disappears as suddenly. Well can we understand the distress of mind in a medieval divine, or even in a modern *savant*, who, bent upon following the most subtle windings of some scientific debate in the Talmudical pages—geometrical, botanical, financial, or otherwise—as it revolves round the Sabbath journey, the raising of seeds, the computation of tithes and taxes—feels, as it were, the ground suddenly give way. The loud voices grow thin, the doors and walls of the school-room vanish before his eyes, and in their place up-rises Rome the Great, the *Urbs et Orbis*, and her million-voiced life. Or the blooming vineyards around that other City of Hills, Jerusalem the Golden herself, are seen, and white-clad virgins move dreamily among them. Snatches of their songs are heard, the rhythm of their choric dances rises and falls; it is the most dread Day of Atonement itself, which, in most poetical contrast, was chosen by the “Roses of Sharon” as a day of rejoicing to walk among those waving lily-fields and vine-clad slopes. Or the clarion of rebellion rings high and shrill through the complicated de-

bate, and Belshazzar, the story of whose ghastly banquet is told with all the additions of maddening horror, is doing service for Nero the bloody; or Nebuchadnezzar, the Babylonian tyrant, and all his hosts, are cursed with a yelling curse—a *propos* of some utterly inappropriate legal point; while to the initiated he stands for Titus the—at last exploded—“Delight of Humanity.” The symbols and hieroglyphs of the Haggadah, when fully explained some day, will indeed form a very curious contribution to the unwritten history of man. Often—far too often for the interests of study and the glory of the human race—does the steady tramp of the Roman cohort, the pass-word of the revolution, the shriek and clangour of the bloody field, interrupt these debates, and the arguing masters and disciples don their arms, and, with the cry “Jerusalem and Liberty,” rush to the fray.

Those who look with an eye of disfavor upon all these extraneous matters as represented by the Haggadah in the Talmud—the fairy tales and the jests, the stories and the parables, and all that strange agglomeration of foreign things crystallized around the legal kernel—should remember, above all, one fact. As this tangled mass lies before us, it represents at best a series of photographic slides, half broken, mutilated, and faded: though what remains of them is startlingly faithful to the original. As the disciple had retained, in his memory or his quick notes, the tenor of the single debates, interspersed with the thousand allusions, reminiscences, *aperçus*, facts, quotations, and the rest, so he perpetuated it—sometimes well, sometimes ill. If well, we have a feeling as if, after a long spell of musings or ponderings, we were trying to retrace the course of our ideas—and the most incongruous things spring up and disappear, apparently without rhyme or reason. And yet there is a deep significance and connection in them. Creeping or flying, melodious or grating, they carry us on; and there is just this difference in the talmudical wanderings, that they never lose themselves. Suddenly, when least expected, the original question is repeated, together with the answer, distilled as it were out of these thousand foreign things of which we did not always see the drift.

If ill reported, the page becomes like a broken dream, a half-transparent palimpsest. Would it perhaps have been better if a wise discretion had guided the hands of the first redactors? We think not. The most childish of trifles, found in an Assyrian mound, is of value to him who understands such things, and who from them may deduce a number of surprisingly important results.

\* We shall devote the brief space that remains, to this Haggadah. And for a general picture of it we shall refer to Bunyan, who, speaking of his own book, which—*mutatis mutandis*—is very Haggadistic, unknowingly describes the Haggadah as accurately as can be:

" . . . Wouldst thou divert thyself from melancholy?

Wouldst thou be pleasant, yet be far from folly?

Wouldst thou read riddles and their explanation?

Or else be drowned in thy contemplation?

Dost thou love picking meat? Or wouldst thou

see

A man 'l' the clouds, and hear him speak to thee?

Wouldst thou be in a dream, and yet not sleep?

Or, wouldst thou in a moment laugh and weep?

Wouldst lose thyself, and catch no harm?

And find thyself again without a charm?

Wouldst read thyself, and read thou know'st not what?

And yet know whether thou art blest or not

By reading the same lines? O then come hither.

And lay this book, thy head and heart together. . ."

We would not reproach those who, often with the best intentions in the world, have brought almost the entire Haggadistic province into disrepute. We really do not wonder that the so-called "rabbinical stories," that have from time to time been brought before the English public, have not met with the most flattering reception. The Talmud, which has a drastic word for every occasion, says, "They dived into an ocean, and brought up a potsherd." First of all, these stories form only a small item in the vast mass of allegories, parables, and the like, that make up the Haggadah. And they were partly ill-chosen, partly badly rendered, and partly did not even belong to the Talmud, but to some recent Jewish story-book. Herder—to name the most eminent judge of the "Poetry of Peoples,"—has extolled what he saw of the genuine specimens, in transcendental terms. And, in truth, not only is the entire world of pious biblical legend which Islam has said and sung in its many tongues, to the delight of the wise

and simple for twelve centuries, now to be found either in embryo or fully developed in the Haggadah, but much that is familiar among ourselves in the circles of medieval sagas, in Dante, in Boccaccio, in Cervantes, in Milton, in Bunyan, has consciously or unconsciously flowed out of this wondrous realm, the Haggadah. That much of it is overstrained, even according to Eastern notions, we do not deny. But there are feeble passages even in Homer and Shakspeare, and there are always people with a happy instinct for picking out the weakest portions of a work; while even the best pages of Shakspeare and Homer are apt to be spoiled by awkward manipulation. At the same time we are far from advising a wholesale translation of these Haggadistic productions. Nothing could be more tedious than a continuous course of such reading, though choice bits from them would satisfy even the most fastidious critic. And such bits, scattered through the Talmud, are delightfully refreshing.

It is, unfortunately, not in our power to indicate any specimens of its strikingly keen interpretations, of its gorgeous dreams, its

"Beautiful old stories,  
Tales of angels, fairy legends,  
Stilly histories of martyrs,  
Festal songs and words of wisdom;  
Hyperboles, most quaint it may be,  
Yet replete with strength, and fire,  
And faith—how they gleam,  
And glow, and glitter! . . ."

as Heine has it.

It seems of more moment to call attention to an entirely new branch of investigation, namely, talmudical metaphysics and ethics, such as may be gleaned from the Haggadah, of which we shall now take a brief glance.

Beginning with the Creation, we find the gradual development of the Cosmos fully recognized by the Talmud. It assumes destruction after destruction, stage after stage. And in their quaintly ingenious manner the Masters refer to the verse in Genesis, "And God saw all that he had made, and behold it was very good," and to that other in Eccles. iii. 11, "God created everything in its proper season;" and argue "He created worlds upon worlds, and destroyed them one after the other, until He created this world." He then said, "This pleases me,



the others did not;"—"in its proper season"—"it was not meet to create *this* world until now."

The Talmud assumes some original substance, itself created by God, out of which the Universe was shaped. There is a perceptible leaning to the early Greek schools. "One or three things were before this world: Water, Fire, and Wind: Water begat the Darkness, Fire begat Light, and Wind begat the Spirit of Wisdom." The *How* of the Creation was not even matter of speculation. The coöperation of angels, whose existence was warranted by Scripture, and a whole hierarchy of whom had been built up under Persian influences, was distinctly denied. In a discussion about the day of their creation it is agreed, on all hands, that there were no angels at first, "lest men might say 'Michael spanned out the firmament on the south, and Gabriel to the north.'" There is a distinct foreshadowing of the gnostic Demiurgos—that antique link between the Divine Spirit and the World of Matter—to be found in the Talmud. What with Plato were the Ideas, with Philo the Logos, with the Kabbalists the "World of Aziluth," what the Gnostics called more emphatically the wisdom (*σοφία*) or power (*δύναμις*), and Plotinus the *νῦς*, that the Talmudical Authors call Metraton.\* The angels—whose names, according to the Talmud itself, the Jews brought back from Babylon—play, after the exile, a very different part from those before the exile. They are, in fact, more or less Persian: as are also for the most part all incantations, the magical cures, the sidereal influences, and the rest of the "heathen" elements contained in the Talmud. Even the number of the Angelic Princes is seven, like that of the *Amesha-Speñtas*, and their Hebrew names and their functions correspond, as nearly as can be, to those of their Persian prototypes, who, on their own part, have only at this moment been discovered to be merely allegorical names for God's supreme qualities. Much as the Talmudical authorities inveigh against those "heathen ways," sympathetic cures, the exorcisms of demons, the charms, and the rest, the

working of miracles, very much in vogue in those days, yet they themselves are drawn into large concessions to angels and demons. Besides the seven Angel Princes, there are hosts of ministering angels—the Persian *Yazatas*—whose functions, besides that of being messengers, are twofold; to praise God and to be guardians of man. In their first capacity they are daily created by God's breath out of a stream of fire that rolls its waves under the divine throne. As guardian angels (Persian *Fravashis*) two of them accompany every man, and for every new good deed man acquires a new guardian angel, who always watches over his steps. When the righteous dies, three hosts of angels meet him. One says (in the words of Scripture) "He shall go in peace," the second takes up the strain and says, "Who has walked in righteousness," and the third concludes, "Let him come in peace and rest upon his bed." If the wicked leaves the world, three hosts of wicked angels come to meet him.

With regard to the providential guidance of the Universe, this was in God's hand alone. As He is the sole Creator and Legislator, so also is He the sole arbiter of destinies. "Every nation," the Talmud says, "has its special guardian angel, its horoscopes, its ruling planets and stars. But there is no planet for Israel. Israel shall look but to Him. There is no mediator between those who are called His children, and their Father which is in Heaven." The Jerusalem Talmud—written under the direct influence of Roman manners and customs, has the following parable: "A man has a patron. If some evil happens to him, he does not enter suddenly into the presence of his patron, but he goes and stands at the door of his house. He does not ask for the patron, but for his favorite slave, or his son, who then goes and tells the master inside: The man N. N. is standing at the gate of the hall, shall he come in or not?—Not so the Holy, praised be He. If misfortune comes upon a man, let him not cry to Michael and not to Gabriel, but unto Me let him cry, and I will answer him right speedily—as it is said, Every one who shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved."

The end and aim of Creation is man,

\* This name is most probably nothing but Mithra.

who, therefore, was created last, "when everything was ready for his reception." When he has reached the perfection of virtue "he is higher than the angels themselves."

Miracles are considered by the Talmud—much as Leibnitz regards all the movements of every limb of our body—as only possible through a sort of "pre-stabilitated harmony," i. e., the course of creation was not disturbed by them, but they were all primevally "existing," "preordained." They were "created" at the end of all other things, in the gloaming of the sixth day. Among them, however, was—and this will interest our palæographers—also the art of writing: an invention considered beyond all arts: nothing short of a miracle. Creation, together with these so-called exceptions, once established, nothing could be altered in it. The Laws of Nature went on by their own immutable force, however much evil might spring therefrom. "These wicked ones not only vulgarize my coin," says the Haggadah with reference to the propagation of the evil-doers and their kin, bearing the human face divine, "but they actually make me impress base coin with my own stamp."

God's real name is ineffable; but there are many designations indicative of his qualities, such as the Merciful (Rachman, a name of frequent occurrence both in the Koran and in the Talmud), the Holy One, the Place, the Heavens, the Word, Our Father which is in Heaven, the Almighty, the Shechinah, or Sacred Presence.

The doctrine of the soul bears more the impress of the Platonic than of the Aristotelian school. It is held to be preëxisting. All souls that are ever to be united to bodies have been created once for all, and are hidden away from the first moment of creation. They, being creatures of the highest realms, are cognizant of all things, but, at the hour of their birth in a human body, an angel touches the mouth of the child, which causes it to forget all that has been. Very striking is the comparison between the soul and God, a comparison which has an almost pantheistic look. "As God fills the whole universe," says the Haggadah, "so the soul fills the whole body; as God sees and is not seen, so

the soul sees and is not seen; as God nourishes the whole universe, so the soul nourishes the whole body; as God is pure, so the soul is pure." This purity is specially dwelt upon in contradistinction to the theory of hereditary sin, which is denied. "There is no death without individual sin, no pain without individual transgression." That same spirit that dictated in the Pentateuch: "And parents shall not die for their children, nor the children for their parents," has ordained that no one should be punished for another's transgressions. In the judgment on sin the *animus* is taken into consideration. The desire to commit the vice is held to be more wicked than the vice itself.

The fear of God, or a virtuous life, the whole aim and end of a man's existence, is entirely in man's hand. "Everything is in God's hand save the fear of God." But "one hour of repentance is better than the whole world to come." The fullest liberty is granted in this respect to every human being, though the help of God is necessary for carrying it out.

The dogma of the Resurrection and of Immortality, vaguely indicated in the various parts of the Old Testament, has been fixed by the Talmud, and traced to several biblical passages. Various are the similes by which the relation of this world to the world to come is indicated. This world is like unto a "Prosdora" to the next: "Prepare thyself in the hall, that thou mayest be admitted into the palace:" or "This world is like a roadside inn (hospitium), but the world to come is like a real home." The righteous are represented as perfecting themselves and developing all their highest faculties even in the next world; "for the righteous there is no rest, neither in this world nor in the next, for they go, say the Scriptures, from host to host, from striving to striving:—they will see God in Zion." How all its deeds and the hour when they were committed are unfolded to the sight of the departed soul, the terrors of the grave, the rolling back to Jerusalem on the day of the great trumpet, we need not here tell in detail. These half-metaphysical, half-mystical speculations are throughout in the manner of the more poetical early Church fathers of old and of Bunyan in our times. Only the glow of

imagination and the conciseness of language in which they are mostly told in the Talmud contrast favorably with the verbosity of later times. The Resurrection is to take place by the mystic power of the "Dew of Life" in Jerusalem—on Mount Olivet, and the Targums.

There is no everlasting damnation according to the Talmud. There is only a temporary punishment, even for the worst sinners. "Generations upon generations" shall last the damnation of idolaters and traitors. But there is a space of "only two fingers breadth between Hell and Heaven;" the sinner has but to repent sincerely and the gates to everlasting bliss will spring open. No human being is excluded from the world to come. Every man, of whatever creed or nation, provided he be of the righteous, shall be admitted into it. The punishment of the wicked is not specified, as indeed all the descriptions of the next world are left vague, yet, with regard to Paradise, the idea of something inconceivably glorious is conveyed at every step. The passage, "Eye has not seen nor has ear heard," is applied to its unspeakable bliss. "In the next world there will be no eating, no drinking, no love, and no labor, no envy, no hatred, no contest. The Righteous will sit with crowns on their heads, glorying in the Splendor of God's Majesty."

The essence of prophecy gives rise to some speculation. One decisive talmudical dictum is, that God does not cause his spirit to rest upon any one but a strong, wise, rich, and humble man. Strong and rich are in the Mishnah explained in this wise: "Who is strong? He who subdues his passion. Who is rich? He who is satisfied with his lot." There are degrees among prophets. Moses saw everything clearly; the other prophets as in dark mirrors. "Ezekiel and Isaiah say the same things, but Ezekiel like a town-bred man, Isaiah like a villager." The prophet's word is to be obeyed in all things, save when he commands the worship of idolatry. The notion of either Elijah or Moses having in reality ascended "to Heaven" is utterly repudiated, as well as that of the Deity (Shechinah) having descended from Heaven "more than ten hands' breadth."

The "philosophy of religion" will be best comprehended by some of those "small coins," the popular and pithy sayings, gnomes, proverbs, and the rest, which, even better than street songs, characterize a time. With these we shall conclude. We have thought it preferable to give them at random as we found them, instead of building up from them a system of "Ethics" or "Duties of the Heart." We have naturally preferred the better and more characteristic ones that came in our way. We may add—a remark perhaps not quite superfluous—that the following specimens, as well as the quotations which we have given in the course of this article, have been all translated by us, as literally as possible, from the Talmud itself.

"Be thou the cursed, not he who curses. Be of them that are persecuted, not of them that persecute. Look at Scripture: there is not a single bird more persecuted than the dove; yet God has chosen her to be offered up on his altar. The bull is hunted by the lion, the sheep by the wolf, the goat by the tiger. And God said, 'Bring me a sacrifice, not from them that persecute, but from them that are persecuted.' We read (Ex. xvii. 11) that while, in the contest with Amalek, Moses lifted up his arms, Israel prevailed. Did Moses's hands make war, or break war? But this is to tell you that as long as Israel are looking upwards and humbling their hearts before their Father which is in Heaven, they prevail; if not, they fall. In the same way you find (Num. xxi. 9), 'And Moses made a serpent of brass, and put it upon a pole; and it came to pass, that if a serpent had bitten any man, when he beheld the serpent of brass, he lived.' Dost think that a serpent killeth or giveth life? But as long as Israel are looking upwards to their Father which is in Heaven they will live; if not, they will die.—'Has God pleasure in the meat and blood of sacrifices?' asks the prophet. No; He has not so much ordained as permitted them. It is for yourselves, he says, not for me that you offer. Like a king who sees his son carousing daily with all manner of evil companions: You shall henceforth eat and drink entirely at your will at my own table, he says. They offered sacrifices to demons and devils, for they loved, sacrificing, and could not do without it. And the Lord said, 'Bring your offerings to Me; you shall then at least offer to the true God.'—Scripture ordains that the Hebrew slave who 'loves' his bondage, shall have his ears pierced against the door-post. Why? Because it is that ear which heard on Sinai, 'They are My servants, they shall not be sold as bondmen:—They are *My* servants, not

servant's servants. And this man voluntarily throws away his precious freedom—'Pierces his ear!'—He who sacrifices a whole offering, shall be rewarded for a whole offering; he who offers a burnt-offering, shall have the reward of a burnt-offering; but he who offers humility unto God and man, shall be rewarded with a reward as if he had offered all the sacrifices in the world.—The child loves its mother more than its father. It fears its father more than its mother. See how the Scripture makes the father precede the mother in the injunction, 'Thou shalt love thy father and thy mother;' and the mother, when it says, 'Honor thy mother and thy father.'—Bless God for the good as well as the evil. When you hear of a death say 'Blessed is the righteous Judge.'—Even when the gates of prayer are shut in heaven, those of tears are open.—Prayer is Israel's only weapon, a weapon inherited from its fathers, a weapon tried in a thousand battles.—When the righteous dies, it is the earth that loses. The lost jewel will always be a jewel, but the possessor who has lost it—well may he weep.—Life is a passing shadow, says the Scripture. Is it the shadow of a tower, of a tree? A shadow that prevails for a while? No, it is the shadow of a bird in its flight—away flies the bird and there is neither bird nor shadow.—Repent one day before thy death. There was a king who bade all his servants to a great repast, but did not indicate the hour: some went home and put on their best garments and stood at the door of the palace; others said, There is ample time, the king will let us know beforehand. But the king summoned them of a sudden; and those that came in their best garments were well received, but the foolish ones, who came in their slovenliness, were turned away in disgrace. Repent to-day, lest to-morrow ye might be summoned.—The aim and end of all wisdom are repentance and good works. Even the most righteous shall not attain to so high a place in Heaven as the truly repentant.—The reward of good works is like dates: sweet and ripening late.—The dying benediction of a sage to his disciples was: I pray for you that the fear of Heaven may be as strong upon [you as] the fear of man. You avoid sin before the face of the latter: avoid it before the face of the All-seeing.—'If your God hates idolatry, why does he not destroy it?' a heathen asked. And they answered him: Behold, they worship the sun, the moon, the stars; would you have him destroy this beautiful world for the sake of the foolish?—If your God is a 'friend of the poor,' asked another, why does he not support them? Their case, a sage answered, is left in our hands, that we may thereby acquire merits and forgiveness of sin. But what a merit it is! the other replied; suppose I am angry with one of my slaves, and forbid him food and drink, and some one goes

and gives it to him furtively, shall I be much pleased? Not so, the other replied. Suppose you are wroth with your only son, and imprison him without food, and some good man has pity on the child, and saves him from the pangs of hunger, would you be so very angry with the man? And we, if we are called servants of God, are also called his children.—He who has more learning than good works is like a tree with many branches but few roots, which the first wind throws on its face; whilst he whose works are greater than his knowledge is like a tree with many roots and fewer branches, but which all the winds of heaven cannot uproot.

"Love your wife like yourself, honor her more than yourself. Whosoever lives unmarried, lives without joy, without comfort, without blessing. Descend a step in choosing a wife. If thy wife is small, bend down to her and whisper into her ear. He who forsakes the love of his youth, God's altar weeps for him. He who sees his wife die before him has, as it were, been present at the destruction of the sanctuary itself—around him the world grows dark. It is woman alone through whom God's blessings are vouchsafed to a house. She teaches the children, speeds the husband to the place of worship and instruction, welcomes him when he returns, keeps the house godly and pure, and God's blessings rest upon all these things. He who marries for money, his children shall be a curse to him. The house that does not open to the poor shall open to the physician. The birds in the air even despise the miser. He who gives charity in secret is greater than Moses himself. Honor the sons of the poor, it is they who bring science into splendor. Let the honor of thy neighbor be to thee like thine own. Rather be thrown into a fiery furnace than bring any one to public shame. Hospitality is the most important part of Divine worship. There are three crowns: of the law, the priesthood, the kingship; but the crown of a good name is greater than them all. Iron breaks the stone, fire melts iron, water extinguishes fire, the clouds drink up the water, a storm drives away the clouds, man withstands the storm, fear unmans man, wine dispels fear, sleep drives away wine, and death sweeps all away—even sleep. But Solomon the Wise, says: Charity saves from Death.—How can you escape sin? Think of three things: whence thou comest, whither thou goest, and to whom thou wilt have to account for all thy deeds: even to the King of Kings, the All Holy, praised be He. Four shall not enter Paradise: the scoffer, the liar, the hypocrite, and the slanderer. To slander is to murder. The cock and the owl both await the daylight. The light, says the cock, brings delight to me, but what are you waiting for? When the thief has no opportunity for stealing, he con-



siders himself an honest man. If thy friends agree in calling thee an ass, go and get a halter around thee. Thy friend has a friend, and thy friend's friend has a friend: be discreet. The dog sticks to you on account of the crumbs in your pocket. He in whose family there has been one hanged, should not say to his neighbor, Pray hang this little fish up for me. The camel wanted to have horns, and they took away his ears. The soldiers fight, and the kings are the heroes. The thief invokes God while he breaks into the house. The woman of sixty will run after music like one of six. After the thief runs the theft; after the beggar, poverty. While thy foot is shod, smash the thorn. When the ox is down, many are the butchers. Descend a step in choosing a wife, mount a step in choosing a friend. If there is anything bad about you, say it yourself. Luck makes rich, luck makes wise. Beat the gods, and the priests will tremble. Were it not for the existence of passions, no one would build a house, marry a wife, beget children, or do any work. The sun will go down all by himself, without your assistance. The world could not well get on without perfumers and without tanners: but woe unto the tanner, well to the perfumer! Fools are no proof. No man is to be made responsible for words which he utters in his grief. One eats, another says grace. He who is ashamed will not easily commit sin. There is a great difference between him who is ashamed before his own self and him who is only ashamed before others. It is a good sign in man to be capable of being ashamed. One contrition in man's heart is better than many flagellations. If our ancestors were like angels, we are like men; if our ancestors were like men, we are like asses. Do not live near a pious fool. If you wish to hang yourself, choose a big tree. Rather eat onions and sit in the shadow, and do not eat geese and poultry if it makes thy heart uneasy within thee. A small stater (coin) in a large jar makes a big noise. A myrtle, even in a desert, remains a myrtle. When the pitcher falls upon the stone, woe unto the pitcher: when the stone falls upon the pitcher, woe unto the pitcher: whatever befalls, woe unto the pitcher. Even if the bull have his head deep in his trough, hasten upon the roof, and drag the ladder after you. Get your living by skinning carcasses in the street, if you cannot otherwise, and do not say, I am a priest, I am a great man; this work would not befit my dignity.—Youth is a garland of roses, age is a crown of thorns. Use a noble vase even for one day—let it break to-morrow. The last thief is hanged first. Teach thy tongue to say, I do not know. The heart of our first ancestors was as large as the largest gate of the Temple, that of the later ones like that of the next large one; ours is like the eye of a needle.

Drink not, and you will not sin. Not what you say about yourself, but what others say. Not the place honors the man, but the man the place. The cat and the rat make peace over a carcass. A dog away from his native kennel dares not to bark for seven years. He who walks daily over his estates finds a little coin each time. He who humiliates himself will be lifted up; he who raises himself up will be humiliated. Whosoever runs after greatness, greatness runs away from him; he who runs from greatness, greatness follows him. He who curbs his wrath, his sins will be forgiven. Whosoever does not persecute them that persecute him, whosoever takes an offence in silence, he who does good because of love, he who is cheerful under his sufferings—they are the friends of God—and of them the Scripture says, And they shall shine forth as does the sun at noonday. Pride is like idolatry. Commit a sin twice, and you will think it perfectly allowable. When the end of a man is come, everybody lords it over him. While our love was strong, we lay on the edge of a sword; now it is no longer strong, a sixty-yard-wide bed is too narrow for us. A Galilean said: when the shepherd is angry with his flock, he appoints to it a blind bell-wether. The day is short and the work is great; but the laborers are idle, though the reward be great, and the master of the work presses. It is not incumbent upon thee to complete the work: but thou must not therefore cease from it. If thou hast worked much, great shall be thy reward: for the master who employed thee is faithful in his payment. But know that the true reward is not of this world."....

Solemnly, as a warning and as a comfort, this adage strikes on our ear:—"And it is not incumbent upon thee to complete the work." When the Masters of the Law entered and left the academy they used to offer up a short but fervent prayer, in which we would join at this moment—a prayer of thanks that they had been able to carry out their task thus far: and a prayer further "that no evil might arise at their hands, that they might not have fallen into error, that they might not declare pure that which was impure, impure that which was pure, and that their words might be pleasing and acceptable to God and to their fellow-men."

From Chambers's Journal.

#### HISTORIC METEORS.

The great luminaries in the firmament of history shine with a light purely brilliant, as when good deeds illumine

a great name; or lurid, as when violence and tyranny, the lust of conquest, and ruthlessness of heart tinge the radiance of supreme dignity with the hue of blood; or their radiance gleams out with a solemn sadness from the surrounding night of sorrow and misfortune, when even as their splendor has been their woe. High, lonely, and apart, they meet our upward gaze, and we read a settled lesson in their shining. And the lesser luminaries, the "meaner beauties" of the historic skies, those whose brilliance is that of satellites—they are not less worthy of contemplation, for they are often more suggestive and more sad. Again, the meteor-lights of history, shooting from obscurity across the face of the glittering heavens, wild, startling, rapid, glorious, and brief, a brilliant moment and no more; do we not follow the flash of their career, rushing in their might and their beauty into nothingness, with somewhat of the startled admiration and the regret with which, on nights when all the pageantry of the heavens is arrayed, and the wind-usbers have withdrawn the cloud curtains, and the planets we see hold their court for a moment almost too brief for sight, a shooting-star gleaming, then quenched in the limitless space.

The historical portrait-galleries of France serve to represent this ideal firmament to the mind of the gazer. The halls of the Louvre are peopled with the phantoms of the Valois—the chambers of the Luxembourg are storehouses for the memory of the Florentine Medici and their minions—Fontainebleau sends whispers of diplomacy and love from its *allées* and its courts; formal, indeed, but with an antique and simple formality, not the mathematical magnificence, the dreary spaciousness, of Versailles, the ghost-walk of the Bourbons. What is so transient and so lasting, so ever-living and so utterly dead, as human greatness, the magnificence of kings and courtiers, the ambition of men and its prizes, the strife and the attainment of human life, as we walk through these great historical buildings, the palaces of the past, the reception-rooms of the dead? Is it more true of Egypt than of Paris, that her grandest monuments are memorial? All the stir and life, all the gayety and glitter, all the modern fash-

ion and newest Parisian *façons*, do not overpower the old-world air of the Palais Royal—do not turn the attention of the loiterer by the fountains and through the colonnades, from the scenes of the Revolution enacted there, from the more distant political events which it witnessed. All the bustling, busy, brilliant crowd cannot shut out a few figures, such as Egalité, the Regent, Mazarin, and Richelieu. A little effort of memory, a little indulgence of fancy, and the Palais Cardinal is here, untouched, with all its associations of political intrigue and successful statecraft, of diplomacy of royal marriages, and skilful management of faction-interests, of unscrupulous cruelty and consummate polish. Is not the site of the palace of the Tournelles haunted ground; and St. Denis, where the kings of France slept, and were shaken from their slumber by the rude hands of the mob; where the oriflamme hangs, ghostly, in the solemn gloom; where the modern world is linked to the ancient, and Christian to pagan times by the memory of Dionysius the Athenian, the first Archbishop of Paris. From St. Denis to Peter the Hermit, from the Crusades to Charles the Victorious, from the days of *Jeanne la Pucelle* and *La Dame de Beauté*, when the maiden heroine of France won her fiery crown of martyrdom, and the king's mistress wore the first set of cut and polished diamonds, Jacques Cœur's invention, to the fanatical pilgrimages of the last Valois and the funeral of the last Bourbon, we are carried down the vista of time by the first glance at the famous Abbey-church, beneath which lies perhaps the most illustrious dust ever laid reverently by to mingle with its fellow-earth. There is no history so full of tragedy, none so brilliant and dazzling to the imagination, as that of France, none through which so many meteor-lights shine gloriously, to sink into such deep darkness. The sepulchres are very white, and the legends upon the tombs are resonant, and nowhere does fancy find such employment in clothing the dry bones with the valiant flesh, and the gallant trappings of the life they have laid down.

To the time of the House of Valois, as to that of our own Plantagenets and Tudors, the memory of chivalry

and romance attaches in particular. The Bourbons are magnificent and dazzling in their way, and the tragic is not wanting in their history, which it pervades only a little less thoroughly than that of the Stuarts. But it is a different kind of splendor, less individual, a power more fatal to themselves in its misuse, but not so ruinous to others. The story of the House of Valois, from Francis I. to the death of Henry III., occupies an exceptional place in our imagination, as we look upon the palaces which witnessed the height of its magnificence, and the art-treasures which chronicled and flattered it. In that story, female beauty, talent, and influence shine so conspicuously that it is an exceptional period in history, the most extraordinary mingling of political and romantic intrigue on record. The women who had influenced the destinies of France before the time of Francis were of a grander and a simpler *trempe*, even when, as in the case of Agnes Sorel, their position was indefensible; the women who shed lustre and disgrace upon the Bourbons had meaner ambitions, and more entirely mercenary successes. The height to which Gabrielle d'Estrées was raised by the infatuation of the Great Henry is not more conspicuous than the failure of her attempt to reach a still higher elevation; and it does not appear that so ambitious a project as hers was ever again entertained by even the most audacious of royal favorites, until spiritual fear and bigotry having replaced, in his old age, the vices of Louis XIV.'s prime, the cold, cautious, crafty Françoise d'Aubigny became the uncrowned queen of France. With the sole exception of Louise de la Vallière—whose story is so pitiful that the sternest cannot deny her compassion—whose repentance was so true, whose life of reparation was so admirable, that the most incredulous is forced to believe and to admire such practical penitence—there is not one figure of the brilliant procession which passes before the imagination, from Gabrielle d'Estrées, shrieking in the agonies of death, her beautiful face livid, and her mouth horribly distorted, to Madame Dubarry, on her way to the scaffold, evincing in her death a cowardice as dastardly as the licentiousness of her

life had been loathsome, which has more than a momentary and surface attraction.

The great political interests, the social problems, the religious animosities of the period, all past and gone with those who strove and suffered, are faint to our perceptions; but the men and women who formed the court of the Valois kings, whom they loved and hated, who were greater, worse, more distinct than they, to whom they were faithless and fatal, keep us ghostly company under the painted ceilings in the palace chambers. The chivalrous king, with a face like a handsome satyr, was always ruled by women. We glance at the earlier years of his reign, and his mother, Louise of Savoy, comes out of the past, with her imperious temper, and her supple faithlessness, the origin of, and the excuse for, the treason of Bourbon, and the proximate cause of the loss of the Milanese. In that most romantic of historical incidents, the capture of Francis at Pavia, and his detention at Madrid, the ladies of the French court play a prominent and interesting part. We see them in their consternation and grief, in their wounded pride and helpless anger, when the news reached Paris, whether by the famous disputed apocryphal message to the queen—"Tout est perdu lors Phonneur"—or otherwise, it matters not; in the noble resolution taken by Marguerite de Valois, the king's brave, learned, devoted sister; we follow the gallant train as it sets forth, and under safe-conduct from the emperor, the *Marguerite des Marguerites* goes her way to cheer and support, to guide and counsel, her captive brother, to whom she was ever faithful and useful.

Paris saw a stirring scene that day, when the princess and her ladies, among them the Countess de Châteaubriand, heroine of so many false and tragical stories, and of one true and shameful—the woman who trafficked in military, political, and civil appointments as coolly and profitably as she defied her husband audaciously and successfully—the splendid predecessor of her who was destined to mould the character of a sovereign of France, and to rule throughout two reigns, Diana of Poitiers. Paris saw another splendid sight, when the Duch-

ess d'Angoulême departed with her brilliant, joyous court for Bayonne, there to meet the liberated king of France, when she took with her the bride-maidens who were to embellish the loveless marriage, stipulated in the treaty of Madrid. We see and learn little of the vices of the kings of the House of Valois, with the exception of the terrible Catharine; but there is a mournful shadow always over these gloomy, proud, ignorant, unloved Austrian princesses, submissive to the arbitration of their destiny, but stubborn in the maintenance of their own habits, and never winning sympathy from, or becoming assimilated to, their new surroundings. In their lonely splendor of rank and place, in a greatness which has only a nominal meaning, they shine with a melancholy lustre. There was much heartburning, and not a little humiliation, under the show and the bravery, for the king of France had parted with his children, the two noble boys, of whom one was never to return, on the banks of the Bidassoa; and the princes of France were hostages of Spain. That was a gallant day, when Francis rode within its lapse, from Fontarabia to Bayonne, and danced till dawn at the revel which welcomed him; and saw for the first time the daughter of the Lord of Mendon, Mademoiselle d'Heilly. She was not beautiful by any means; we can see her on Primaticcio's canvas, and in Jean Gourjon's marble—see her prominent brow, full of intellect, her robust figure, her firm expression. A woman to rule where she was loved, and to hold power until a stronger should wrest it from her, in a desperate struggle. For her, the chivalrous king forgot everything—the safety of his kingdom, the sanctity of his word, and, above all, forgot the beautiful Countess de Châteaubriand, who did by no means die the violent and romantic death the romancers tell us of, but lived to reappear at court, when the influence of the ennobled favorite was at its height.

What a superb image presents itself to the mind as that of the Duchess d'Etampes, the patroness of letters, the protectress of the liberal party, just then struggling hard against long-established power. A strong woman—physically and mentally—full of bloom and activity,

coarse, wise, prompt, and resolute, adulated by poets, courted by politicians, consulted by men of letters, with sympathetic tastes for all, but inclining, in reality, rather to the humor of Rabelais, to whom she gave an asylum and a cure, than to the flowery flatteries of Marot. She married Jean de Brosses, chiefly because he favored the doctrines of the Reformation; and by her orders, Calvin translated the Psalms. We look at her, in the pride of her success and her power, and lo! another figure glides out of the gloom, and takes its place beside her. She does not lower her clear outward gaze before it—no, not she, for it is that of Diana of Poitiers, of Madame la grande Sénéchale, many years older than she—beautiful, to be sure, but *passée* in comparison with her vigorous buxom comeliness. She feared nothing, for she was flattered and courted by the world around her, though execrated by that beyond her, who held her responsible for the faults of the king, and suffered by her ambition and greed. There is another phantom coming forward now beside that of Diana—this is the young Duchess of Orleans, the unloved Florentine, wife of the gloomy, dull young man, of whom his father said: "Time fails to make a Frenchman of the Spaniard." The childless Queen Eleanora lived in patient retirement, pitied a little, it may have been, by her stepson, but courted by none. The childless Duchess of Orleans had but an uncertain following, though she strove hard for popularity, and had enriched the life of the court with transplanted Italian *fêtes*, and organized a system of frivolity so complete that much-dreaded leisure was entirely excluded. Looking at the pageant of the court in those days, it is hard to realize the after-story of the Florentine, as wife, mother, and sovereign, than whom not one more absolute ever openly swayed the sceptre of St. Louis.

When we tread the courts of Fontainebleau, we are apt to think of a scene enacted in the courtyard one day, memorable forever among days, when a greater than any Valois or Bourbon bade his soldiers adieu—of a scored, scratched table, in a room yonder, where surely the hardest words that ever mortal man was bidden to set down were written; of two empresses, a Creole and an



Archduchess of Hapsburg-Lorraine; of a golden-haired, blue-eyed child, whose ephemeral kingship was all the bitterer satire that it claimed the Eternal City for its seat; of a proud, noble, hapless woman, her faults forgotten in her fate; of a murder done by command of a queen, and before her eyes: of these and a thousand other thronging memories, as we remount the stream of time, from Napoleon and Pius VII., from Marie Antoinette and Christina of Sweden, to the days of Sully, and Gabrielle, and Henry the Great.

We may easily pass by, unnoticed, a gray old stone, beneath a low arch in one of the old corridors. Looking at it, we find it engraved with the device of the salamander, the badge of Francis I., and, like the crystal of the magician, it holds a world of fate and fortune. When the salamander curled grotesquely about the corridors, and over the doors and upon the ceilings, before the blazon of Diana of Poitiers and Henry took its place, before the huntress, with crescent moon above her brows, and flying sandalled feet, showed how art had pressed classic lore into the service of flattery, Catharine de' Medici had fought her silent fight for the power she coveted, and had won it. Her weapons had indeed been borrowed, and she had suffered sorely in the contest, for even such absorbing ambition as hers could not quite destroy the more womanly instincts; but she had come through the ordeal a victor, and hardly a woman any more. By the influence of Diana of Poitiers, her husband's character had been changed; an unlawful love had developed all his weaknesses, and placed him at the mercy of his wife, to whom weakness was unknown. And though the full triumph of her success was long in coming—did not come, indeed, until Montgomery's lance had slain Henry of Valois, and with his life, the long day of the perennially beautiful favorite had ended—hers was the nature which can wait, with never-failing patience, and feel to the fullest the keen delight of each instalment of success. When the day came, the Florentine proved herself equal to the occasion, in power and grasp of intellect, in inflexibility of will, and in dignity and reticence of speech. She must have felt her greatness in every

nerve and fibre of her being, when the pale, heavy-eyed boy—who made so faint a struggle against disease, combined with ignorant prejudice which precluded its relief—with his beautiful girl-wife, no longer Queen-Dauphiness, but queen of France and Scotland, knelt down beside her chair, and hiding his face in her purple robe of mourning (for the Florentine would not wear the white dress of royal widowhood), asked her for wisdom and guidance. Perhaps she felt that thrill more keenly still, when, the foes of her faith and the opponents of her power destroyed, her lying version of the massacre prepared, to silence foreign potentates, who had no strength as against France for more than murmuring, she inspected the mutilated remains of the murdered Admiral, and declared, with horrible enjoyment, that "the corpse of a dead enemy smells sweet." Soon, François was dead, and the "White Queen" had gone to her own inclement land, to wage the weary war with her destiny, which was to be ended by the axe in the great hall at Fotheringay. Charles she ruled easily; Henry, her well-beloved son, was sure of a crown; her daughters gave her no trouble. Marguerite, beautiful, sparkling, learned, fitfully generous, systematically vicious, with intellect equal to any demand that might be made upon it, but so satisfied with the sovereignty of her beauty and lawlessness, that she left scheming in every other direction to those who required occupation or recreation outside the world of love and literature—comes into the phantom group, around the dark central figure of Catharine, and in her train a sparkling company, so numerous we cannot count them, so brilliant that they dazzle, so brief that they do but flash upon our vision, and are gone. Statesmen, churchmen, poets, cavaliers, brave men, beautiful women, marvellous splendor, wonderful recklessness, disregard of life, and faction strife and hatred; the steady progress of the world outside that gorgeous, wicked court; and within it, the lowest tone of morals, the most perverted sense of honor, the most open depravity of conduct that the world had witnessed since the nominal close of the rule of heathenism in Europe. Bright and beautiful are the phantoms, and bloody withal, for treachery and

cruelty were busy there; and in the crowd, resembling one of Doré's magic pictures, turbulent and shifting, we catch sight of love-locks steeped in blood, and know them for those of La Mole and Coconnas. And when Charles—famous for cruelty, intrepid sportsmanship, his murderous aim on St. Bartholomew's eve, and the composition of one anagram—has faded away, and the transformed hero of Jarnac and Moncontour glides ghostly on the scene, in fantastic dress of black velvet, buttoned with death's heads, we discern behind his pitiful, mournful figure the phantoms of the Minions, and of the dastard brother of the king, the Duke of Anjou, and Bussy d'Amboise. Here, too, is the meek figure of Louise de Vaudemont, pious and resigned, as became the neglected wife of a Valois; and here is Du Guast, the enemy of Marguerite, and the Baron De Viteaux, hired, by the beautiful, dainty young princess, to murder him—hired, too, within the walls of a church of the Augustines.

Whether the ghostly crowd be greater or less, and however it shifts and changes, the central figure remains undisturbed. Supreme in intellect, in power, and in the consummate knowledge of human nature, which rendered the vices, passions, and abilities of others tools and weapons whereby she wrought out her own purposes, Catharine confronts us, from whatever point of view we look at the phantom pageant. Withdrawing, sometimes, with a feigned abdication of power, from the conduct of affairs, she brought the helpless sovereigns, who were less her sons than her puppets, to sue submissively for the reimposition of the yoke, never really removed. Unrelaxing in vigilance, subtle and fearless, no royalty was ever more real than that of this woman, who entered the proudest court in Europe almost on sufferance, and held every member of it, through a succession of reigns, under her feet. Hers is a splendid story, in its historic aspect, with all its guilt; in its domestic aspect, there can hardly be a more terrible. When the light is quenched, and the music dies away, and all the stir and circumstances of royalty are put aside, when the scene closes behind her solitary figure, and it stands quite alone, even as the soul in the judgment, what is her

history? A girl, trained in a school of tortuous policy, religious bigotry, and remorseless greed. A princess, denied the homage of a court, and witnessing that homage spontaneously paid to those to whom the laws of God and of man alike deny it. An unloved wife, winning in a long course of time observance and respect from a husband wholly, passionately, and until his violent death, devoted to another woman, with whom she could not compete in any charm of womanhood. A mother of kings, who saw her children die, the first of sheer pain, the second of a horrible disease—under a visible curse, said the voice of popular superstition, which she, however raised above other weaknesses, shared; of poison, said another rumor, and she knew it was believed. A mother of sons, whose fierce unnatural hatred was, perhaps, the most repulsive feature of their character; of daughters, of whom one was a by-word of infamy, even as she was a paragon of beauty and genius; while the others were miserable in their greatness. Eager questioner of the future, eager gazer into the abyss, as she was, had she ever seen in necromancer's mirror the face of the kinswoman who should push her daughter from the throne of France, and share it with Henry of Navarre, the only human being she had ever really feared, the one enemy she could never conquer? Had the haughty sovereign, doomed to see the dynastic extinction of the Valois, she, who never nursed a grandchild on her knee—she, whose youngest son died miserably in a corner of his brother's kingdom, in banishment and disgrace—ever beheld in any mystic vision the figure of the fanatic monk who should slay the last of the Valois; or learned from the prediction of any seer, that the sepulchre of the kings should gape for her in 1589, and the same year should see "the Bearnais" in the seat of St. Louis?

From Fraser's Magazine.

#### COLORED SUNS.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR, F.R.S.

Author of "Saturn and its System," etc.

If a brilliant star be observed when near the horizon, it will be seen to present the beautiful phenomenon of "colored scintillation." The colors thus ex-

hibited exceed in purity even those seen in the solar spectrum or in the rainbow. By comparison with them the light which flashes from the ruby, the emerald, the sapphire, or the topaz, appears dull and almost earthy. There are four or five stars which present this phenomenon with charming distinctness. The brilliant Vega in the constellation Lyra, which rarely sets in our latitude, is one of these. At midnight in winter, and earlier with the approach of spring, this splendid steel-blue star may be seen as it skirts the southern horizon, scintillating with red, and blue, and emerald light. Arcturus twinkles yet more brilliantly low down toward the northeast in our spring evenings. Capella is another notable scintillator, seen low down toward the north during the summer nights. But these, though they are the most brilliant northern stars, yet shine with a splendor far inferior to that of Sirius, the famous dog-star. No one can mistake this noble orb as it rises above the southern horizon in our winter months. The vivid colors exhibited by Sirius as it scintillates, have afforded a favorite image to the poets. Homer compares the celestial light which gleamed from the shield and helmet of Diomed to the rays of "Sirius, the star of autumn," which "shines with a peculiar brilliancy when laved by ocean's waves;" and, to pass at once from the father of poetry to our greatest modern poet, we find in Tennyson's "Princess" the same image, where he says of Arac and his brothers, that—

As the fiery Sirius alters hue,  
And bickers into red and emerald, shone  
Their morions, washed with morning, as they  
came.

It is difficult to persuade oneself that these ever-changing tints do not really belong to the stars. But there is now no doubt that they are caused by our own atmosphere. Unequally warm, unequally dense, and unequally moist in its various strata, the air transmits irregularly those colored rays which together produce the light of a star. Now one color prevails over the rest and now another, so that the star appears to change color. But it is only low down toward the horizon that these changes take place to their full extent.

In the tropics, where the air is more uniform in texture so to speak, the stars do not scintillate unless they are quite close to the horizon, "a circumstance," says Humboldt, "which gives a peculiarly calm and serene character to the celestial depths in those countries."

But the stars are not wanting in real colors, caused by peculiarities in the quality of the light which they emit toward us. In tropical countries the colors of the stars form a very obvious and a very beautiful phenomenon. The whole heaven seems set with variously colored gems. In our latitudes, none but the brightest stars exhibit distinctly marked colors to the naked eye. Sirius, Regulus, and Spica are white stars; Betelgeux, Aldebaran, Arcturus, and Antares are red; Procyon, Capella, and the Pole-star are yellow; Castor exhibits a slightly green tint; while Vega and Altair are bluish. Antares, which we have described as a red star, presents when carefully watched a greenish scintillation so peculiar as to have early attracted the notice of astronomers. The green tint of Castor had been found to arise from the fact that the star is double, and one of the components green. But, for a long while, powerful instruments failed to exhibit a companion to Antares. At length General Mitchell, with the great refractor of the Cincinnati Observatory, detected a minute green companion to this brilliant red star—the Sirius of red stars as it has been termed.

But as we have said, the stars which present distinctly marked colors to the naked eye in our latitudes, are few and far between. It is in the telescope that our observers have to seek for a full view of the delicate phenomenon of colored stars. When a survey is made of the heavens with a powerful telescope, peculiarities well worthy of careful attention are revealed to the observer. We have seen that there are no stars visible to the naked eye which are *decidedly* blue or green. The ancients, also, recognized only red and white stars. In the telescope, this peculiarity is still observable when single stars only are looked at. We meet with some telescopic stars the depth of whose red color is remarkable. There are stars of a fiery red, of a deep blood-red, and

of a full orange color. There is a well-known star entitled the "garnet star." And, in fact, every variety of color, from white through yellow and orange to a deep almost dusky red, is met with among the single fixed stars. But there is no instance throughout the whole heavens of a single green, blue, or violet star.

The case is altered when we come to examine those double, triple, and multiple stars, the observation of which is one of the most pleasing employments of the amateur telescopicist. Amongst these systems we meet with all the tints of the rainbow, and with many colors which are not seen in the rainbow, such as fawn-color, lilac, gray, and so on. "The attentive observation of the double stars," writes the celebrated Struve (who detected 3,000 of these objects), "teaches us that besides those that are white, all the colors of the spectrum are to be met with." "Here we have a green star with a deep blood-red companion, there an orange primary accompanied by a purple or indigo-blue satellite. White is found mixed with light or dark red, purple, ruby, or vermilion." Sometimes a single system offers at one view many different colors. Such is the case with the remarkable group detected by Sir John Herschel within the Southern Cross. It is composed of no less than 110 stars, which, seen in a telescope of sufficient size, appear, Herschel tell us, like "a casket of variously colored precious stones."

It will be well to examine some of the collocations of color, that we may trace the presence of a law of distribution, if such exist.

We have said that blue stars are not met with singly in the heavens. Among double stars they are common enough. But they are generally small. When the larger star or primary is not white it is usually either red or yellow; then the smaller star—or satellite, as we may term it—is frequently blue or green. But this is so far from being a law without exception that the more common case is to find both stars similarly tinted. Amongst 596 bright "doubles," Struve found 375 whose components were similarly colored, 101 whose components presented colors

belonging to the same end of the spectrum, and only 120 in which the colors were totally different.

Amongst double stars whose components are similarly tinted, by far the greater number are white, yellow, or red. But there are some instances of double blue stars; and there is in the southern heavens a group containing a multitude of stars, *all blue*.

It is impossible, therefore, to suppose that the blue colors seen in multiple systems are due to the mere effect of contrast. In some cases this may happen, however; or at any rate the effect of contrast may intensify the colors of each component of a "complementary double." There is one very charming instance of complementary colors in a double star which may be separated with a telescope of very low power. We refer to the star Albeiro on the beak of the Swan. The components of this star are orange and blue, the tints being well pronounced. It has been found that when one of the components is hidden the other still preserves its color, though not quite so distinctly as when both are seen together. Another "complementary double" is the star  $\gamma$  Andromeda. The primary is red, the smaller star green. In very powerful telescopes the smaller component is found to be itself double, and doubts exist among astronomers whether the two minute components of the lesser star are both green, or one blue and the other yellow. There is another double star very beautiful in a powerful telescope. This is the star  $\epsilon$  Boötis, on the Herdsman's belt; it is called also Mirach, and on account of its extreme beauty Pulcherissima. The components are nearly equal—one orange, the other a delicate emerald green.

One of the most startling facts revealed by the careful observation of the fixed stars is that their color is not unchangeable.

We may begin at once with the brightest of the fixed stars—Sirius. This star was known to the ancients as a red star. To its fiery hue may doubtless be ascribed the peculiar influence assigned to it by ancient astronomers. At present Sirius is brilliantly and unmistakably white.

We have not such decisive evidence in the case of any other noted star. But



among telescopic stars, there have been some very remarkable changes. There are two double stars described by the elder Herschel as white, which now exhibit golden-yellow primaries and greenish satellites. That careful observer, Admiral Smyth, records also that one of the components of a double star in Hercules changed, in twelve years, "from yellow, through gray, cherry-red, and egregious red, to yellow again."

The questions may well be asked, whence do the stars derive their distinctions of color? and by what processes do their colors change? To these questions modern discoveries have supplied answers which, if not complete, are well worth listening to.

It had long been suspected that the stars are in reality suns. It had been shown that their distance from us must be so enormous as to enable us to assign to them an intrinsic brilliancy fully equal in some instances, and in others far superior, to that of our own sun. Nothing remained but that we should have some evidence that the kind of light they emit is similar to that which we receive from the sun. This evidence has been supplied, though only of late years.

We cannot here enter at length into an account of the important discoveries of Kirchhoff and Bunsen which have enabled astronomers to analyze the light emitted from the celestial bodies. It will be sufficient to remark that in the solar spectrum there are observed fine dark lines breaking the continuity of the streak of light, and that these lines have been proved to be due to the presence of the vapors of certain elements in the solar atmosphere. The proof depends on the exact correspondence of numbers of these lines, grouped in a complex manner (so as entirely to eliminate the possibility of a mere chance accordance) with the bright lines seen in the spectra of light from the vapors of those elements. When once Kirchhoff and Bunsen had proved the possibility of exhibiting the same set of lines either as bright lines on a dark ground or as dark lines on a brilliant spectrum, all doubt as to their meaning in the solar spectrum disappeared at once.

It has been found that in the sun's atmosphere there are present the vapors

of iron, copper, zinc, and nickel, besides calcium, magnesium, sodium, and other metals. But the vapors of tin, lead, silver, and gold, do not appear to be present in the solar atmosphere. One of the most remarkable dark lines is due to the presence of hydrogen.

But it has been found possible to extend these researches to the fixed stars. Mr. Huggins and Dr. Miller have done this successfully, and their discoveries afford a means of assigning very sufficient reasons for the colors of the brighter stars. By analogy also we may extend a similar interpretation to the colors of stars not bright enough to give a spectrum which can be satisfactorily examined.

Let us take first the brilliant Sirius. This star belongs to the southern half of the celestial sphere, and although it becomes visible at certain seasons in our latitude, it never rises very high above the horizon. In fact, at its highest—that is, when due south—it is only twenty-two degrees above the horizon, or less than one-fourth of the way from the horizon to the point immediately over-head. This peculiarity somewhat interferes with the observation of the star by a method so delicate as that applied by the celebrated physicists we have named. On the other hand the exceeding brilliancy of Sirius makes some amends for the effects of atmospheric disturbances. By selecting very favorable opportunities, Huggins and Miller were able to analyze the star's spectrum, with the following result:

The atmosphere around Sirius contains sodium, magnesium, hydrogen, and probably iron.

The whole spectrum is covered by a very large number of faint and fine lines, indicating a corresponding variety in the substances vaporized in the star's atmosphere.

The hydrogen lines are abnormally strong as compared with the solar spectrum, all the metallic lines being remarkably faint.

This last circumstance is well worthy of notice, since it is a *peculiarity characteristic of white stars*—so that we begin already to find a hint respecting the source of color or of the absence of color in stars.

Take next an orange-red star, the brilliant Betelgeux. The spectrum of this star was very carefully analyzed by

Messrs. Huggins and Miller. They marked down the places of two or three hundred lines, and measured the position of no less than eighty. They found that sodium, magnesium, calcium, iron, and bismuth are present in the star's atmosphere, but the two strong lines which note the presence of hydrogen are wanting.

Take next the yellow star, Pollux. The observers were not able to obtain very satisfactory measures of this star; but they established the presence of sodium and magnesium in the star's atmosphere; and again the strong lines of hydrogen were found to be missing.

But we are not entitled to assume that red and yellow stars are characterized by the absence of hydrogen from their atmospheres. On the contrary, the noted red star Aldebaran, the spectrum of which was very carefully analyzed by Huggins and Miller, was found to exhibit the two lines of hydrogen with perfect distinctness. This star exhibited a richness in the construction of its atmosphere not presented by any other. The elements proved to be present are sodium, magnesium, calcium, iron, bismuth, tellurium, antimony, and mercury. It must not be supposed, in this or any other case, that other elements might not, by a sufficiently laborious scrutiny, be proved to exist in the star's atmosphere. The observations required, says Mr. Huggins, "are extremely fatiguing to the eye, and necessarily limited to the stronger lines of each spectrum."

It is clear, however, from the above short list of examples, that a considerable variety exists in the physical constitution of the fixed stars. This of itself affords a suggestive hint respecting the true explanation of the variety of color which we have described. And the peculiarity that in the white stars the hydrogen lines are singularly strong, while the metallic lines are as singularly weak, is yet more to the point. Sirius was a red star. Was it at that time unlike present red stars? Does it not seem more probable that, if there had existed in those days a Huggins or a Miller, and the instruments used so successfully by these observers had been invented, it would have been found that Sirius did not—when a red star—present peculiarities now observed only in white stars?

We recognize, then, the influence of time upon the spectrum of this celebrated star, as probably tending to render the lines of hydrogen more distinct than of yore, and the lines of the metallic elements less distinct. But what is the meaning of such a change? Suppose a chemist, for example, observing the spectrum of the flame produced by the combustion of a compound body, should notice that the lines of some elements slowly increased in distinctness, while the lines of others grew fainter, how would he interpret such a phenomenon? If we remembered only that the dark lines are due to the absorptive effect of the vapor they correspond to, on light which is trying, so to speak, to pass through the vapor, we might readily jump at a conclusion, and answer that the extent of absorptive vapor is increasing when the lines are growing more distinct, and vice versa. But we must also consider that these lines are partly the effect of contrast. The lime-light held before the sun's disc appears *black*, though so dazzling when seen alone. It may be, therefore—or rather we may say it certainly is the case—that those parts of the spectral streak which seem dark are in reality luminous; or—which is merely another way of saying the same thing—that the vapors which absorb light from the solar beams send us light of their own. And so with stars. Therefore, we have this difficulty to contend against—that there is no power of determining whether a change in the intensity of a line, or of a set of lines, is due to a variation in the light-giving power of the corresponding vapor, or to a variation in the quantity of vapor whose absorptive effects produce the lines.

But, inasmuch as it resulted from Mr. Huggins' examination of a temporary star which appeared last year, that the increase of light—for it was only the abnormal brilliancy of the star which was really temporary—was due to a sudden outburst of inflamed hydrogen, it seems on the whole more probable that the incandescent vapors of stars burn with variable brilliancy, than that they vary in quantitative distribution.

As regards the constant colors of different stars, we are enabled at any rate to deduce negative results.

For instance, we may dismiss at once the theory started some years ago by a distinguished astronomer. He supposed that the colors of a star are due to the proper motions of the star, acting so as—in effect—to lengthen or shorten the waves of light proceeding from the star to the earth, just as the apparent breadth of sea-waves would be greater or less to a swimmer according as he swam with or against their course. It is quite clear that the effects of a motion rapid enough to produce such a change would be to shift the position of the whole spectrum,—and this change, though accompanied by a change of color, would be readily detected by a reference to the spectral lines.

Another theory—that the orange and red tints indicate a lower degree of temperature, must also be dismissed. For we have seen that the spectra of red stars indicate the presence of the vapor of iron and other metals, and nothing but an exceedingly high temperature could vaporize these.

It seems clear that the difference of tint is due to the different arrangement of the dark lines—in other words, to an absolute difference of physical constitution. "There is a striking difference," remarks Huggins, "between the effect on the color of a star of such closely grouped and very dark lines in the green and blue part of the spectrum of Betelgeux, and of the corresponding part of the spectrum of Sirius, in which the dark lines are faint, and wholly unequal to produce any noticeable subduing of the blue and green rays."

But we have still to consider the peculiarities presented by the double stars. We have seen that amongst the components of these there are observed some which present a distinct blue color. It has been found possible to analyze some of these with the spectroscope. We have spoken of the charming double star Albireo, the components of which are orange and blue. Both have been analyzed—with this result, that the spectrum of the orange component was remarkable for the great strength of the lines in the green, blue, and violet, while the spectrum of the blue component is equally remarkable for the great number of groups of fine lines in the orange and yellow.

It would seem, then, that the complementary colors observed in certain double stars, indicate a sort of complementary distribution between the two stars of elements which in our own sun are associated equably and intimately.

And we must note here in passing that it is not absolutely necessary, as some have supposed, that, if there are systems of worlds circulating around such double suns, there should be any remarkable difference in the quality of light distributed to the planets, as compared with that which we receive from the sun. Sir John Herschel has spoken of "the charming contrasts and grateful vicissitudes—a red or a green day for instance, alternating with a white one or with darkness, according as one or other, or both of the stars should be above the horizon." But if the dependent orbs swept in very wide circuits about their double sun, they would receive white light during nearly the whole of each of their days, since it would only be during a brief interval that either sun would be visible *alone* above the horizon.

Of the deeply colored stars which are visible with the telescope, none have been found sufficiently brilliant to admit of analysis.

A peculiarity has been remarked by a distinguished modern observer which is worthy of careful attention. Many of the regularly variable stars, when passing into their phase of minimum brightness, exhibit a ruddy tinge which is very conspicuous in instruments of adequate power. It does not seem easy to explain this as due to any change in the vaporous constitution of a variable star—since it seems difficult to show why such changes should occur at regular intervals. It would appear to be more probable that, in general, these changes are due, either to the rotation of the star itself, and the presentation, in a cyclic order, of the different parts of an unequally illuminated globe, or to the revolution round the star of an extensive vaporous mass, whose interposition cuts off from us at regular intervals a portion of the star's light.

It is remarkable that a large number of the known variable stars are red or orange. There is one notable exception, however, for Algol—the celebrated variable in Medusa's head—is a white star.

It is probable that a careful examination of the stars with any efficient "color-tester" would lead to the discovery of many cases of variation in color. Admiral Smyth adopted a chromatic scale of color—but a test of this sort is not very satisfactory. Opaque colors generally vary with time, so that it is impossible to say that two observers, even if they have used the same strip of colored disks, have really made observations fairly comparable *inter se*. And it is further to be noted that there are many persons who find a difficulty and uncertainty in the comparison of stars, or brilliants, with opaque color-scales. An ingenious astronomer has suggested the use of chemical solutions, which can always be reproduced with certainty; and he has described a method for forming an artificial star in the field of view of a telescope, and for gradually varying the color of the star until it should coincide with that of a fixed star whose color we may desire to determine. The great objection to the plan is its complexity. Colored glasses, through which a small white disk within the telescope might be illuminated (just as the wires are illuminated in the ordinary transit telescope), would serve the same purpose much more simply. The inquiry is an exceedingly interesting one, and Sir John Herschel has expressed the opinion that there is no field of labor open to the amateur telescopist which affords a better promise of original discoveries than the search for such variations as we have described.

From Chambers's Journal.

#### THE DEVIL-FISH.

#### A MARVELLOUS STORY.

THERE are some books that are interesting in spite of their subjects; there are others that are interesting in spite of themselves—that is, although inartistically written, their matter sustains them. This latter is the case with *Carolina Sports*,\* by the Hon. W. Elliott of that ilk, a Confederate gentleman, who, as a sea-fisherman, seems scarcely to have had an equal! His writing is verbose and newspaper-like, while, at the same time, it curiously imitates the jerky and spasmodic style of Christopher North, which,

in an author who is *not* a man of genius, is simply intolerable; but, for all that, Mr. Elliott has so much to tell which is new and strange, at least to English ears, that his book is very welcome. The Carolina land-sports included in the volume are not worth reading about; neither as Nimrod nor as Ramrod does our author figure in any striking manner, but only as Fishing-rod—or, rather, standing in the bows of his boat, with one foot advanced, and holding a harpoon in his hand, should his portrait be taken for posterity, as the first man who dared to spear a Devil-fish.

This is by no means the same terrible creature which we read of under that name in Victor Hugo's *Toilers of the Sea*; it is not a *cephalopod* of portentous size, with fatal suckers and ravening mouth, at whose touch hope flies from the victim, no matter what his strength or weapons; but it is sufficiently weird and formidable too. "Imagine a monster, measuring from sixteen to twenty feet across the back, full three feet in depth, having powerful yet flexible flaps or wings, with which he drives himself furiously through the water, or vaults high in air; his feelers, commonly called horns" [in compliment, doubtless, to his supposed likeness to his Satanic majesty], "projecting several feet beyond his mouth, and paddling all the small fry that constitute his food into that enormous receiver—and you have an idea of this curious fish, which annually during the summer months frequents the southern sea-coast of Carolina."

This extraordinary creature has been long known to science, although very rare; and scarcely less formidable than its popular title is its classical name, *Cephaloptera vampirus*. "Our species is so large," says the editor of the *Zoology of New York*, referring of course not to the size of American citizens, but of this Vampire of the Sea, "that it requires three pair of oxen, aided by a horse and twenty-two men, to drag it to the dry land. It is estimated to weigh between four and five tons. . . . It is known to seize the cables of small vessels at anchor, and draw them for several miles with great velocity. An instance of this kind was related to me, by a credible eye-witness, as having occurred in

\* Bentley, London.



the harbor of Charleston. A schooner, lying at anchor, was suddenly seen moving across the harbor with great rapidity, impelled by some unknown and mysterious power. Upon approaching the opposite shore, its course was changed so suddenly as nearly to capsize the vessel, when it again crossed the harbor with its former velocity, and the same scene was repeated when it approached the shore. These mysterious flights across the harbor were repeated several times, in the presence of hundreds of spectators, and suddenly ceased." This last astonishing statement (although our fisherman differs from his scientific brother in minor details concerning the fish itself) is quite borne out by Mr. Elliott. "I have often listened, when a boy," says he, "to the story of an old family servant, a respectable negro, whose testimony I have no reason to discredit, and which would seem to corroborate the instances already cited. He was fishing near the Hilton Head beach for sharks; and, accompanied by another hand, was anchored about fifty yards from shore, in a four-oared boat, when a devil-fish seized hold of the shark-line. Whether he grasped the line between his feelers, or accidentally struck the hook into his body, cannot accurately be known; but he darted off with the line, dragging the boat from her anchorage, and moved seaward with such fearful velocity, that the fishermen threw themselves flat on their faces, and gave themselves up for lost. 'After lying a long time in this posture,' said the old man, 'in expectation of death, I gained a little heart, and stealing a look over the gunwale, *saw iron swim*—there was the anchor playing duck and drake on the top of the water, while the boat was going stern-foremost for the sea! At last, said he, 'we cut loose when he had almost got us out to sea.' The earnestness of the old man, and the look of undissembled terror which he wore in telling the story, convince me that he spoke the truth."

But we will leave hearsay, and take the personal evidence concerning this wonder of the ocean from Mr. Elliott's own lips. This gentleman appears to be the first, at all events in his own part of the world, who ever ventured to go a-fishing for this very big fish, which was

looked on both by the nigger and his master as something "uncanny," as well as exceedingly dangerous. He had gone, in 1837, with his family, for the benefit of the sea-air, to Bay Point, a small summer settlement in Port Royal Sound, Carolina, just as you and I, reader, might go to Herne Bay; and as we might go out for whiting-pout, so he tried his luck with devil-fish. On his first day there, while crossing the bay in his own boat, he was so fortunate as to see eight of these monsters disporting themselves on the top of the water. "One was directly in my track, as I spanked away under a press of sail. He thrust up both wings a foot above the surface, and kept them steadily erect, as if to act as sails. I liked not the *cradle* thus offered me, and veered the boat so as just to miss him. He never budged, and I passed so near as easily to have harpooned him, if the implements had been at hand." But notwithstanding his discretion at that time, the presence of these heretofore indomitable creatures disturbed our hero's rest, and "made him feel quite uncomfortable," because they were unsubdued. He set himself to provide what he conceived to be the best apparatus to this end. "A harpoon two inches wide in the barb, between two and three feet in the shank (a regular *whaler*), was turned out from the workshop of Mr. Mickler. Forty fathoms of half-inch rope were purchased and stretched. To one end the harpoon was firmly attached; the other, passing through a hole cut in the bottom of a tub, in which the rope was carefully coiled, was to be fastened to the forecastle. A six-oared boat was inspected, new thwarted, and new thole-pinned; and a cleat nailed firmly on the forecastle to support the right foot of the harpooner." And a day was fixed, and friends and sportsmen were invited to repair to the field of action.

"Before a quarter of an hour had elapsed, 'There!' cried our lookout-man. I followed the direction of his hand: it pointed to Skull Creek Channel, and I saw the wing of the fish two feet above water. There was no mistaking it; it was a devil-fish. One shout summons the crew to their posts—the red flag is raised to signal our consort—the oarsmen spring to their oars—and

we dashed furiously onward in the direction in which we had seen him. Once again, before we had accomplished the distance, he appeared a moment on the surface. The place of harpooner I had not the generosity to yield to any one; so I planted myself on the fore-castle, my left leg advanced, my right supported by the cleat, my harpoon poised, and three fathoms of rope lying loose on the thwart behind me. The interest of the moment was intense; my heart throbbed audibly, and I scarcely breathed, while expecting him to emerge from the spot yet rippled by his wake. The water was ten fathoms deep, but so turbid that you could not see six inches beneath the surface. We had small chance of striking him while his visits to the surface were so sudden and so brief. 'There he is behind us! Starn all!' and our oarsmen, as before instructed, backed with all their might. Before we reached the spot, he was gone; but soon reappeared on our right, whisking round us with great velocity, and with a movement singularly eccentric. He crossed the bow—his wing only is visible—on which side is his body? I hurled down my harpoon with all my force. After the lapse of a few seconds, the staff came bounding up from below, to show me that I had missed. In the twinkling of an eye, the fish flung himself on his back, darted under the boat, and showed himself at the stern, *belly up*. Tom clapped his unarmed hands with disappointment as the fish swept by him where he stood on the platform, so near that he might have pierced him with a sword! And now the fish came wantoning about us, taking no note of our presence, circling round us with amazing rapidity, yet showing nothing but the tip of his wing. We dashed at him whenever he appeared, but he changed position so quickly that we were always too late. Suddenly, his broad black back was lifted above the water directly before our bow. 'Forward!' The oarsmen bend to the stroke, but before we could gain our distance, his tail flies up, and he is plunging downward for his depths. I could not resist; I pitched my harpoon from the distance of full thirty feet. It went whizzing through the air, and cleft the water just beneath the spot where the fish had disappeared. My companions in our con-

sort (who had now approached within fifty yards) observed the staff quiver for a second before it disappeared beneath the surface of the water. This was unobserved by myself, and I was drawing in my line, to prepare for a new throw, when lo! the line stopped short! 'Is it possible? I have him—the devil-fish is struck!' Out flies the line from the bow—a joyful shout bursts from our crew—our consort is lashed to our stern—E—and C—spring aboard—and here we go! driven by this most diabolical of locomotives.

'Thirty fathoms are run out, and I venture a turn round the stem. The harpoon holds, and he leads gallantly off for Middle Bank—the two boats in tow. He pushed dead in the eye of a stiff north-easter. His motion is not so rapid as we expected, but regular and business-like—reminding one of the motion of a canal-boat drawn by a team of stout horses. On Middle Bank he approached the surface—the rifle is caught up, but soon laid aside as useless, for no vulnerable part appeared. We then drew upon the line, that we might force him to the surface and spear him—I soon found *that* was no fun. 'Tom, don't you want to play a devil-fish? I have enough to last me an hour, so here's my place if you desire it.' Behold me now reclined on the stern seat, taking breath after my pull, and lifting my umbrella to repel the heat of the sun. It was very pleasant to see the woods of Hilton Head recede, and the hammocks of Paris Island grow into distinctness, as we moved along under this novel, and *yet unpatented* impelling power! 'You will find this melon refreshing, friends! at twelve o'clock, let us take a glass of wine to our success. Tom, why don't you pull him up?' Tom held up his hands, from which the gloves had been stripped clean by the friction of the rope. 'We'll put three men to the line and bouse on him.' He comes! George seizes the lance, but the devil-fish stops ten feet below the surface, and can't be coaxed nearer. George sinks his long staff in the direction of the line, feels the fish, and plunges the lance into him. It is flung out of his body, and almost out of the band of the spearsman, by the convulsive muscular effort of the fish. When drawn up, the iron was found bent like a reaping-hook, and the staff

broken in the socket. The fish now quickened his speed, and made across Daws' Channel for Paris Bank.

"Just where we would have you, my old boy—when we get you near Bay Point Beach, it will be so convenient to land you!" He seems to gather velocity as he goes; he gets used to his harness; points for Station Creek, taking the regular steamboat track. As soon as he gains the deep channel, he turns for Bay Point. 'Now, then, another trial—a bouse on him.' Three fellows are set to the rope—his wing appears—C—aims his bayonet, and plunges it deep into his body—another shudder of the fish, and the bayonet snaps short off at the eye—the blade remains buried in his body. 'Now for it, George!' His bayonet is driven in, and, at the second blow, *that* is snapped off in the blade. Here we are unweaponed! our rifle and hatchet useless, our other implements broken! 'Give him rope, boys, until we haul off and repair damages.' At every blow we had dealt him, his power seemed to have increased, and he now swept down for Egg Bank, with a speed that looked ominous. 'Out oars, boys, and pull against him.' The tide was now flood—the wind still fresh, had shifted to the east; six oars were put out and pulled lustily against him, yet he carried us rapidly seaward, against all these impeding forces. He seemed to suck in fresh vigor from the ocean-water. George meanwhile was refitting the broken implements; the lance was fixed in a new staff, and secured by a tie of triple drum-line; the broken blade of the bayonet was fixed on another staff. Egg Bank was now but one hundred yards to our left. 'Row him ashore, boys.' The devil-fish refused, and drew the whole concern in the opposite direction. 'Force him, then, to the surface.' He popped up unexpectedly under the bow, lifted one wing four feet in the air, and bringing it suddenly down, swept off every oar from the starboard side of the boat; they were not broken, but wrenched out of the hands of the oarsmen as by an electric shock. One man was knocked beneath the thwarts by the rebound of an oar, and was laid almost speechless on the platform—quite *hors de combat*."

This much-striven for prize was lost through the harpoon at last tearing out;

and the crestfallen crew had to return home, oarless and weaponless, like mariners who, after a hard conflict, had sunk a gallant adversary at sea—for the Thing was dead, without doubt, having, when last seen, "neither tail nor head, nor horns nor wings—nothing but an unsightly white mass, undistinguished by member or feature." On the next occasion, the struck Creature not only is within a little of carrying them right out to sea, so that they seriously think of cutting the rope, but takes them far into the night. "The stars came out; but nothing seemed to break the general darkness, except the agitation of the oars in the water, and the rolling of the devil-fish, as he now and then emerged to the surface on a bed of fire." Finally, he ran them aground upon a shoal, where they killed him. "There he lay, extending twenty feet by the wings, and his other parts in proportion; and the waves, rippling in pearly heaps around his black form, which stood eight feet in diameter above the water." But they could not bring this trophy to land any more than the other. At last, they accomplish their full object. The same incidents take place as in the former ventures; and, as so often happens in the writhings and plunges of the prey, the harpoon tears out. "We drew it into the boat twisted and strained, but still unbroken. What a disappointment!—to lose him thus in his very last struggle! A gleam of hope shoots across us! In this last struggle, he *might* rise to the surface. It is possible yet to recover him. Let us prepare for it. In a moment the harpoon is straightened, the staff is refitted, and scarcely is it done when, "There, by heavens! there he is! fifty yards ahead, floundering on the water! Now for it, boys!—reach him before he sinks!" Alas! he has already sunk!

The turbid waters of the river have now given place to the transparent green of the sea, through which objects are distinctly visible for several feet below; and look, he is rising again from his depths! every struggle and contortion of the agonized monster is clearly to be seen as he shoots upward to the light. He is upon his back—his white feelers thrown aloft above his head, like giant hands upraised in supplication.

There was something almost *human* in the attitude and the expression of his agony—and a feeling quite out of keeping with the scene stole over me while I meditated the fatal blow. It passed away in an instant; and as he emerges from the water, the harpoon cleaves the air, and is driven home into his head. A shout of exultation burst from the crew. To have *thus* recovered him was indeed a gratification. The gun is once more brought to bear—another shot, and he is still; all to the singular movements of his feelers, which, plying restlessly about his head, curl and unfold with all the flexibility of an elephant's snout. Through the tough cartilage of one of these feelers the rope is passed, and we have him safe."

Oars and sails, however, little avail to bring the mighty beast to shore, and another boat has to lend its aid. The devil-fish measured seventeen feet across the back, and was so heavy, that the force of fifteen men was insufficient to draw him to high-water mark, though sliders were placed beneath to assist his progress. Truly, this sort of fishing is sport for Titans, and a little self-congratulation on our author's part was quite excusable. "This monster, then," says he, "whose existence even was doubted, whose capture was matter of vague tradition, who had not been seen and touched by the *two* preceding generations of men at least, was here before us in his proper proportions, palpable to sight, and trodden beneath our feet!" There are endless variations in the incidents of this exciting pursuit; and, of course, divers risks (one very little one, that of the harpooner, pitching himself overboard). A thunder-storm sometimes takes place, which invests the "motive-power" with additional weirdness; and when harpooned, this frightful monster is often pursued by hammer-headed sharks, who cause him to plunge and swerve in a most erratic manner. On one occasion our author had the exquisite satisfaction of giving one of these intrusive gentry a spare harpoon, and landing him safely in company with the original quarry.

Only once was our intrepid sportsman really frightened. He had got so used to these sea-devils, that upon one

of them being dragged close to the bows of the boat, he ventured to strike it with a knife. "I passed my arm over the gunwale, and lunged at him as he lay a foot or so beneath the water. Suddenly, my hand was paralyzed, and the reader will understand my feelings when, looking into the water, I found that the devil-fish had seized my arm with one of his feelers, and pressed it powerless against his body! 'He stays my arm—pleads for mercy—appeals, like an intelligent creature, to my humanity,' was my first thought. 'He has bound me to his fate,' was the startling conviction that dispelled that first thought, and revealed to me the imminent peril in which I stood. A fate worse than Mazeppa's will be mine if he breaks loose again! 'For God's sake, boys, hold on! He has clutched my arm, and if he runs again for bottom, my life goes with him!' How long, then, seemed to me those few brief moments of uncertainty; but they are past, his force is exhausted, his hold on me relaxes, and in his very death-struggle, my arm again is free! I took my seat with sobered feelings, thinking by how narrow a chance the pursuer had escaped the fate of his victim!"

Beside the power, the ugliness, and the magnitude of this odd fish, there is something really weird about it which seems to justify its popular name. Once, after the rope which bound one of these creature to our author's boat had parted, the released Thing still kept company with his enemies, "swimming close to the vessel, and following us with his horns projected on each side of the stern." The feelings of the crew must have been more uncomfortable even than those of the Admiral in the ballad when "at last he saw the creature that was following in our lee," for the night was dark, the sea brilliantly luminous, and the breakers roaring, at a short distance. "Behind us, the devil-fish, mounted on the crest of an advancing wave, his wings outspread, his dark outline distinctly marked, and separated from the surrounding waters by a starry belt of phosphoric fire—he did indeed seem, to our excited imaginations, like some monster vampire." Mr. Elliott says he has been carried twenty-five miles, within a few hours, by this



sometimes fiery dragon, *with two boats in tow beside his own.*

But to what cannot custom inure folks! Devil-fishing has now become quite a fashionable sport with the planters of Port Royal Sound. They sally forth to the inlets of the bay, where shrimps and small fish most do congregate, which are the "feeding-grounds" of these Vampires, and where their presence is indicated by a slight projection above the water of one of their wings. The motion of this creature is so rapid and birdlike, that none who have seen it will ascribe it to any other fish. "Sometimes, though not often, you may approach him while feeding in shallow water, near enough to strike; but the best opportunity is offered by waiting quietly near the spot where he has disappeared, until, having ceased to feed he strikes out for the deep water, and having reached it, begins a series of somersets that give the sportsman an excellent chance to strike him. It is a very curious exhibition. You first see the feelers thrown out of the water; then the white stomach, marked with five gills, or branchial apertures, on each side (for the fish is on his back); then his tail emerges. After a disappearance for a few seconds, the revolution is repeated—sometimes as often as six times. It happens occasionally, that in making these somersets, the fish does not rise quite to the surface, but is several feet below; so that his revolutions are detected by the appearance and disappearance of the white or under part of his body, dimly seen through the turbid water in which he delights. Sometimes, indeed, he is unseen; but his presence is shown to the observant sportsman by the boiling of the water from below, as from a great caldron. With no better guide than this, the harpoon has been darted down, and reached him when twelve feet below the surface." On the other hand, these "gay and festive cusses" will sometimes throw somersets ten feet above the surface.

Finally, we may mention that the pursuit and slaughter of devil-fish is by no means mere wanton sport; for the liver yields an oil useful for many agricultural purposes, and the body, cut into portions, and carted out upon the fields, proves an excellent fertilizer of the soil.

## HISTORY OF THE WORLD.

(Concluded from page 152.)

It is impossible within our narrow limits to attempt any compression of our author's already condensed though clear and interesting narrative. He is disposed, with the best Egyptologers, to regard the lists of Manetho as valuable guides, though their value is sorely diminished by the mutilated state in which they have come down to us, and, further, by the impossibility of harmonizing the different versions which survive. Few lost treasures are more to be regretted than the narrative portions of Manetho and Berosus. The miserable fragments which remain to us are almost the only literary helps which we have to the interpretation of the monuments, and the restoration of the history of the two oldest monarchies of the world. Mr. Philip Smith adopts, on the whole, the more moderate and the more probable calculation of the duration of the monarchy which Mr. Poole has put forth, instead of the longer period, longer by nearly 1,000 years, which Von Bunsen demands, on the authority of a passage which Syncellus attributes to Manetho, and which claims for thirty dynasties a period of 3,555 years. Mr. Poole, whose calculations our historian adopts, fixes the era of Menes some 2,700 years before Christ. But the question is still an open one how far Menes "is a mythical impersonation of the human race;" and "the sound astronomical reasons" which lend such appearance of solidity and dignity to imaginative restorations of history awaken an uneasy question whether in those rough stormy ages things ruled themselves so clearly by the stars. In truth, the reconstruction is little more than clever guess-work until the commencement of the eighteenth dynasty, which appears to be capable of being fixed with fair certainty at about 1,525 B.C. Of the earlier dynasties, with the exception of the fourth and twelfth, there is hardly a record left on the monuments; and the reconstruction of their story in the present state of our knowledge is simply impossible. Into the vexed question of the Shepherd dynasties we must not enter. Mr. Poole connects the invasion with the movement of the eastern nations, of which a slight author-

iative record remains in the reference to Chedorlaomer and the confederate kings in the book of Genesis. This, if it is anything more than a brilliant guess, gives us a valuable point of contact between Egypt and that outside world from which it had isolated itself, and with which from that time forth it would have more and more to do.

On the subject of the Exodus, our author states fairly and fully the conflicting theories, and the evidence by which they are sustained. He seems rather to lean to Mr. Poole's conclusion, which would fix it at some generations earlier than the accession of the eighteenth dynasty, with which it has generally been connected. The date on this theory would be about 1,552 B.C., and the whole period of the captivity and the Exodus would be brought within the era of the Shepherd kings. The opening of the eighteenth dynasty marks the commencement of the period of Egypt's greatest power and splendor; and it has this additional interest, that the convulsion of oriental society, of which the expulsion of the Shepherd kings was one of the causes, seems to have driven a wave of migration to the European shores, and commenced that fruitful intercourse between Egypt, Phœnicia, and the "isles of the West," which played so important a part in the early civilization of the world. This dynasty commences the era of Egyptian conquest. Under Aah-mes (Amosis), the first king of the eighteenth dynasty, Egypt becomes a maritime power. Then, too, for the first time on the monuments we meet with the chariots and horses for which Egypt became so famous; and as the horse bears a semitic name, there is little doubt that it was introduced from Asia, and is probably connected with the mysterious Shepherd kings. The brilliant reigns of the kings of the eighteenth and nineteenth dynasties seem to have transferred from Chaldaea to Egypt the sceptre of the East; while they covered Egypt with public works, temples, and tombs, whose grandeur of proportion and splendor of execution have been in all ages, and still are, among the chief wonders of the world. The conquests of the great Rameses are contracted by our author within more credible limits than those which were formerly claimed for them; though, taking the most moderate meas-

ure, it is still a puzzle how he could pass and repass by Judea and leave no trace of his passage in Jewish history. It is hardly a satisfactory solution to remark that the highway of armies lay along the maritime Philistine plain, and that the Egyptian conquerors were content to leave the Jewish mountaineers in their fastnesses unharmed. The men who overran the wild region of Ethiopia, and pushed their conquests as far as the Caucasus, would find nothing in the mountains round about Jerusalem to offer an obstacle to their arms; and as the relations of the Jews with their forefathers had been hostile, it is difficult to understand how they could be content to let them alone. Is it possible that the Jews had established a reputation as an unsafe people to meddle with, and that the "terror of them" which fell on their Canaanitish enemies fell on the Egyptians too? Certain it is that it is quite late in Jewish and Egyptian history before any record of the contact of the two peoples is found. Considerable space is devoted to the description of the Egyptian monuments, which is justified by their intrinsic interest, and their large importance as containing, graven on tablets of stone, the most precious secular documents of the ancient world. We do not know any sketch of the Egyptian monuments, their history and significance, which is so clear, eloquent, and complete. About the year 1,000 B.C., we arrive at the most critical epoch in the old world history. Egypt, Assyria, and Judea are brought into contact, and that mixture of races and influences, that action and reaction of diverse forms of civilization, which is the mainspring of all true progress, begins. Tiglathpileser I. is said to have claimed the conquest of Egypt about 1,120 B.C.; and in a monument of Shishak I., in a list of his conquests, the name Yuda Melchi (kingdom of Judah) appears. (Compare II. Chron. xii. 8.) It is curious, as is observed, that as this is the first instance of the mention of an Egyptian monarch by name in Scripture, the same reign records the first mention of the Jews on the Egyptian monuments. From this time, 1,000 B.C., the history of Egypt is the history of a decline. The employment of Greek mercenaries by Psammetichus (664 B.C.) is a sign of growing

declension, and with the brilliant reign of Necho, under whom the periplus of Africa was accomplished—a tale, which we are glad to see that our historian believes—the glory of Egypt fades. The Assyrian monarchy passes to the front rank, and the movement commences which set civilization fairly on its western path. The reason of the decay of Egypt and the rise of Chaldea, it is interesting to trace; we will look at it for a moment as we pass on.

We cannot attempt to follow our author in his restoration of the early Assyrian history. In this, following Professor Rawlinson, he simply divines. Mr. Rawlinson's work on the "Ancient Monarchies" is the most remarkable and daring of those reconstructions of a lost history which, evolved mainly from the inner consciousness of the author, delude the world with a baseless promise of historic truth. Had we space at our command, we could demonstrate the pure, and often reckless, guess-work on which, in the earlier period, much of it rests; and how constantly the guesses at the facts of one era are treated as the solid groundwork of argument as to those of the era which succeeds. In truth, we know miserably little about it, and may be chiefly certain of one thing, that our reconstructions, except in their very largest outlines, are quite wide of the truth. Assyria emerges from obscurity when it crosses the track of the chosen people. Its contribution to the history of the world, as far as we can honestly trace it, begins with that movement—of which we observe indications as soon as it comes within the field of historic vision—which ended in the establishment of Babylon as the leading city of the East; or, rather, we should say its reestablishment, for there seems fair evidence that the wave of Mesopotamian civilization advanced northward from the coast toward Nineveh, and ebbed toward Babylon again. We believe that the second rise of Babylon to be Queen of the East, is an event of the largest importance in oriental history. One would gladly attain to a full understanding of all that the "era of Nabonassar" means. In 747 B.C., or very near to that date, a new power arose at Babylon, important enough to mark an era, claiming a certain supremacy for Babylon once more.

From that time it is evident that Babylon advanced steadily in power and influence, while Nineveh declined. Babylon lay nearer to the Syrian, Tyrian, and Egyptian frontiers, and more directly in the highway of the commerce of the East. Babylon had close intercourse with Judea, Tyre, Egypt, and India. It lay near the very heart of all the vital movements of oriental society, and from the time of Nabopolassar till the Seleucid era it remained the leading city of the world. It was this lying in the highway of traffic and war which lent strength and importance to Mesopotamia and its capital; while the isolation of Egypt left her stranded for the time to decay. At length the time of closer intercourse and mixture of peoples had come. A civilization was born, in which widely distant and various nations and races were to share. Jew, Chaldean, Persian, Greek, Roman, were to be fused and blent in the mighty furnace-fires of the wars and commerce of the next six hundred years. That movement, the higher civilization, began from Babylon, the centre of the life and culture of the East; and we believe that the era of Nabonassar marks its genesis. Then Babylon assumed the sceptre, which no oriental city held with such undisputed supremacy, until it was grasped by the firm hand of Rome.

It is worth while to pause here to consider the place which these great oriental despotisms occupied in the drama of universal history, a consideration which our universal historian a little passes by. They existed for some great end we may be sure, and accomplished some great work, notwithstanding all the luxury, lust, and slavishness of spirit which marked them, and which place them in polar antagonism to all that was most characteristic in Jewish society. We cannot stay to trace the influence which their arts and industries exercised on the nascent European states, on which Dr. Brandis has recently thrown much new and important light, amply sustaining the conjectures of Boekh. We can but seize the broadest feature of their influence on the progress of civilization, which sets forth probably the main function which they fulfilled. These grand oriental despots, of whom Nebuchadnezzar is on the whole a noble instance,

swept through the civilized world of their day on missions of wrath and destruction. Very awful was the misery with which they wrung the heart of humanity, and the desolation which they left in their steps. Justly and eloquently does our historian sum up the estimate of their career from this point of view.

"In the frustration of the plans of the Babel builders, in the fall of Nineveh, in the desolation of Babylon, we may see more even than the fulfilment of prophecy. They are lasting witnesses to the great plans of Divine Providence in reference to the empires of the world. Raised up by the desires of men who aimed at god-like power upon earth, and permitted to tyrannize over the nations which have forsaken the King of Heaven—chastising, by self-will and brute force, the self-willed weakness of a race that had forgotten God—they fell successively under the sentence, which the handwriting on the wall passed upon Belshazzar, and which history repeats against every despotism to the end of time: 'Thou art weighed in the balances and found wanting:' wanting in fulfilling the true ends of states and governments, the welfare of mankind, and their union in the bonds of social life. And this is the key to the symbolic use of the name of Babylon, revived in the last ages of the world's history to designate that 'mystery of iniquity,' in which spiritual is superadded to worldly despotism, till both shall share the fate of Babylon of old. Nor does the prophecy which sets past and future history in this light close till it has unfolded the bright vision of the only true universal empire, when 'the God of heaven shall set up a kingdom which shall never be destroyed, but shall break in pieces and consume all these kingdoms, and stand for ever and ever.'" Vol. i., p. 242.

But they were the ministers of the intercourse and the mixture of peoples; they fused diverse and distant elements into one organic or rather comprehensive whole. Their fundamental notion, that they were the lords of the world, recognized a unity, which in a gross and dull, but not altogether unfruitful form, they realized in their empires. It is difficult to understand how in those days, man being what he is, the mixture and interchange could have been otherwise accomplished. Like great waves of storm they bore fertile germs on their currents of conquest, and scattered them wide and far through the sphere of civilization, planting unconsciously for the future, while consciously and pur-

posely they wasted and destroyed. We can measure the worth of the culture which the Jews received at Babylon; we can only feebly guess at the culture which Babylon received from the Jews. But this is a sign and a sample of the work which was accomplished in a hard, gross way by these stormy, world-embracing despotisms, and a hint of the place which the Lord of the world allowed them to occupy—causing thereby the wrath of man to praise him—in leading onward all unconsciously the progress of the world. Meanwhile, in the very heart of these great despotisms, nearer to the living centre of human development than any of them, but isolated and lonely, stands the Jew, the most strongly individual and impressive figure in universal history. The Jews are the "prærogative" people, the people called out, and set first in the school of the Divine culture of humanity, to be, not witnesses against, but ensamples to mankind. It is impossible to deal with the Jew simply as Jew, with any kind of completeness. There are proleptic elements, organs, capacities, and experiences in his nature and history, the full meaning of which Christendom alone unfolds. Abraham on the wolds of Canaan, David on the throne of Jerusalem, Paul on Mars' Hill at Athens, belong to one sacred line; they stand as witnesses to men of the same truths, the same thoughts and purposes of God. The Jews, physically, were but a feeble and unimportant people. It was even needful that they should be so. God maintained them to be witnesses for that spiritual power which is the true strength and dignity of humanity, and which among the great herds of wanton and luxurious slaves of Egyptian and Assyrian despotism was constantly degraded, and at length, but for the fiery Persian baptism, would have been wholly lost. They were maintained as a people in their mountain strongholds, in the very core of the oriental world, to perpetuate the idea of Adam, the sacred human person—the being made in the Divine image, to know and commune with his Maker, and work out with intelligence and sympathy His designs. This was their one grand characteristic among the old world peoples; they knew the name and nature of the God of Heaven, and were known by



Him as the confessed subjects of His kingdom and servants of His will.

Nothing can be more dreadfully untrue to history than the depreciating view of the Jewish nation and dispensation, which is somewhat in fashion now, and which perpetuates among the modern rationalists the traditions of the old Gnostic schools. The Hebrews were an imperial race. Gladly would we, had we space at command, trace more fully the outlines of their political, social, and moral life as a people, of which an interesting sketch is presented in the history. We should find a strange likeness, altogether marvellous in an Asiatic people, to the elements which are most characteristic of the Romans and the Anglo-Saxons—the two imperial races of the world. They were the pure freemen of oriental society, freemen in the Roman or in the still nobler Teutonic sense: the unit of their society, too, was the freeman in his home; and it is herein that Jew, Roman, and Anglo-Saxon contrast with the Greek. Their law was large, liberal, and stimulating. Far from aiming at their isolation, it aimed at their culture, and their mission as propagandists of that culture to the world. God trained them there by a noble, manly, political life, while the nations around them were settling into herds of slaves, that they might maintain with strenuous grasp that hold on the invisible, without which the visible soon becomes the sepulchre of the human spirit, and that knowledge of the Divine without which man settles hopelessly to the level of the brute. The purpose, as far as man's understanding can measure, was but partially realized. The law which was ordained unto life was found to be unto death. The sense of the separate standing and of the high dignity of a people brought into living fellowship with God degenerated into a proud and jealous isolation, provoking chastisements and captivities which compelled them to be missionaries to surrounding peoples, whether they would or no. In truth, their Divine vocation somewhat overshadowed them. That dread of their pure and glorious Lord which uttered itself at Sinai brooded over them through their whole history. It maintained their spiritual dignity and nobility as a nation, but it limited, and in some

sort blighted, their free human development. As the ages rolled on, they shrank and withered, retaining life enough to give birth to their Messiah, and to scatter the seeds of their beliefs and traditions through a wider and more fertile world.

Precisely the converse of all this is presented to our view when, passing westward from the sea-boards of Asia, we survey the next stage of the march of civilization, which remains still the most brilliant and glorious of the whole. Paul surely had the Greek especially before his mind's eye when he uttered the remarkable words, "That they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after Him, and find Him: though He be not far from every one of us." It was the ordained work of the Greek to feel after the truth, and by the quest to draw forth and discipline to the highest strain the whole range of man's natural faculties and powers. We have spoken of the Jew as in some sort overshadowed by his revelation. In truth there is but little speculation in the eyes with which the children of Shem look out on the problems of life and of the world. The Egyptian sphinx is the true symbol of the oriental intellect. It gazes sadly into the void, baffled and oppressed by the sense of the infinite mystery of life. The Jew was delivered from this serene despair by that revelation of the nature, the name, and the methods of God, which was his peculiar and priceless possession. He had "the form of knowledge and of truth in the law." To him the mystery of the universe was unveiled. He trod the earth, he gazed on the sky, he dwelt with his fellow-men, as one to whom the world was no dark, sad maze, but a well-ordered and beautiful home. He had a right in it, for he knew and was known of its king. Still, the very fulness of the revelation, and the awe which Jehovah inspired in all but the chosen few who feared him with the fear of love, limited and oppressed the speculative power. The faculty which feels after truth had but feeble range in the life of the Jewish people. They produced but one famous inquirer, in whom the skeptical faculty was grandly developed; and all that was speculative in his writings, all which might have enabled us to measure the depth and the

height of Jewish philosophy was suffered to perish. The genius of man, the thinker, the seer, the daring explorer of the utmost limit of the sphere of his power, was nursed under a brighter atmosphere, and its fruits were ripened by a gayer, gladder sun. The Persian conqueror who had carried to its culminating point of splendor that Asiatic civilization whose character we have briefly traced, might have looked upon the "Isles of Greece," as they flashed on the blue bosom of the *Ægean*; and some vision may have passed before him as he gazed on that great act in the drama of history on which the curtain was lifting, when the tide of Persian conquest was stayed upon its shores. The conquest of the western seaboard of Asia by the great oriental despotism, brought Greece definitely within the field of the movement and progress of civilization, and prepared the way for the transference of its theatre from the Asiatic to the European shores.

In Greece we find the most finely-organized, the most vivid, acute, subtle, and energetic of peoples, settled in a land fitted beyond all other lands to carry to the very highest point the culture of their varied and marvellous powers. There Heaven set them to the task of educating, of drawing out to its full strain, every faculty of man's nature, by trying, with rare energy and persistence, every possible experiment in political, social, and intellectual life. The contrast between the physical features of Greece and such a country as Mesopotamia, or the valley of the Nile, will furnish the key to the contrast between the Greek nature and the Asiatic, with which alone our survey of the field of universal history has hitherto brought us into contact. Greece is the Europe of Europe. All the conditions which constitute Europe the continent of civilization are developed with the greatest fulness in Greece. The climate, the varied coast-line, the myriad roadsteads and harbors, the gulfs, bays, peninsulas, and islands, mark Hellas as the chosen home of an intelligent, daring, and adventurous people.

Innumerable mountain chains cross it in every direction; they enclose plains of glorious beauty and fertility, while they are cleft by frequent passes, which

are easily practicable for the errands of friendship and commerce, but difficult for the errands of war. These furnish the sites of numerous cities; few are without an impregnable rocky citadel, and each commands a limited district of rich cultivable land, round which the mountain barriers close. It is emphatically the land of free cities. Its destiny is written in its physical features as plainly as in Switzerland. It was to be the theatre for the development of the free city life, by a people singularly adapted by their physical and mental constitution to unfold its possibilities to the utmost. The city life was almost forced on the inhabitants by the nature of their country, and it was the form of life which their native genius moved them to elect and to make almost exclusively their own. Πόλις is, on the whole, the greatest word in the Greek vocabulary. All that it means and involves—and they explored it thoroughly—is the most precious of the legacies which they have bequeathed to us. It is not insignificant from a higher point of view, that the vision of "a city with sure foundations," sustained and solaced the father of the faithful through his pilgrimage; while the "holy city, the new Jerusalem," is the chosen emblem of the perfect estate of the blessed on high. Our author opens his full and masterly survey of Greek history with these suggestive words:

"As we trace the history of the great empires of the East, we feel the painful sense of something wanting to the happiness, nay, to the very social life, of humanity. That something is the spirit of individual freedom, creating its own proper sphere of action in a free state. Just as a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he hath, so the true life of our race could not be satisfied by the material wealth and civilization which flourished on the banks of the Nile and the Euphrates, much less by the splendor of their empires. . . . The spell of despotism, which so early mastered Asia, could only be broken by some harder power, or dispelled by the infusion of a healthier moral tone. Both means were tried, and both were permitted to fail. The Hebrew commonwealth, which might have taught these nations the true liberty of a pure religion, fell into their slavery by forsaking its own privileges. The harder and freer races, which poured down from the table-land of Iran, had already succumbed to despotism

power, and soon paid dear for their conquest by sinking into the state of the conquered nations."—Vol. i., p. 301.

He has treated the theme with the knowledge of a ripe scholar, the skill of a practised historical writer, and the enthusiasm of a free Englishman, in hearty sympathy with the liberal thought and movement of his times. He places himself *con amore* at Mr. Grote's point of view. He has the immense advantage of having before him two modern masterpieces of critical research and historical narrative—"Grote's History of Greece," and "Mommsen's History of Rome." He has drawn largely and avowedly from their treasures, but without the sacrifice of his own independent judgment; though instances occur from time to time, in which he appears to us to have been swayed by their great authority to conclusions of questionable truth. A brief but truly critical review of the mythical age of Greece is followed by a most valuable chapter on the Hellenic states and colonies, from the earliest historic records to B.C. 500. It would be difficult to discover a more comprehensive and judicious introduction to the history of that great struggle, in which Greece won the crown of heroic valor and endurance, and to that splendid development of the whole choir of human faculties and powers which, to borrow the language of her great philosophic historian, she has bequeathed "as a possession for ever" to the world. The tale of Marathon and Salamis is told with genuine enthusiasm; the historian seizes all the grand significance of the conflict, and writes, as one of the race who won the great Armada fight should write, of the still more marvellous and splendid victories which established on firm and lasting foundations the liberties of the progressive races of mankind. For Rome, for Germany, for us, those 9,000 Athenian freemen rolled back the tide of brutal Asiatic conquest on the plain of Marathon; nor does the author forget to chronicle that the Athenians fought in line like the British; and "the thin red line" of the British guards at Balaclava suggests to him some likeness between the chief freemen of the modern and of the ancient world. The life of the Athenian people in their city, the

swift and resistless growth of their empire, and the essential incoherence of its elements which doomed it to as swift a decay, receive full justice at our author's hands. The Greeks were too vivid for empire; they were incapable on a large scale of ruling or of being ruled. Theirs was distinctly the temperament of genius; mobile, excitable, imaginative, rapidly swayed to extremes, and most impatient of control. The number of states which during a period of 300 years rose to the headship of Greece, and as rapidly lost it, is quite startling. The splendid faculty which distinguished the race was fairly distributed among the states—smaller many of them than the smallest of our counties—of which the Hellenic community was composed. There was much the same stuff to be found in any of the leading cities, and the population of the largest was so small, and the area was so limited, that the appearance of a brilliant political or military genius in any chief city, and a clever combination of alliances, would, with one successful battle, easily raise it to the hegemony of Greece, which was sure, speedily, under kindred conditions, to be wrested out of its hand. This feature of their political life, which was rooted in the Greek nature, made empire in any large sense impossible; but then on the other hand, it fostered that intensity of individual life and activity which has never been matched, or hardly approached, by any other people, and which made the Greeks as poets, artists, historians, and philosophers, the world's intellectual priests and kings—kings of a grander and more universal empire than that which Chaldea aimed at, and Rome realized, the sceptre of which has never yet been wrested from their hands.

But Greek Empire had its destined place in that scheme of world development, the form of which, the image in Nebuchadnezzar's dream portrayed. And yet it was not in Athens, far less in Sparta or Thebes, to realize it. They had a higher and yet more difficult work. The reaction of Greece on Asia, whereby the germs of Hellenic civilization were sown broadcast through the oriental world, brought the half-Hellenic, half-barbarous people of Macedon and their king on the scene. Mr. Philip

Smith follows Mr. Grote in his appreciation of the semi-barbarous character of the Macedonian nature and culture; though he does fairer justice than the great historian to the genius and exploits of Alexander the Great. He writes as the world historian, Mr. Grote as the historian of Hellas. Mr. Grote sympathizes so intensely with the political life of the Athenian people, and estimates so highly the rich and varied culture which it afforded to its citizens (of which a remarkable and characteristic instance appears in the position which Xenophon, almost as a matter of course, assumed in the retreat of the 10,000—all the more remarkable, in that he little honored the state which made him the man he was), that we can enter into the jealous and bitter feeling with which he watches the growth of the Macedonian tyranny, and the almost passionate earnestness with which he ranges himself on the side of Demosthenes and the patriot party, in the struggles of the decline and fall. It is ungrateful work to criticise the deliberate judgments of such a master, but it has always appeared to us that the great historian was blinded somewhat by the very intensity of this sympathy, both to the inevitable necessity of the movement which gathered up, under one vigorous head, the forces which the Greeks of Philip's day were only capable of wasting in endless and fruitless discords; and to the great part which the Græco-oriental empires played, in carrying forward, during a most critical period, the development of the human race. Very wonderful is the history of that leavening of the oriental mind with the spirit of Hellenic culture, and some tinge even of Hellenic freedom; and that concurrent mixture of the Jews with the Hellenic and Hellenized peoples, which gave to the preachers of the gospel a prepared audience in every chief city of the Græco-Roman world. Our author measures fairly—indeed, as a world historian, he cannot shut his eyes to it—the character and influence of Alexander's conquests. But we find his reflections set somewhat too much in the key of Mr. Grote's; and, able as the narrative unquestionably is, it pleases us less than other parts of the work. But we must not linger over Alexander or the Diadochi; nor can we trace, even in the

briefest outline, the fortunes of the empires which they founded. The brief space which remains at our disposal we must devote to some condensed notice of the manner in which our author handles his greatest theme—the history of Rome.

The Roman history occupies the larger portion of the work. Nearly two out of three volumes are devoted to the twelve centuries of Rome. For six of those centuries, the history of Rome is the history of the world. This fact explains and justifies the fulness with which the earlier history of the Republic is treated. In a work like this, the historian is bound to trace with elaborate care the stages of the discipline by which an obscure Italian city of questionable genesis was trained to win and to hold the mastery of the world. This portion of his task Mr. Philip Smith has executed with exemplary fidelity. The history of the infancy and the youth of Rome seems to us the ablest portion of the book. He is evidently not only on well-studied, but on familiar ground. He has read Dr. Mommsen's masterly work with full appreciation of the new light which he has shed on many of the most important passages of Roman history, and he enriches his pages by frequent quotations from his writings, and those of two other great masters, Dr. Arnold and Mr. Long. The episodes in the narrative, such, for instance, as the chapter on Carthaginian history and civilization, are full of valuable matter, and are skilfully built into the structure; our author is happy in his method of working the parts into the harmony of the whole. Rome is to the whole Mediterranean region what Greece is to the Levant. The rise of Rome means, that the time had come when the whole of the Mediterranean basin was to become the area of civilization, when the far West and the far East were to mix, and by mixture grow. Rome is the true centre of the Mediterranean system, and until the discovery of America laid a grander Mediterranean open to the passage of the ministers of commerce and civilization, Rome remained the indisputable centre of the civilized world. It is acutely remarked by Dr. Mommsen, that whereas Greece looks eastward—Athens, and all the



important cities lying on the eastern sea-board, and toward the *Ægean* and *Asia*—Rome, and all the leading Italian cities, lie on the western slope of their Peninsula, looking out to Africa, Gaul, and Spain. The whole oriental world had been brought into the focus of Greece, so to speak, before Rome entered upon the stage. Rome was the destined minister of Providence, to bring the eastern and western races into fruitful contact; welding them into a unity which maintained its form unbroken for ages, and when the form broke up, maintained still the grander unity of life.

The vexed question of the origin of Rome is discussed with great fulness, and the student is put in possession of all the light which the most recent research and the most acute discrimination have thrown upon the subject. A passage from Dr. Mommsen is quoted, apparently with approbation, in which he rejects with scorn "the irrational opinion that the Roman nation was a mongrel people."—Vol. ii. p. 173. Our author might have pointed out that the word mongrel here hides some confusion of thought. A mongrel is the fruit, not of a cross simply, but of a bad cross. There was nothing weak or base, at any rate, in the mixture which gave birth to regal and republican Rome. That Rome was fashioned and grew by the agglutination—we use the word strictly as contrasting with organic unity—of diverse independent elements, with large casual, and even accidental additions, seems to be the one fact which looms with tolerable clearness through the mists of her mythical ages. And this fact—which Mr. Newman puts somewhat too strongly, though we believe that he is nearer the truth than Dr. Mommsen—has to our minds a most significant bearing on the future history of the state. She had in her early youth, with sore travail and anguish, to weld these diverse and sternly antagonistic elements into a solid unity, in which at length she comprehended the nations; she bound her own proud youth with the bands with which at last she bound the world. The general question of mixture of tribes and races is full of interest and importance, and it is one on which a great deal of nonsense is spoken

and written in honor of what goes by the name of "purity." A pure race will mostly be distinguished by the predominance of some special quality, as in the pure breeds of horses and hounds. But the races most distinguished for power of various kinds, most complete all round, most qualified to play the chief parts in the drama of history, are always the fruit of noble and manifold mixtures. The English is the least mongrel, but the most richly mixed race at this time existing in the world. The same may be said of our language. It is the only speech in which the two great forms, the Teutonic and the Romance, combine; while the Celtic infusion is far from poor. We have no apprehension, then, that we shall be proving the Roman to be a "mongrel" race, if we hesitate to follow Dr. Mommsen in mitigating the contrast of the Latin and Sabellian stocks, whose sharp distinction seems to stand forth with singular clearness in the myths which half-veil, half-reveal, the facts of its earliest history. We rather see in the stern, the literally agonizing domestic struggles through which Rome fought her way to empire, the ordained discipline of that patient, clement, tolerant spirit by which she won and wielded the sceptre of the civilized world. Patience, in the noblest sense of the word, was the characteristic Roman virtue; and herein the Roman contrasts grandly with the Greek. Rome could suffer, toil, and wait centuries for empire; the Greek seized it at a spring. Very wonderful is the patience with which Rome restrained herself for centuries, welding, meanwhile, the unity of the state, within the narrow field of dominion which could be surveyed from the summit of the capitol; then, when she once went forth on her mission of conquest, she passed on with stern, resistless step to the empire of the civilized world. The internal process, the development of the Roman state, Mr. Philip Smith traces with great clearness; and then he throws himself, with but little interruption, into the stirring narrative of her imperial wars. He does full justice to the large, liberal, and catholic policy, as far as the word catholic could have any pagan meaning, by which Rome consolidated firmly the empire which she gained. A

conspicuous instance of this is furnished by the conduct of Flamininus in the pacification of Greece. Dr. Mommsen contends that the Romans made a grand mistake in contenting themselves with clipping the wings of Philip's restless ambition, and proclaiming the freedom of Greece as the result of their victory at Cynocephale. He maintains that it led to the war with Antiochus the Great, and magnified its danger. "History," he says, "has a Nemesis for every sin—for an impotent craving after freedom, as well as for an injudicious generosity." On the contrary, we believe that the Romans were simply true to themselves, to their truest instincts, in this large-minded and generous policy; and nothing so little weakens or endangers a man or a people as missing a material advantage obedient to noble and generous ideas. The war with Antiochus was a doomed thing—nothing could have averted it; and how little the Romans were endangered by their Grecian policy may be gathered from the fact that six years after the pacification of Flamininus, the Roman army shattered the empire of Antiochus at the battle of Magnesia, with a loss of 300 men. The tale of the Punic wars and the doom of Carthage is told with great graphic power, but we must not dwell on it; we pass on to the beginning of the civil wars, and the fall of the Republic. Our author does generous justice to the motives and aims of the Gracchi, while he indicates very clearly the essentially revolutionary character of the policy which they pursued. His view of Cæsar's character and work owes much to the splendid delineation of "the foremost man of all the world," which Mr. Merivale has given us, but it is tinged with the same hesitating and regretful tone with which he marks the vanishing of Hellenic liberty under the rule of the Macedonian kings. We hold that the regret in either case is just as wise as tears for the dead leaves of autumn, which have already stored their juices in the sap that will stir the buds of the coming spring. In what is called the death of Roman liberty, there was really nothing to die. That which really died under the merciful sweep of Cæsar's sword was the harpy rapacity of a throng of shameless and reckless politicians, who had

long been making the pillaged provinces the pawns of their profligate game; and who would soon have converted the empire into a worse hell than even a Domitian could make it, if they had not been brought under the rule of a master's hand. Cæsarism, as a form of government, is one thing; an Englishman cannot reprobate it too sternly. Cæsar's work, in delivering the city from such scenes of horror as the last half-century of the Republic reveals, and the provinces from such tormentors as Verres, and even men of far nobler name, is another thing; and it is a step of supreme importance in the development of the higher destinies of the world. Dark were the scenes of the empire; dark enough, and sad enough; but darker, far darker and more desperate, had been the lot of the subject nations, had they been left a prey to the throng of hungry and profligate candidates for office, who would have prostituted to the basest of purposes the once sacred name of the republican liberties of Rome. But the foundation of the empire, and the character and work of its founder, form a great subject by themselves, which we hesitate to touch upon in this slight and passing way; and yet our space is exhausted, and we can attempt no more. Mr. Philip Smith, in the remainder of the volume, traces through its decline and fall, the history of the empire which Augustus consolidated. It is really the prologue of modern, rather than the epilogue of ancient history. The turning-point of the world's history is to be found in that hour, when "a decree went forth from Cæsar Augustus, that all the world should be enrolled;" and when, amid the first great hush of the clang and the storm of war, since the dawn of civilization, the voice of the angel streamed down on the midnight air: "Behold! I bring to you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people; for unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

The empire of the Cæsars lived on, filling the world with strife and anguish; the inevitable fruit of the desperate endeavor to make a human brain and will a "present providence" to mankind; while beneath the surface of pagan society, and through the death-throes of

the wretched empire, the reign of the King was spreading silently in human hearts and spirits, whose kingdom of righteousness, peace, and love, should one day outshine the prophet's most splendid predictions, and the poet's most daring dreams. This process of reconstruction, of vital regeneration, began in the days of "Caesar Augustus." From that time influences were at work, and powers were on the stage of the theatre of history, which were silently but mightily commencing the restoration of the world. A spirit was breathed into the very heart of pagan society, which saved the society while the paganism perished; and those grand northern races were gathering in clouds around the borders of the empire, which, fertilized by the Gospel, were destined to bear fruit in the Christian civilization of the modern world. Of all the marriages made in heaven, this marriage of Christianity to the German races was surely the most fruitful, benign, and blessed. But this belongs to modern history. We may have something to say on it, if Mr. Philip Smith is able to complete his great enterprise, and continue with corresponding success his *History of the World* down to modern times. Meanwhile, we thank him most heartily for this first great instalment of a masterly and noble work.

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Chambers's Journal.

CAMP-NOTES.

RAPIDS AND EARTHQUAKES.

"Go slow—go slow! Easy with that paddle, Yank, dan yer! Screw yer eyes on to the Kingman, boys; watch him for your lives' sake, an' when he skirls out like a red macaw on a guava-bush, dip yer tools, an' make her sing!" The canoe glided along under the gentle stroke of our paddles. The Kingman squatted in the bows, with his eyes fixed on the dark water, and we watched his every movement with anxiety. Though all of us were used to canoeing and its dangers, and three at least had names of note on the water as in wood, yet the savage took command here as naturally as we on open shore; for who would venture to pit his work, spasmodic, unequal, and liable to error, against the infallible result of a machine which acts unconsciously, by laws it knows not of?

Let the civilized man study the wild ways of the forest as he will, let him cultivate his senses to the uttermost, yet will the result bear no nearer comparison with the unconscious knowledge of the Indian than mental calculation with the result of Mr. Babbage's machine. The savage reasons not; he can give no explanation; he knows no law, and profits by no experience; yet an error is impossible to him. Watch the Kingman now! See his shining prominent eyes peering into the water, while the paddle in his master-hand singly holds the canoe in its oblique course. He is noting signs we know nought of, and watching for tokens we cannot understand; under-currents invisible to our practised eyes are revealed to him; one turn of the waist avoids that deadly *snag*—we glide in safety past that black and deceitful shallow. The thunderous roar and bewildering shriek of the near rapid cannot daunt him; the water quickens and quickens under his rapt gaze; all our lives depend on his skill and sagacity; but he watches and knows and reasons not at all. Gently at first, but more and more swiftly with each instant, we float along, until even the danger-tried men behind begin to mutter anxiously to one another. Yet none among us dreams of displacing the Indian from his post of command; if he cannot save us, our efforts will certainly count for nought.

But the roar of the water grows deafening; another bend of the river, and the shrieking waste will be in sight. Already great smooth waves and seething eddies tell of wild currents and obstructions beneath the surface, and the stream hurries us eagerly among roots and tree-trunks rolling and flashing, sucked underneath, and suddenly shooting upward. "Where is the channel?" shouts Frazer at length. "There is none, señor," returns the Kingman over his shoulder; "we must dare the 'wild water.'" And with a flash of his paddle, he turns the head of the canoe down-stream.

One blank glance at each other, a hasty look at the precipitous banks, and the three Americans settle themselves on the seats with their usual cool resolution. We paddle gently to keep balance, and in an incredibly short time the canoe swings round the reach, and the long rapid lies before us. A falling avalanche

of water!—tossing and roaring, racing, whirling round, beaten back, madly leaping and screaming, overhung with a flying scud of foam, and stretching far as the eye can reach between tall shadowy cliffs, mantled in drooping foliage! Ah, to describe the rapids of a tropic river in the dry season, their voice that dizzies the bravest, their boiling agony of waves, would need a language of the tropics, the sombre, sonorous Nahuatl or the stately Toltec;\* our cold tongues have no words or boldness to express the grandeur of such a scene. What faces, too, what expressions, one may note in the descent—faces idiotic with fear and dizziness—faces furious with passion, as against a human foe—faces set and savage—faces that come again in dreams from time to time as long as life endures. But the very madness of the scene strings a brave man's nerve! It needs no witness or experience to convince the strongest swimmer that his art is useless here—that death must be simultaneous with accident; for the under-currents, the snags, and rocks sharp from constant chipping, tear a body to shreds in an instant, burying the fragments in holes, or spitting them upon sharp stakes, whence the sheer force of water washes them piecemeal. In the dread feeling of helplessness, in the bewilderment, in all, in fact, but duration, the shooting of a rapid realizes the horror of a nightmare.

The Kingman paddled warily on, his fixed eyes so dilated with excitement that a white line encircled the pupils. Suddenly he uttered a yell that rang above the voice of the cataract, and tossed his paddle high into the air. We answered in a shrill whoop, and drove the paddles deep, until the boat seemed to fly. The Indian screamed again as he caught his paddle in its descent, and, striking the water flatly, dashed a flood of spray over us; and then I can recollect no more distinctly. My ears were deafened, my head turned round, my eyes were blinded with the spray and glitter of the eddies—a blurred dream of tossing water remains, of foaming cataracts driven back

upon us, of rocks and weedhung snags that towered above our flying course. But ever and anon rang out the Indian's scream, warning us of danger doubly imminent, and our hoarse yells answered the challenge. Now we pitched headlong down a smooth green cataract of water, and plunged through the foam below; now we brushed a dripping rock with barely an inch to spare; then dashed like a flash through a long pool, seamed and cut with furious surges. In and out among the boulders, our frail canoe whizzed along; waves beat over the side; the thin shell quivered and throbbed; but dangers to appal the stoutest were unseen and undreaded in our mad career. Still the inspiring yell of the Kingman cheered our dizzy courage, and his skilful blade safely steered our course. So at length—panting, drenched with foam and sweat—we reached clear water beyond, and fell helpless in the bottom of the canoe.

"Ugh!" murmured the Missourian after a while, stretching himself comfortably in the water that half filled our little craft; "I wouldn't insist on a high price for that luxury, not if it were in my claim, and any friend wanted to enjoy it. It's a sort of pleasure as lasts, that of finding one's life still inside of one. I feel much as if I'd been paying undesired attentions to a powerful young female as had a broomstick handy. Guess we'd best take a strong drink as'll mix comfortable in the stomach, boys!"

Resuming our paddles, we floated down-stream until the late afternoon, and then camped. Rifle in hand, each sallied out separately in search of supper. Sunset brought us back with a bag as follows: one pisoté, a fat raccoon-like animal of interesting habits; the heads of two savalinos, a small boar; two big parrots; the skin of a "boba," or chicken-snake, nine feet long; and an "iguana," or lizard, seven feet in length, and full of eggs. And so there was great cheer in camp that night. The iguana, bereft of her eggs, and the parrots were made into soup; the pisoté and boars' heads were roasted; and the iguana eggs were cooked in the ashes.

Sitting beside the fire after supper, conversation turned upon rapids, and many were the stories of accident and danger related by these companions in

\* The author does not wish to insinuate that he is intimately acquainted with those ancient tongues; but no man, in remarking the richness of their sound, and the extraordinary flexibility of their composition, can avoid a certain despair while comparing the rigidity of his own language.



their curt, picturesque manner. At length the subject was changed by Vansten. "Ay," said he, "shooting a rapid is skeary work sometimes, when the water is low as to-day; but I'd take them all as they come, from the St. Lawrence to the Chagres, rather than once hear the awful whisper an' rustle of an airthquake! That's a judgment o' these lovely lands more terrible than war, or beasts, or fever. I've heerd the sound so gentle as to seem a dying wind, an' I've heerd it roaring louder than heaven's thunder! I've known the heaving so soft as none but women could feel it, an' I've seen big bulls pitched headlong. A man may get used to other plagues, an' cease to fear them; but to that sick quiver no living thing can grow careless. The bravest will turn white at the first warning; old folks are more scared than the young."

"It's the scream of the people, so sudden an' magic-like, that frightens men most, I guess!" said Frazer. "Mind yer, there's no disease nor passion so contagious as fear, an' it ain't to judge a body fairly when real an' awful danger is around him, an' all folks in the diggings is shrieking in hysterics. I'd scorn no poor creetur who lost his senses in an airthquake—not in a bad one, anyhow. The wonder to me is how any man could live through such a burst as Cosequina's in San Salvador!"

"When was that? I've heerd a yarn or two about it years back. Was you there?"

"No; but an uncle of mine was invaded from a ship as put into Fonseca, an' he was fixed at Playa Grande at the time. 'Twas in '35, I think—ay, the 21st of January, 1835, as fine a morning—so the old man used to tell—as ever was seen on airth. The Bay of Fonseca was smooth as silk; never a cloud in the sky. The lazy folks of Playa Grande and Nagascolo was lying smoking an' dozing in the hammocks beside their doors, an' not a soul had notion of ill from any side on that sunny morning, which was to be the last for a half of 'em. They lay in hammocks, an' smoked an' dozed, like worthless cusses, as they are; an' most of 'em, no doubt, had full in sight the big mountain on t'other side the gulf. They'd nigh forgot to call it a volcano. Not for a thousand years, as

the Ind'ans told, had smoke or mischief come from that hill; an' they'd ha' laughed any one silly as had talked of danger from Cosequina.

"At ten o'clock, the 21st of January, 1835, that mountain burst out agin, an' in a fury such as never yet was known in the upper world, no, nor ever will agin, as I believe, until the last day. Suddintly it burst—not muttering beforehand, nor smoking, nor warning the people with tremors, but crash! all on the moment, as if to remind men what evil power was yet left in nature to destroy them. At ten o'clock that day, the voice of the mountain was heerd after a thousand years' silence: in such a thunderous roar it was heerd, that bird an' beast fell dead with the sound alone, an' great cliffs pitched into the sea! Ay, this is no gas, boys; there's thousands an' thousands still alive to witness. For a while, the streets of Playa Grande an' of Nagascolo must have seemed like streets of the dead, for every soul in them locations was stunned. When my uncle recovered sense, the folks was lying in their hammocks or on the floor, motionless an' senseless as corpses. The sky was still bright an' blue, but on the mountain-side was a cloud like ink, which rolled downwards as a cap unto the foot. Nought afterwards seemed so horrible to the old man, he said, as the sudden heaping of that jet-black mound in place of the sunny green hill.

"But it didn't long offend any man's sight—over heaven and sea the cloud opened an' spread. Lightning an' thunders burst from the heart of the ocean, an' sheets of flame glared luridly upon the sides of Cosequina. The darkness spread over the land so quick, that at Leon, two hundred miles away, they were lighting the church candles within an hour after the outbreak. But candles, nor torches, nor houses aflame could not disperse that darkness. For three days, no soul in Leon saw another's face, nor ventured out but to the howling churches, to grovel there. Night dragged after night, but nary day shone over the land. A lighted torch could not be seen at arm's-length! The ashes fell softly an' silently, till buildings crashed down headlong with their weight. None gave help. Tigers were in the churches, an'

lions entered house-doors in search of companionship an' protection. Hundreds of folks committed suicide in their madness, an' hundreds more became simple for life. Men's faces were blistered by the hot winds; the paint fell from the statues; the crash of falling roofs, an' the faint light of burning houses, doubled the horror of darkness. Such a time as that was never seen on airth since the plague of Egypt, I guess!

"But of course the most awful work was round the Gulf of Fonseca. The water rose in waves twenty feet high, dashed over the Estero, an' swept off the towns of Playa Grande an' Nagascolo slick as a prairie-fire. Scarce a soul escaped for twenty miles about. The cattle crushed over the barrancas in search of water, an' was destroyed in herds of thousands at a time; for none could see, nor hear, nor breathe. Rivers was dried by the heat, an' choked with ashes; forests was burned up; the very grass was withered through the whole length an' breadth of Nicaragua, and it's *never sprung since*. *Sacaté*" [a broad flag-like blade] "alone escaped; an' this country, which was once the grazing-land of Central America, was ruined till eternity for that business.

"The old man never tired of gasing about the 'time of death,' as they still call it. At Balize, a thousand miles away, the commandante called out the garrison, an' kept them under arms for twenty-four hours, thinking all the navies of the universe was at action in the offing. There 'twas too dark to see fifty yards oceanwards. An' the roar of Cosequina was heard two thousand miles around, spreading fear an' perplexity. Four thousand miles in a radius the ashes fell; at San Francisco, in California, they lay two feet thick on the roof of the cathedral. Through the length of Nicaragua, San Salvador, an' Honduras, no man could hear another speak, though he shouted his loudest, an' that for two days.

"Ay, I guess no man could be thought lightly of if he got scared during that time—no, sir."

"And has Cosequina been quiet since?" I asked.

"Wal, it's behaved like a decent sort of powder-cask ever since. The fuse has been allurs burning an' spitting, but it's

never bursted up much; an' yer see, there's a big consumption of power in such a blow as that I've been telling of, an' I guess the old machine wants to recuperate a while. But, as I take it, there ain't one acre of these lands which can be called right down safe aginst wind an' weather, like old Massoorah. Those lake-shores, they say, have been still since the Conquest, that is, they aren't had an airthquake above once a week on an average; but what's the warning of them shakings an' terrors in Granada, a month ago?\*" Natur' don't mostly toss about this big airth just for sport an' idleness; there's a meaning, an' a reason, an' a secret in every movement she makes. Eighty airthquakes in twenty-four hours—there was all that—aren't sent just to scare a pile o' Nicaraguan Greasers! Guess natur' don't make much 'count of Greasers, no more than other big folks. Four corn-harvests a year, mind yer, an' every other crop according, is a big promise; sun an' rain just when you want them, looks eternally like 'ile. But there's one thing as we think needful that one can't discount in these lovely lands—the soil's as rich as Ind'an territory in Sonora; the climate no man could better, though he worked it by machine; but the airth itself—the rock, an' rivers, an' mountains—who'll hold them still for us little folks to sweat on?"

Continued from page 223.

#### THE BLOCKADE: AN EPISODE OF THE END OF THE EMPIRE.

#### VI.

Now, Fritz, I am going to tell you something which has often made me think that the Lord takes an interest in our affairs, and that he orders everything for the best. At first it seems dreadful, and we exclaim "Lord have mercy on us!" and afterward we are surprised to find that it has all been for our good.

You know that Frichard, the secretary of the mayoralty, disliked me. He was a little, yellow, dried-up old man, with a red wig, flat ears, and hollow

\* These convulsions began on January 11, 1865, and they probably forebode ill to the capital of Nicaragua.

cheeks. This rascal was bent on doing me an injury, and he soon found an opportunity.

As the time of the blockade drew nearer, people were more and more anxious to sell, and the day after I received the good news from America—it was Friday, a market-day—so many of the Alsatian and Lorraine people came with their great dossers and panniers of fruit, eggs, butter, cheese, poultry, etc., that the market-place was crowded with them.

Everybody wanted money, to hide it in his cellar, or under a tree in the neighboring wood. You know that large sums were lost at that time; treasures which are now discovered from year to year, at the foot of oaks and beeches, hidden because it was feared that the Germans and Russians would pillage and destroy everything, as we had done to them. The men died, or perhaps could not find the place where they had hidden their money, and so it remained buried in the ground.

On this day, the eleventh of December, it was very cold; the frost penetrated to the very marrow of your bones, but it had not yet begun to snow. Very early in the morning, I went down, shivering, with my woollen jacket buttoned up to my throat, and my seal-skin cap drawn down over my ears.

Both the little and the great market were already swarming with people, shouting and disputing about prices. I had only time to open my shop, and to hang up my large scales in the arch; a good many country people stood about the door, some asking for nails, others iron for forging; and some bringing their own old iron with the hope of selling it.

They knew that if the enemy came there would be no way of entering the city, and that was what brought this crowd, some to sell and others to buy.

I opened shop and began to weigh. We heard the patrols passing without; the guards were everywhere doubled, the drawbridges in good condition, and the outside barriers fortified anew. We were not yet declared to be in a state of siege, but we were like the bird on the branch; the last news from Mayence, Sarrebruck, and Strasburg announced the

arrival of the allies on the other side of the Rhine.

As for me, I thought of nothing but my spirits of wine, and all the time I was selling, weighing and handling money, the thought of it never left my mind. It had, as it were, taken root in my brain.

This had lasted about an hour, when suddenly Burguet appeared at my door, under the little arch, behind the crowd of country people, and said to me:

"Moses, come here a minute, I have something to say to you."

I went out.

"Let us go into your alley," said he.

I was much surprised, for he looked very grave. The peasants behind called out:

"We have no time to lose. Make haste, Moses!"

But I paid no attention. In the alley Burguet said to me:

"I have just come from the mayoralty, where they are busy in making out a report to the prefect in regard to the state of feeling among our population, and I accidentally heard that they are going to send Sergeant Trubert to lodge at your house."

This was indeed a blow for me. I exclaimed:

"I don't want him! I don't want him! I have lodged six men in the last fifteen days, and it isn't my turn."

He answered:

"Be quiet, and don't talk so loud. You will only make the matter worse."

I repeated:

"Never, never shall this sergeant enter my house! It is abominable! A quiet man like myself, who has never harmed any one, and who asks nothing but peace!"

While I was speaking, Sorlé, on her way to market, with her basket on her arm, came down, and asked what was the matter.

"Listen, Madame Sorlé," said Burguet to her: "be more reasonable than your husband is. I can understand his indignation, and yet, for all that, when a thing is inevitable we must submit to it. Frichard dislikes you; he is secretary of the mayoralty; he distributes the billets for quartering soldiers according to a list. Very well; he sends you Sergeant Trubert, a violent, bad man, I allow,

but he needs lodging as well as the others. To everything which I have said in your favor, Frichard has always replied: 'Moses is rich. He has sent away his boys to escape conscription. He ought to pay for them.' The mayor, the governor, everybody thinks he is right. So, you see, I tell you as a friend, the more resistance you make, so much the more the sergeant will affront you, and Frichard laugh at you, and there will be no help for it. Be reasonable!"

I was still more angry on finding that I owed these misfortunes to Frichard. I would have exclaimed, but my wife laid her hand on my arm, and said:

"Let me speak, Moses. Monsieur Burguet is right, and I am much obliged to him for telling us beforehand. Frichard has a spite against us. Very well; he must pay for it all, and we will settle with him by-and-bye. Now, when is the sergeant coming?"

"At noon," replied Burguet.

"Very well," said my wife; "he has a right to lodging, fire, and candles. We can't dispute that; but Frichard shall pay for it all."

She was pale, and I listened, for I saw that she was right.

"Be quiet, Moses," she said to me afterward, "and don't say a word; let me manage it."

"This is what I had to say to you," said Burguet, "it is an abominable trick of Frichard's. I will see, by-and-bye, if it is possible to rid you of the sergeant. Now I must go back to my post."

Sorlé had just started for the market. Burguet pressed my hand, and as the peasants grew more impatient in their cries, I had to go back to my scales.

I was full of rage. I sold that day more than two hundred francs worth of iron, but my indignation against Frichard, and my fear of the sergeant, took away all pleasure in anything. I might have sold ten times more without feeling any better.

"Ah! the rascal!" I said to myself; "he gives me no rest. I shall have no peace in this city."

As the clock struck twelve the market closed, and the people went away by the French gate. I shut up my shop and went home, thinking to myself:

"Now I shall be nothing in my own house; this Trubert is going to rule

everything. He will look down upon us as if we were Germans or Spaniards."

I was in despair. But in the midst of my despair, on the staircase, I suddenly perceived an odor of good things from the kitchen, and I went up in surprise, for I smelt fish and roast, as if it were a feast day.

I was going into the kitchen, when Sorlé appeared and said:

"Go into your chamber, shave yourself, and put on a clean shirt."

I saw, at the same time, that she was dressed in her Sabbath clothes, with her ear-rings, her green skirt, and her red silk neckerchief.

"But why must I shave, Sorlé?" I exclaimed.

"Go quick; you have no time to lose!" replied she.

This woman had so much good sense, she had so many times set things right by her ready wit, that I said nothing more, and went into my bedroom to shave myself and put on a clean shirt.

As I was putting on my shirt I heard little Sâfel cry out:

"Here he is, mama! here he is!"

Then steps were heard on the stairs, and a rough voice said:

"Holla! you folks. Ho!"

I thought to myself: "It is the sergeant," and I listened.

"Ah! here is our sergeant!" cried Sâfel, triumphantly.

"Oh! that is good," replied my wife, in a cheerful tone. "Come in, Mr. Sergeant, come in! We were expecting you. I knew that we were to have the honor of having a sergeant; we were glad to hear it, because we have had only common soldiers before. Be so good as to come in, Mr. Sergeant."

She spoke in this way as if she were really pleased, and I thought to myself:

"O Sorlé, Sorlé! You shrewd woman! You sensible woman! I see through it now. I see your cunning. You are going to mollify this rascal! Ah, Moses! what a wife you have! Congratulate yourself! Congratulate yourself!"

I hastened to dress myself, laughing all the while; and I heard this brute of a sergeant say:

"Yes, yes! It is all very well. But that isn't the point! Show me my room, my bed. You can't pay me with



fine speeches; Sergeant Trubert is too well known."

"Certainly, Mr. Sergeant, certainly," replied my wife, "here is your room and your bed. See, it is the best we have."

Then they went into the alley, and I heard Sorlé open the door of the handsome room which Baruch and Zeffen occupied when they came to Phalsburg.

I followed them softly. The sergeant thrust his fist into the bed to feel if it was soft. Sorlé and Sâfel looked on smilingly behind him. He examined every corner with a scowl. You never saw such a face, Fritz; a gray bristling moustache, a long thin nose, hooked over the mouth; a yellow skin, full of wrinkles: he dragged the butt-end of his gun on the floor, without seeming to notice anything, and muttered ill-naturedly:

"Hem! hem! What is that down there?"

"It is the wash-basin, Mr. Sergeant."

"And these chairs, are they strong? Will they bear anything?"

He knocked them rudely down. It was evident he wanted to find fault with something.

On turning round he saw me, and looking at me sideways, asked:

"Are you the citizen?"

"Yes, sergeant; I am."

"Ah!"

He put his gun in a corner, threw his knapsack on the table, and said:

"That will do! You may go."

Sâfel had opened the kitchen door, and the good smell of the roast came into the room.

"Mr. Sergeant," said Sorlé very pleasantly, "allow me to ask a favor of you."

"You!" said he looking at her over his shoulder, "ask a favor of me!"

"Yes. It is, that since you now lodge with us, and will be in some respects one of the family, you will give us the pleasure of dining with us, at least for once."

"Ah, ah!" said he, turning his nose toward the kitchen, "that is another thing!"

He seemed to be considering whether to grant us this favor or not. We waited for him to answer, when he gave another sniff and threw his cartridge-box on the bed, saying:

"Well, so be it! We will go and see!"

"Wretch!" thought I, "if I could only make you eat potatoes!"

But Sorlé seemed satisfied, and said: "This way, Mr. Sergeant; this way, if you please."

When we went into the dining-room I saw that everything was prepared as if for a prince; the floor swept, the table carefully laid, a white table-cloth, and our silver.

Sorlé placed the sergeant in my arm-chair at the head of the table, which seemed to him the most natural thing in the world.

Our servant brought in the large tureen and took off the cover; the odor of a good cream soup filled the room, and we began our dinner.

Fritz, I could tell you everything we had for dinner; but believe me, neither you nor I ever had a better. We had a roasted goose, a magnificent pike, sour-kraut, everything, in fact, which could be desired for a grand dinner, and all served by Sorlé in the most perfect manner. We had, too, four bottles of Beaujolais warmed in napkins, as was the custom in winter, and an abundant dessert.

Well! do you believe that the rascal once had the grace to seem pleased with all this? Do you believe that all through this dinner, which lasted nearly two hours, he once thought of saying, "This pike is excellent!" or, "This fat goose is well cooked!" or, "You have very good wine!" or any of the other things which we know are pleasant for a host to hear, and which repay a good cook for his trouble? No, Fritz, not once! You would have supposed that he had such dinners every day. The more even that my wife flattered him, and the more kindly she spoke to him, the more he rebuffed her, the more he scowled, the more defiantly he looked at us, as if we wanted to poison him.

From time to time I looked indignantly at Sorlé, but she kept on smiling; she kept on giving the nicest bits to the sergeant; she kept on filling his glass.

Two or three times I wanted to say, "Ah, Sorlé, what a good cook you are! What a capital farce this is!" But suddenly the sergeant would look down upon me as if to say, "What does that signify? Perhaps you want to give me lessons? Don't I know better than

you do whether a thing is good or bad?"

So I kept silence. I could have wished him to all the devils; I grew more and more indignant at every morsel which he swallowed in silence. Nevertheless Sorlé's example encouraged me to put a good face on the matter, and toward the end I thought, "Now, since the dinner is eaten, since it is almost over, we will go on, with God's help. Sorlé was mistaken, but it is all the same; her idea was a good one, except for this rascal!"

And I myself ordered coffee; I went to the closet, too, to get some bottles of cherry-water and old rum.

"What is that?" asked the sergeant.

"Rum and cherry-water; old cherry-water from the 'Black Forest,'" I replied.

"Ah!" said he winking, "everybody says, 'I have got some cherry-water from the Black Forest!' It is very easy to say; but they can't cheat Sergeant Trubert; we will see about this!"

In taking his coffee he twice filled his glass with cherry-water, and both times said, "He! he! We will see whether it is genuine."

I could have thrown the bottle at his head.

As Sorlé went to him to pour out a third glassful, he rose and said, "That is enough; thank you! The guards are doubled. This evening I shall be on guard at the French gate. The dinner, to be sure, was not a bad one. If you give me such now and then, we can get along with each other."

He did not smile, and, indeed, seemed to be ridiculing us.

"We will do our best, Mr. Sergeant," replied Sorlé, while he went into his room and took his great coat to go out.

"We will see," said he as he went down-stairs, "We will see!"

Till now I had said nothing, but when he was down I exclaimed, "Sorlé, never, no never, was there such a rascal! We shall never get along with this man. He will drive us all from the house."

"Bah! bah! Moses," she replied, laughing, "I do not think as thou dost! I have quite the contrary idea; we shall be good friends, thou'lt see, thou'lt see!"

"God grant it!" I said; "but I have not much hope of it."

She smiled as she took off the table-

cloth, and gave me likewise a little confidence, for this woman had a good deal of shrewdness, and I acknowledged her sound judgment.

## VII.

You see, Fritz, what the common people had to endure in those days. Ah, well! just as we were performing extra service, while Monborne was commanding me at the drilling, while Sergeant Trubert was down upon me, while we were hearing of domiciliary visits of inspection to ascertain what provisions the citizens had—in the midst of all this, my dozen pipes of spirits of wine arrived at last by the ordinary conveyance.

How I repented of having ordered them! How often I could have torn my hair as I thought that half my thirty years' gains were at the mercy of circumstances! How often I made vows to the Emperor! How I ran every morning to the coffee-houses and ale-houses to learn the news, and how I trembled as I read!

No one will ever know what I suffered, not even Sorlé, for I kept it all from her. She was too keen-sighted not to perceive my anxiety, and sometimes she would say, "Come, Moses, have courage! All will come right—patience a little longer!"

But the rumors which came from Alsatia, and German Lorraine and Hunsrueck, quite upset me: "They are coming! They will not dare to come! We are ready for them! They will take us by surprise! Peace is going to be made! They will pass by to-morrow! We shall have no fighting this winter! They can wait no longer! The Emperor is still in Paris! Marshal Victor is at Huningen! They are impressing the custom-house officers, the forest-keepers, and the gendarmery! Some Spanish dragoons went down by Saverne yesterday! The mountaineers will defend the Vosges! There will be fighting in Alsatia!" etc., etc. Your head would have been turned, Fritz. In the morning the wind would blow one way and put you in good spirits; at night it would blow another way and you would be miserable.

And my spirits of wine were coming nearer and nearer, and at last arrived, in

the midst of this conflict of news, which might any day turn into a conflict of bullets and shells. If it had not been for my other troubles I should have been beside myself. Fortunately, my indignation against Monborne and the other villains diverted my mind.

We heard nothing more of Sergeant Trubert after the great dinner for the remainder of that day, and the night following, as he was on guard; but the next morning, as I was rising, behold, he came up the stairs, with his musket on his shoulder; he opened the door, and began to laugh, with his moustaches all white with frost. I had just put on my pantaloons, and looked at him in astonishment. My wife was still in the room.

"He! he! Father Moses," said he, in a goodnatured voice, "It was a dreadful cold night." He did not look nor speak like the same person.

"Yes, sergeant," I replied, "it is December, and that is what we must expect."

"What we must expect," he repeated;—"a reason for taking a drop more! Let us see, is there any more of that old cherry-water?"

He looked, as he spoke, as if he could see through me. I got up at once from my arm-chair, and ran to fetch the bottle: "Yes, yes, sergeant," I exclaimed, "there is more, drink and enjoy it."

As I said this, his face, which had been still a little hard, seemed to smile all over. He placed his gun in a corner, and, standing up, handed me the glass, saying "Pour out, Father Moses, pour out!"

I filled it brimfull. As I did so, he laughed softly. His yellow face puckered up in hundreds of wrinkles at the corners of his eyes, and around his cheeks and moustaches and chin. He did not laugh so as to be heard, but his eyes showed his good humor.

"Famous cherry-water this, in truth, Father Moses!" he said as he drank it. "A body knows who has drunk it in the Black Forest, where it costs nothing! Aren't you going to drink with me?"

"With pleasure," I answered. And we drank together. He looked at me all the time. Suddenly he said, maliciously, with a contemptuous look: "Hey, Father Moses, say, you were

afraid of me yesterday?" He smiled as he spoke.

"Oh—Sergeant!"—

"Come, come," said he, laying his hand on my shoulder—"confess that I frightened you."

He smiled so pleasantly that I could not help saying: "Well, yes, a little!"

"He! he! he! I knew it very well," said he. "You had heard them say, 'Sergeant Trubert is a tough one!' You were afraid, and you gave me a dinner fit for a prince to coax me!"

He laughed aloud, and I ended by laughing too. Sorlé had heard all, in the next room, and now came to the door, and said, "Good morning, Mr. Sergeant."

He exclaimed, "Father Moses, here is what may be called a woman! You can boast of having a proud woman, a malignant woman, more malignant than you are, Father Moses; he, he, he! That is as it should be—that is as it should be!"

Sorlé was delighted.

"Oh! Mr. Sergeant," said she, "can you really think so?"

"Bah! bah!" he exclaimed. "You are a first-rate woman! I saw you when I first came, and said to myself, 'Take heed, Trubert! They make a fair pretense; it is a stratagem to send you to the hotel to sleep. We will let the enemy unmask his batteries!'"

"Ha! ha! ha! You gave me a dinner fit for a Marshal of the Empire. Now, Father Moses, I invite myself to take a small glass of cherry-water with you now and then. Put the bottle aside, by itself, it is excellent! And as for the rest, the room which you have given me is too handsome; I don't like such gewgaws; this fine furniture and these soft beds are good for women. What I want is a small room, like that at the side, two good chairs, a pine table, a plain bed with a mattress, pailasse, and coverings, and five or six nails in the wall for hanging my things. You just give me that!"

"Since you wish it, Mr. Sergeant."

"Yes, I wish it; the handsome room will be for state occasions."

"You will breakfast with us?" asked my wife, well pleased.

"I breakfast and dine at the cantine," replied the sergeant. "I do very well

there; and I don't want to have good people go to any expense for me. When people respect an old soldier as he ought to be respected, when they treat him kindly, when they are like you, Trubert, too, is what he ought to be."

"But, Mr. Sergeant!" said Sorlé.

"Call me Sergeant," said he, "I know you now. You are not like all the rabble of the city; rascals who have been growing rich while we have been off fighting; wretches who do nothing but heap up money and grow big at the expense of the army, who live on us, who are indebted to us for everything, and who send us to sleep in nests of vermin. Ah! a thousand million thunders!"

His face resumed its bad look; his moustaches shook with his anger, and I thought to myself, "What a good idea it was to treat him well! Sorlé's ideas are always good!"

But in a moment he relaxed, and laying his hand on my arm, he exclaimed:

"To think that you are Jews! a kind of abominable race; everything that is dirty and vile and niggardly! To think that you are Jews! It is true, is it not, that you are Jews?"

"Yes, sir," replied Sorlé.

"Well, upon my word, I am surprised to hear it," said he; "I have seen so many Jews, in Poland and Germany, that I thought to myself 'they are sending me to some Jews; I must take care, or it will be the end of me.'"

We kept silent in our mortification, and he added, "Come, we will say no more about that. You are good, honest people; I should be sorry to trouble you. Your hand, Father Moses!"

I gave him my hand.

"I like you," said he. "Now, Madame Moses, the side room!"

We showed him the small room that he asked for, and he went at once to fetch his knapsack from the other, saying as he went:

"Now I am among honest people! We shall have no difficulty in getting along together. You do not trouble me, I do not trouble you; I come in and go out, by day or night; it is Sergeant Trubert, that is enough. And now and then, in the morning, we will take our little glass; it is agreed, is it not, Father Moses?"

"Yes, sergeant."

"And here is the key of the house," said Sorlé.

"Very well; everything is arranged; now I am going to take a nap; good-bye, my friends."

"I hope you will sleep well, sergeant." We went out at once, and heard him lie down.

"You see, Moses, you see," whispered my wife, in the alley, "it has all come right."

"Yes," I replied, "all right, excellent; your plan was a good one; and now, if the spirits of wine only come, we shall be happy."

## VIII.

FROM that time the sergeant lived with us without troubling anybody. Every morning, before he went to his duties, he came and sat a few minutes in my room, and talked with me while he took his glass. He liked to laugh with Sâfel, and we called him "our sergeant," as if he were one of the family. He seemed to like to be with us; he was a careful man; he would not allow our *schabisgoïz* to black his shoes; he cleaned his own buff-skins, and would not let any one touch his arms.

One morning, when I was going to answer to the call, he met me in the alley, and, seeing a little rust on my musket, he began to swear like the devil.

"Ah! Father Moses, if I had you in my company, it would go hard with you!"

"Yes," thought I; "but, thank God, I'm not."

Sorlé, leaning over the balustrades above, laughed heartily.

From that time the sergeant regularly inspected my equipments; I must clean my gun over and over, take it to pieces, clean the barrel and furbish the bayonet as if I expected to go and fight. And even when he knew that Monborne treated me brutally, he still wanted to teach me the exercises. All my remonstrances were of no avail, he would frown and say:

"Father Moses, I can't stand it, that an honest man like you should know less than the rabble. Go along!"

And then we would go to the barn.



It was very cold, but the sergeant was so provoked at my want of briskness in performing the movements, that he always put me in a great perspiration before we finished.

"Attention to the commander, and no laziness!" he would exclaim.

I used to hear Sorlé, Sâfel, and the servant laughing in the stairway, as they peeped through the laths, and I did not dare to turn my head, and thus it was entirely owing to the good Trubert that I learned to charge after a dozen lessons, and became one of the best vaulters in the company.

Ah! Fritz, it would all have been very well if the spirits of wine had come; but instead of my dozen pipes, there came half a company of marine artillery, and four hundred recruits for the sixth regiment.

Almost immediately the governor ordered the circuit of the city to be reduced to six hundred metres.

You should have seen the havoc that was made in the place; the fences, the palisades, the trees cut down, the houses demolished, from which every one carried away a beam or some timbers. You should have looked down from the ramparts and seen the little gardens, the lines of poplars, the old trees in the orchards felled to the ground and dragged away by swarms of workmen. You should have seen all this to know what war is!

Father Frise, the two Camus boys, the Sades, the Bosserts, and all the families of the gardeners and small farmers who lived at Phalsburg, suffered the most. I can almost hear old Fritz exclaim:

"Ah! my poor plum-trees! Ah! my poor pear-trees; I planted you myself, forty years ago. How beautiful you were, always covered with fine fruit! Oh, misery! misery!"

And the soldiers still chopped away. Toward the end, old Fritz went away, his cap drawn over his eyes, and weeping bitterly.

The rumor spread also that they were going to burn the Maisons Rouges at the foot of the Mittlebronn hill, the tile-kiln at Pernette, and the little inns of *l'Arbre-Vert* and *Panier Fleuri*, but it seemed that the governor found it was not necessary, as these houses were out of range; or rather, that they would re-

serve that till later; and, that the allies were coming sooner than they were expected.

Of what happened before the blockade, I remember, too, that on the twenty-second of December, about eleven o'clock in the morning, the call was beat. Everybody supposed that it was for the drill, and I set out quietly, with my musket on my shoulder, as usual; but, as I reached the corner of the mayoralty, I saw the troops of the garrison formed under the trees of the square.

They placed us with them in two ranks; and then Governor Moulin, commanders Thomas and Pettigenet, and the mayor, with a tri-colored sash about his waist, arrived.

They beat the march, and then the drum-major raised his baton, and the drums stopped. The governor began to speak, everybody listened, and the words heard from a distance were repeated from one to another.

"Officers, sub-officers, national guards, and soldiers!

"The enemy is concentrated upon the Rhine, only three days' march from us. The city is declared to be in a state of siege; the civil authorities give place to martial law. A permanent court-martial replaces ordinary tribunals.

"Inhabitants of Phalsburg! we expect from you courage, devotion, obedience! *Vive l'Empereur!*"

And a thousand cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" filled the air.

I trembled to the ends of my hair; my spirits of wine were still on the road; I considered myself a ruined man.

The immediate distribution of cartridges, and the order which the battalion received to go and pillage provisions, and bring in cattle from the surrounding villages for the supply of the city, prevented me from thinking of my misfortune.

I had also to think of my own life, for, in receiving such an order, we supposed of course that the peasants would resist, and it is abominable to have to fight the people you are robbing.

I was very pale as I thought of all this.

But when Commander Thomas cried out, "Charge!" and I tore off my first cartridge, and put it in the barrel, and,

instead of hearing the ramrod I felt a ball at the bottom!—when they ordered us: "File to the left—left! left! forward! quick step! march!" and we set out for the barracks of the Bois-de-Chênes, while the first battalion went on to Quatre-Vents and Bichelberg, the second to Wechern and Metting; when I thought we were going to seize and carry away everything, and that the court-martial was at the mayoralty to pass sentence upon those who did not do their duty;—all these new and terrible things completely upset me. I was troubled as I saw the village in the distance, and pictured to myself beforehand the cries of the women and children.

You see, Fritz, to take from the poor peasant all his living at the beginning of winter; to take from him his cow, his goats, his pigs, everything in short, it is dreadful! and my own misfortune made me feel more for that of others.

And then, as we marched, I thought of my daughter Zeffen, and Baruch, and their children, and I exclaimed to myself:

"Mercy on us! if the enemy comes, what will they do in an exposed town like Saverne? They will lose everything. We shall be in misery from one day till the next."

These thoughts took away my breath, and in the midst of them I saw some peasants, who, from their little windows, watched our approach over the fields and along their street, without stirring. They did not know what we were coming for.

Six soldiers on horseback preceded us; Commander Thomas ordered them to pass to the right and left of the barracks, to prevent the peasants from driving their cattle into the woods, when they had found out that we had come to rob them.

They set off on a gallop.

We came to the first house, where there was a stone crucifix. We heard the order:

"Halt!"

Then thirty men were detached to act as sentinels in the little streets, and I was among the number, which I liked, for I preferred being on duty to going into their stables and barns.

As we filed through the principal street the peasants asked us:

"What is going on? Have they been cutting wood? Have they been making arrests?" and such like questions. But we did not answer them, and hastened on.

Monborne placed me in the third street to the right, near the large house of Father Franz, who raised bees on the slope of the valley behind his house. We heard the sheep bleating and the cattle lowing; that wretch of a Monborne said, winking his eye:

"It will be jolly! We will make the barracks-folks open their eyes."

He had no mercy in him. He said to me:

"Moses, thou must stay there. If any one tries to pass, cross the bayonet. If any one resists, prick him well and then fire. The law must be supported by force."

I don't know where the cobbler picked up that expression; but he left me in the street, between two fences white with frost, and went on his way with the rest of the pickets.

I waited there nearly twenty minutes, considering what I should do if the peasants tried to save their property, and thinking it would be much better to fire upon the cattle than upon their owners.

I was much perplexed and was very cold, when I heard a great shouting; at the same time the drum began to beat. Some men went into the stables and drove out the cattle. The barracks-people swore and wept; some tried to defend themselves. Commander Thomas cried out:

"To the square! Drive them to the square!"

Some cows escaped through the fences, and you can't imagine what a tumult there was. I congratulated myself that I was not in the midst of this pillage. But this did not last long, for suddenly a herd of goats, driven by two old women, filed down the street on their way to the valley.

Then I had to cross the bayonet and call out:

"Halt!"

One of the women, mother Mignerou, knew me; she had a pitchfork, and was very pale.

"Let me pass, Moses," said she.

I saw that she was coming slowly

toward me, meaning to throw me down with her pitchfork. The other tried to drive the goats into a little garden at the side, but the slats were too near together, and the fence too high.

I should have liked to let them go down, and deny having seen anything; but, unfortunately, Lieutenant Rollet came up and called out:

"Attention!"

And two men of the company followed: Mâcry and Schwyer, the brewer.

Old Mignerou, seeing me cross the bayonet, began to grind her teeth, saying: "Ah! wretch of a Jew, thou'lt pay for this!"

She was so angry that she had no fear of my musket, and three times she tried to thrust her pitchfork into me; then I found the benefit of my drilling, for I parried all her attacks.

Two goats escaped between my legs; the rest were taken. The soldiers pushed back the old woman, broke her pitchfork, and finally regained the chief street, which was full of cattle, lowing and kicking.

Old Mignerou sat down on the fence and tore her hair.

Just then two cows came along, their tails in the air, leaping over the fences and upsetting everything, the baskets of bees and their old keeper. Fortunately, as it was winter, the bees remained as if dead in their baskets, or else I believe they would have routed our whole battalion.

The horn of the *hardier*\* sounded in the village. He had been summoned in the name of the law. This old *hardier*, Nickel, passed along the street, and the animals became quiet, and could be put in some order. I saw the procession go along the street; the oxen and cows in front, then the goats, and the pigs behind.

The barracks-people followed, flinging stones and throwing sticks. I saw that, if I should be forgotten, these wretches would fall upon me, and I should be murdered; but Sergeant Monborne, with other comrades, came and relieved me. They all laughed, and said:

"We have shaved them well! There is not a goat left at the barracks; we have taken everything at one haul."

We hastened to rejoin the column, which marched in two lines at the right and left of the road, the cattle in the middle, our company behind, and Nickel, with Commander Thomas, in front. This formed a file of at least three hundred paces. On every animal a bundle of hay had been tied for fodder.

In this way we passed slowly into the street of the cemetery.

Upon the glacis we halted, and tied up the animals, and the order came to take them down into the fosses behind the arsenal.

We were the first that returned; we had seized thirty oxen, forty-five cows, a quantity of goats and pigs, and some sheep.

All day long the companies were coming back with their booty, so that the fosses were filled with cattle, which remained in the open air. Then the governor said that the garrison had provisions for six months, and every inhabitant must prove that he had enough to last as long as that, and that domiciliary visits were to begin.

We broke ranks before the city hall. I was going up the main street, my gun on my shoulder, when some one called me:

"Hey! Father Moses!"

I turned and saw our sergeant.

"Well," said he, laughing, "you have made your first attack; you have brought us back some provisions. Well and good!"

"Yes, Sergeant, but it is very sad!"

"What, sad? Thirty oxen, forty-five cows, some pigs and goats—it is magnificent!"

"To be sure, but if you had heard the cries of these poor people, if you had seen them!"

"Bah! bah!" said he. "*Primo*, Father Moses, soldiers must live; men must have their rations if they are going to fight. I have seen things done differently, to be sure, in Germany and Spain and Italy! Peasants are selfish; they want to keep their own; they do not regard the honor of the flag; that is trash! In some respects they would be worse than towns-people, if we were foolish enough to listen to them; we must be strict."

"We have been, sergeant," I replied; "but if I had been master, we

\* Herdman.

should not have robbed these poor wretches; they are in a pitiable condition enough already."

"You are too compassionate, Father Moses, and you think that others are like yourself. But we must remember that peasants, citizens, civilians, live only by the soldiers, and have all the profit without wanting to pay any of the cost. If we followed your advice we should die of hunger in this little town; our peasants would support the Russians, the Austrians, and Bavarians at our expense. This pack of scoundrels would be having a good time from morning to night, and the rest of us would be as poor as church-mice. That would not do—there is no sense in it!"

He laughed aloud. We had now come into our alley, and I went up stairs.

"Is it thou, Moses?" asked Sorlé in the darkness, for it was nightfall.

"Yes, the sergeant and I."

"Ah, good!" said she; "I was expecting you."

"Madame Moses," exclaimed the sergeant, "your husband can boast now of being a real soldier; he has not yet seen fire, but he has crossed bayonets."

"Ah!" said Sorlé, "I am very glad to see him back."

In the room, through the little white door-curtains, we saw the lamp burning, and smelt the soup. The sergeant went to his room, as usual, and we into ours. Sorlé looked at me with great black eyes, she saw how pale I was, and knew what I was thinking about. She took from me my cartridge-box, and placed my musket in the closet.

"Where is Sâfel?" I asked.

"He must be in the square. I sent him to see if you had come back. Hark! There he is coming up!"

Then I heard the child come up the stairs; he opened the door at once and ran joyfully to embrace me.

We sat down to dinner, and, in spite of my trouble, I ate with a good appetite, having taken nothing since morning.

Suddenly Sorlé said: "If the invoice does not come before the city gates are closed we shall not have to pay anything, for goods are at the risk of the merchant until they are delivered. And we have not received the inventory."

"Yes," I replied, "you are right; M. Quataya, instead of sending us the spirits of wine at once, waited eight days to answer us. If he had sent the twelve pipes that day or the day after, they would be here by this time. The delay is not our fault."

You see, Fritz, how anxious we were; but, as the sergeant came to smoke his pipe at the corner of the stove, as usual, we said no more about it.

I spoke only of my fears in regard to Teffen, Baruch, and their children, in an exposed town like Saverne. The sergeant tried to put my mind at ease, and said that in such places they made, to be sure, all sorts of requisitions in wines, brandies, provisions, carriages, carts and horses, but, except in case of resistance, the people were let alone, and the soldiers even tried to keep on good terms with them.

We kept on talking till nearly ten o'clock; then the sergeant, who had to keep guard at the German gate, went away, and we went to bed.

This was the night of the twenty-second and twenty-third of December, a very cold night.

## IX.

THE next morning, when I threw back the shutters of our room, everything was white with snow; the old elms of the square, the street, the roofs of the mayoralty and market and church. Some of our neighbors, Recco the tinman, Spick the baker, and old Durand the mattress-maker, opened their doors and looked as if dazzled, while they exclaimed:

"He! Winter has come!"

Although we see it every year yet it is like a new existence. We breathe better out of doors, and within it is a pleasure to sit in the corner of the fireplace and smoke our pipes, while we watch the crackling of the red fire. Yes, I have always felt so for seventy-five years, and I feel so still!

I had scarcely opened the shutters when Sâfel sprang from his bed like a squirrel, and came and flattened his nose against a pane of glass, his long hair dishevelled and his legs uncovered.

"Oh! snow! snow!" he exclaimed. "Now we can have some slides!"



Sorlé, in the next room, made haste to dress herself and run in. We all looked out for some minutes; then I went to make the fire, Sorlé went to the kitchen, Sâfel dressed himself hastily, and everything fell back into the ordinary channel.

Notwithstanding the falling snow, it was very cold. You need only see the fire kindle at once, and hear it roar in the stove, to know that it was freezing hard.

As we were eating our soup, I said to Sorlé, "The poor sergeant must have passed a dreadful night. His little glass of cherry-water will taste good."

"Yes," she said, "it was well for you to think of it."

She went to the closet, and filled my little pocket-flask from the bottle of cherry-water.

You know, Fritz, that we do not like to go into public houses when we are on our way to our own business. Each of us carries his own little bottle and crust of bread; it is the best way and most conformed to the law of the Lord.

Sorlé then filled my flask, and I put it in my pocket, under my great-coat, to go to the guard-house. Sâfel wanted to follow me, but his mother told him to stay, and I went down alone, well pleased at being able to do the sergeant a kindness.

It was about seven o'clock. The quantity of snow falling from the roofs at every gust of wind was enough to blind you. But going along the walls, with my nose in my great-coat, which was well drawn up on the shoulders, I reached the German gate, and was about going down the three steps of the guard-house, under the arch at the left, when the sergeant himself opened the heavy door and exclaimed:

"Is it you, Father Moses! What the devil has brought you here in this cold?"

The guard-house was full of mist; we could hardly see some men stretched on camp-beds at the further end, and five or six veterans near the red-hot stove.

I stood and looked.

"Here," I said to the sergeant as I handed him my little bottle, "I have brought you your drop of cherry-water; it was such a cold night, you must need it."

"And you have thought of me, Father

Moses!" he exclaimed, taking me by the arm, and looking at me with emotion.

"Yes, sergeant."

"Well, I am glad of it."

He raised the flask to his mouth and took a good drink. At that moment there was a distant cry, "Who goes there?" and the guard of the outpost ran to open the gate.

"That is good!" said the sergeant, tapping on the cork, and giving me the bottle; "take it back, Father Moses, and thank you!"

Then he turned toward the half-moon and asked, "What's the news?"

We both looked and saw a hussar quarter-master, a withered, gray old man, with quantities of chevrons on his arm, arrive in great haste.

All my life I shall have that man before my eyes; his smoking horse, his flying sabretash, his sword clinking against his boots; his colbac and dolman covered with frost; his long, bony wrinkled face, his pointed nose, long chin, and yellow eyes. I shall always see him riding like the wind, then stopping his rearing horse under the arch in front of us, and calling out to us with a voice like a trumpet: "Where is the governor's house, sergeant?"

"The first house at the right, quarter-master. What is the news?"

"The enemy is in Alsatia!"

Those who have never seen such men—men accustomed to long warfare, and hard as iron—can never imagine them. And then to have heard the exclamation, "The enemy is in Alsatia!" would have made you tremble.

The veterans had gone away; the sergeant, as he saw the hussar fasten his horse at the governor's door, said to me: "Ah, well, Father Moses, now we shall see the whites of their eyes!"

He laughed, and the others seemed pleased.

As for myself, I set forth quickly, with my head bent, and in my terror repeating to myself the words of the prophet:

"One post shall run to meet another, and one messenger to meet another, to show the king that his passages are stopped, and the reeds they have burned with fire, and the men of war are affrighted."

"The mighty men have forborne to

fight, they have remained in their holds, their might hath failed, and the bars are broken.

"Set ye up a standard in the land, blow the trumpet among the nations, prepare the nations against her, call together against her the kingdoms, appoint a captain against her!"

"And the land shall tremble and sorrow; for every purpose of the Lord shall be performed, to make the land a desolation without an inhabitant!"

I saw my ruin at hand—the destruction of my hope.

"Mercy, Moses!" exclaimed my wife, as she saw me come back, "What is the matter? Your face is all drawn up. Something dreadful has happened."

"Yes, Sorlé," I said, as I sat down; "the time of trouble has come of which the prophet spoke: 'The king of the south shall push at him, and the king of the north shall come against him like a whirlwind: and he shall enter into the countries and shall overflow and pass over.'"

This I said with my hands raised toward heaven. Little Sâfel squeezed himself between my knees, while Sorlé looked on, not knowing what to say; and I told them that the Austrians were in Alsatia; that the Bavarians, Swedes, Prussians, and Russians were coming by hundreds of thousands; that a hussar had come to announce all these calamities; that our spirits of wine were lost, and ruin was threatening us.

I shed a few tears, and neither Sorlé nor Sâfel would comfort me.

It was the eighth hour of the day. There was a great commotion in the city. We heard the drum beat, and proclamations read; it seemed as if the enemy were already there.

One thing which I remember especially, for we had opened a window to hear, was that the governor ordered the inhabitants to empty immediately their barns and granaries; and that, while we were listening, a large wagon with two horses, from Alsatia, with Baruch sitting at the pole, and Zeffen behind on some straw—her infant in her arms, and her other child at her side—turned suddenly into the street.

They were coming to us for safety!

The sight of them upset me, and raising my hands, I exclaimed:

"Lord, take from me all weakness! Thou seest that I need to live for the sake of these little ones. Therefore be thou my strength, and let me not be cut down!"

And I went down at once to receive them, Sorlé and Sâfel following me. I took my daughter in my arms, and helped her to the ground, while Sorlé took the children, and Baruch exclaimed:

"We came at the last hour! The gate was closed as soon as we had come in. There were many others from Quatre-Vents and Saverne who had to stay outside."

"God be praised, Baruch!" I replied. "You are all welcome, my dear children! I have not much, I am not rich; but what I have, you have—it is all yours. Come in!"

And we went upstairs; Zeffen, Sorlé, and I carrying the children, while Baruch stayed to pay the map who brought them, and then he came up.

The street was now full of straw and hay, thrown out from the granaries; there was no wind, and the snow had stopped falling. In a little while the shouts and proclamations ceased.

Sorlé hastened to serve up the remains of our breakfast, with a bottle of wine; and Baruch, while he was eating, told us that there was a panic in Alsatia, that the Austrians had turned Basle, and were advancing by forced marches upon Schlestadt, Neuf-Brisach, and Strasburg, after having surrounded Huningen.

"Everybody is escaping," said he. "They are fleeing to the mountain, taking their valuables on their carts, and driving their cattle into the woods. There is a rumor already that bands of Cossacks have been seen at Mutzig, but that is hardly possible, as the army of Marshal Victor is on the Upper Rhine, and dragoons are passing every day to join him. How could they pass his lines without giving battle?"

We were listening very attentively to these things when the sergeant came in. He was just off duty, and stood outside of the door, looking at us with astonishment.

I took Zeffen by the hand, and said: "Sergeant, this is my daughter, this is my son-in-law, and these are my grandchildren, about whom I have told you.

They know you, for I have told them in my letters how much we think of you."

The sergeant looked at Zeffen.—"Father Moses," said he, "you have a handsome daughter, and your son-in law seems to be a worthy man."

Then he took little Esdras from Zeffen's arms, and lifted him up, and made a face at him, at which the child laughed, and everybody was pleased. The other little one opened his eyes wide and looked on.

"My children have come to stay with me," I said to the sergeant; "you will excuse them if they make a little noise in the house?"

"How! Father Moses," he exclaimed. "I will excuse everything! Do not be concerned; are we not old friends?"

And at once, in spite of all we could say, he chose another room looking upon the court.

"All the nestful ought to be together," said he. "I am the friend of the family, the old sergeant, who will not trouble anybody, provided they are glad to see him."

I was so much moved that I gave him both my hands.

"It was a happy day when you entered my house," said I. "The Lord be thanked for it!"

He laughed, and said: "Come now, Father Moses; come! Have I done anything more than was natural? Why do you wonder at it?"

He went at once to get his things and carry them to his new room; and then went away, so as not to disturb us.

How we are mistaken! This sergeant, whom Frichard had sent to plague us, at the end of fifteen days was one of our family; he consulted our comfort in everything—and, notwithstanding all the years that have passed since then, I cannot think of that good man without emotion.

When we were alone, Baruch told us that he could not stay at Phalsburg; that he had come to bring his family, with everything that he could provide for them in the first anxious moments; but that, in the midst of such dangers, when the enemy could not long delay coming, his duty was to guard his house, and prevent, as much as possible, the pillage of his goods.

This seemed right, though it made us

none the less grieved to have him go. We thought of the pain of living apart from each other; of hearing no tidings; of being all the time uncertain about the fate of our beloved ones! Meanwhile we were all busy. Sorlé and Zeffen prepared the children's bed; Baruch took out the provisions which he had brought; Sâfel played with the two little ones, and I went and came, thinking about our troubles.

At last, when the best room was ready for Zeffen and the children, as the German gate was already shut, and the French gate would be open only a couple of hours longer for strangers to leave the city, Baruch exclaimed: "Zeffen, the moment has come!"

He had scarcely said the words when the great agony began—cries, embraces, and tears!

Ah! it is a great joy to be loved, the only true joy of life. But what sorrow to be separated! And how our family loved each other! How Zeffen and Baruch embraced one another! How they leaned over their little ones, how they looked at them, and began to sob again!

What can be said at such a moment? I sat by the window, with my hands before my face, without strength to raise my voice. I thought to myself: "My God, must it be that a single man shall hold in his hands the fate of us all! Must it be that, for his pleasure, for the gratification of his pride, everything shall be confounded, overturned, torn asunder! My God, shall these troubles never end? Hast thou no pity on thy poor creatures?"

I did not raise my eyes, but I heard the lamentations which rent my heart, and which lasted till the moment when Baruch, perceiving that Zeffen was quite exhausted, escaped, exclaiming: "It must be! It must be! Adieu, Zeffen! Adieu, my children! Adieu, all!"

No one followed him.

We heard the carriage roll away, and then was the great sorrow—that sorrow of which it is written:

"By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down; yea, we wept when we remembered Zion.

"We hanged our harps upon the willows.

"For there they that carried us away

captive, required of us a song, saying: 'Sing us one of the songs of Zion!'

"How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?"

From Bentley's Miscellany.

#### ASCENTS OF MOUNT HOOD AND THE SIERRA SANDIA.

[CASCADE MOUNTAINS.—ACTIVE VOLCANOES.—OLD CRATERS.—IMMENSE CRATER THREE MILES IN DIAMETER.—HIGHEST MOUNTAIN IN AMERICA.—DIAMOND PEAK.]

THE passes of the Rocky Mountains and other chains of the Pacific regions of North America have been more or less explored both in the north, the central, and the southern districts—in the north by our own countrymen, in the centre by the American surveyors, and in the south by highway and railway "prospectors," as also by trappers and gold-hunters—pioneers of civilization, who have made permanent tracks between the two oceans. But few travellers have gone out of their way to ascend the peaks or culminating points of these far-off ranges. A remarkable exception presents itself in a recent ascent made by the Rev. H. K. Hines of Mount Hood, one of the so-called cascade range, a northward continuation of the Sierra Nevada, which traverses the State of Oregon and the Territory of Washington from south to north, at a distance of a hundred miles from the Pacific Ocean. This range rises to an average altitude of eight thousand to ten thousand feet, while at intervals of many miles more aspiring summits spring up above the evergreen roofing of the lower mountains five thousand to eight thousand feet higher. The highest of these is Mount Hood. It stands about fifty miles south of where the Columbia has ploughed its way through the mountains, and in the centre of the range from east to west.

Mr. Hines set out on the morning of the 24th of July, 1866, in company with three gentlemen of the city of Portland, Oregon, full of determination, after a previous unsuccessful attempt made in September, 1864,\* to use his own words, "to stand upon the summit, if

energy and endurance could accomplish the feat." The account of the ascent presents us with a lively picture of the scenery, and more especially of the vegetation, of this remote portion of the earth's surface. The rendezvous was at the house of a Canadian, who, fourteen years before, had erected a cabin at the place where the emigrant road leaves the mountains and enters the valley of Willamette. From this place the track enters the mountains along a gorge, through which flows a dashing river about three hundred feet in width, which rises beneath the glaciers of Mount Hood. The track follows this gorge for a distance of thirty miles, when it makes a detour to the south with a continuous ascent for three or four miles, in many places very steep, to the celebrated table-land known as Laurel Hill.

This table-land, which constitutes the general summit of the range, is comparatively level, of perhaps ten miles in width, the general character of which is that of a swamp or marsh; but it is clad with a dense and grand growth of fir, cedar (*Thuja gigantea*), pine, and kindred evergreens, with an almost impenetrable undergrowth of what is designated as laurel in the country, but is, according to Mr. Hines, a rhododendron. Straggling rays of sunlight only here and there find their way through this dense foliage to the damp ground.

Passing over this level, the party crossed several bold clear streams, coursing down from the direction of Mount Hood, and then, turning to the left, they took an old Indian trail leading in the direction of the mountain. After a ride of an hour and a half up a continuous and steep ascent, they came to an opening of scattered trees which sweeps around the south-side of the mountain. It was about five o'clock when they emerged from the forest, and stood confronting the wonderful body of rock and snow which springs up from the elevation.

A place was selected whereon to bivouac, on a beautiful grassy ridge between one of the main affluents of the river Des Chutes and one of the Clackamas, and which nearly constitutes the dividing ridge of the mountain. Having erected here a hut of boughs, and gathered fuel for a large fire during the night,

\* Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society, Vol. xi. No. 11.



they spread their blankets on the ground and slept well until the morning. At seven o'clock on Thursday they were ready for the ascent. This, for the first mile and a half, was very gradual and easy, over a bed of volcanic rock, decayed and intermixed with ashes. The Cascade Mountains, it is to be observed, have all been more or less active volcanoes, and some of them, as more especially Mount Hood, are even active to this day. Some of the old craters are, however, filled up with water, and present deep lakes, like the Gemunder Määr in the Eifel, the Pulvermäär, Murfel der Määr, and others. Huge rocks stood here and there, and occasionally a stunted juniper found precarious foothold; some beautiful variegated mosses were also seen clinging to little knolls of sand. They soon reached the foot of a broad snow field, which sweeps around the south side of the mountain, several miles in length, and extending upward to the immediate summit. The first part of this portion of the ascent was comparatively easy, being smooth, and only in places so steep as to render the footsteps uncertain. Deep gorges, from which flow affluents of the stream Des Chutes on the right, and Sandy River on the left, approach each other, near the upper edge of this field of snow, and seem to cut down into the very foundation of the mountain. The waters were rushing from beneath the glaciers, which, at their upper extremity, were rent and broken into fissures and caverns of unknown depth.

The present summit of the mountain is evidently what was long since the northern rim of an immense crater, which could not have been less than three miles in diameter. The southern wall of the crater has fallen completely away, and the crater itself become filled with rock and ashes overlaid with the accumulated snows of ages, through the rents and chasms of which now escape smoke, steam, and gases from the pent-up fires below. The fires are yet so near, that many of the rocks which project upward are so hot that the naked hand could not be held upon them. The main opening to the crater is at the southwest foot of the circular wall, which now constitutes the summit, and at a distance of near two thousand feet from

its extreme height. A column of steam and smoke is continually issuing from this opening, at times rising and floating away on the wind, at other times rolling heavily down the mountain. The party descended into this crater as far as it was possible to go without ropes or a ladder. The descent was stopped by a perpendicular precipice of ice, sixty or seventy feet high, resting below on a bed of broken rock and ashes, so hot as immediately to convert the water, which dripped continually from the icy roof, a hundred feet above, into steam. The air was hot and stifling.

The real peril of the ascent began at this point. It led out and up the inner wall of what was once the crater, and near a thousand feet of it was extremely steep. The whole distance was an ice-field, the upper limit of a great glacier, which is crushing and grinding its slow journey down the mountain far to the right. About seven hundred feet from the summit a *crevasse* varying from five to fifty feet in width, and of unknown depth, cut clear across the glacier from wall to wall. There was no evading it. The summit could not be reached without crossing it. Steadily and deliberately poising himself on his staff, Mr. Hines sprang over the chasm at the most favorable place he could select, landing safely on the declivity two or three feet above it, and he was then able to assist the others to cross with his staff. The last movement of fifteen feet had considerably changed the prospect of the ascent. True, the chasm was passed, but they were thrown directly below a wall of ice and rocks five hundred feet high, down which masses, detached by the heat of the sun, were plunging with fearful velocity. It was necessary, in order to avoid them, to skirt the chasm on the upper side for a distance, and then turn diagonally up the remaining steep. It was only seven hundred feet high, but it took two hours' sinewy tug to climb it. The hot sun blazed against the wall of ice within two feet of their faces, whilst the perspiration streamed from their brows; but on nearing the summit the weariness seemed to vanish, and they bounded with a feeling of triumph upon the pinnacle which is supposed to be the highest mountain in North America, although Sir Edward

Belcher assigns that distinction to Mount St. Elias, in Russian America.

The summit was reached at about the centre of the circular wall which constitutes the extreme altitude, and it was so sharp that it was impossible to stand erect upon it. Its northern face presented an escarpment several thousand feet high. Mr. Hines could only lie down on the southern slope, and, holding firmly by the rocks, look down the awful depth. A few rods to the west was a point forty or fifty feet higher, to the summit of which they crawled, and then discovered that, forty or fifty rods to the east, there was a point still higher, the highest of the mountain. They crawled back along the sharp escarpment, and in a few minutes stood erect on the highest pinnacle. This was found to be seventeen thousand six hundred and forty feet high—an estimate which makes Mount Hood higher than any summit of Europe or North America.

The view from the summit is described as magnificent. From south to north the whole line of the Cascade range was at once brought within the field of vision, from Diamond Peak to Ranier, a distance of not less than four hundred miles. Within that distance are Mounts St. Helen's, Baker, Jefferson, and the Three Sisters, making, with Mount Hood, eight snowy peaks. Eastward the Blue Mountains were in view, and lying between them and Mount Hood were the broad plains watered by the river Des Chutes, John Day's and Umatilla rivers. On the west the piny crests of the coast range cut clear against the sky, with the Willamette Valley, sleeping in quiet beauty, lying at their feet. The broad silver belt of the Columbia wound through the evergreen valley toward the ocean. Within these limits was every variety of mountain and valley, lake and prairie, bold beetling precipices, and graceful rounded summits, blending and melting away into each other.

The State of Oregon proper contains about sixty thousand people (a portion very migratory), and an area of about eighty-two thousand two hundred and forty-eight square miles. This population is principally contained in the beautiful valleys of the Willamette, Umatilla, Rogue River, and Lower Columbia, to the west of the Cascades, and in the

little towns on the Upper Columbia to the east. Portland, on the Willamette, with eight thousand inhabitants, is the largest town. Magnificent steamers navigate the Columbia, with occasional breaks, into British possessions, and the Willamette at all seasons to Oregon "city," ten miles above Portland.

With the increasing population flowing into the rich valley of the Willamette, the territory of Washington was separated from Oregon, just as three years ago a portion of California, comprehending the region of the Sierra Nevada and the great silver mines of Washoe, was erected into the State of Nevada; and Idaho, "Star of the Mountains," was organized east of the Cascades out of portions of Washington, Nebraska, and Dakota. This is the way in which America progresses. It first creates a state or territory of a vast tract, often in part unexplored, and, as population advances, it divides this territory into minor States or counties. "We must not, however," says Mr. Robert Brown, "allow ourselves to be misled by the division of these wild countries into States or counties, some of the said States having no population, or so little as to be of no moment, and not a few of the "cities" consisting of a tent, two dogs, and a bob-tailed horse—as a city which I discovered on the Columbia River last summer did!" The territory of Washington itself, what with Indian wars and other adverse circumstances, has decreased in population, and does not now number more than between eleven and twelve thousand. The region immediately west of the Cascades is, for the most part, very thickly wooded, and in some cases very wild and inaccessible. The country east of the Cascades is also thinly populated, save by Indians; and the territory of Idaho is, for the most part, a mere desert, and, with the exception of the rich bottoms of the different rivers, the wealth of the country consists in the gold and silver mines. It is terribly harassed by Indians, little explored, its civilized population very floating—estimated at about twenty-two thousand—and its area about three hundred and twenty-six thousand three hundred and thirty-three square miles. It is a rich mining region, and is likely eventually to become of importance.

The Cascade range is more important,

owing to its vicinity to the Pacific, than even the Rocky range in the particular region in question, because, while the climates on the immediate eastern and western sides of the Rocky Mountains are very similar, and the plants and animals almost identical, the plants, animals, and climate on the sides of the Cascade Mountains are very dissimilar. The soils are also totally different in character, on the two sides of the range. The soil on the western side is rich and fertile, and a portion of it is thickly wooded. Many districts are cultivated, and, in fact, almost the whole population of Oregon, comprising fifty or sixty thousand people, are found in the valleys of the west; whereas on the eastern side the soil is poor and the country arid, and there is no cultivation, save in a few valleys, such as that of Des Chutes, which is well watered. The western side of the range is further rendered more fertile than the eastern by the circumstance that the mountains catch the warm breezes from the Pacific, and precipitate the moisture over that region.

We are indebted to Mr. Robert Brown, the naturalist and geographer before alluded to, for an account of a journey across the Cascade Mountains, in which he was escorted part of the way by a troop of dragoons. The party left Eugene "city," in the valley of the Willamette, on the 17th of July, and for two pleasant days their route lay among rounded knolls, with neat little primitive farms at the base of rocky bluffs. On the 19th they entered a region of thick woods with cañons and many small creeks. On entering the Cascade Mountains, they met with beautiful valleys shut in by mountains, but covered with grass, a rivulet in the centre, and shady woods on the border. On the 24th, the trail lay through woods of fine timber, white and red cedar, and they now noticed, for the first time, the stately sugar-pine, the sweet exudations of which are one of the hunter's cathartics. A rhododendron and honeysuckle added variety to the sombre woods, hitherto diversified only by an undergrowth of berry-bushes, the more modest thimble-berry, and the waxy sal-al (*Gualtheria*), forming an undergrowth like a carpet throughout the woods. The stately alder (*Alnus Oregonus*), with its dark-green leaves, af-

fected moist ground everywhere; and the hemlock, most graceful of all the north-western conifers, began to disappear from the woods, the silver fir supplying its place. Now and then they passed through thickets of the mountain laurel, which Mr. Brown identifies with *Ceanothus velutinus*, and which sent an almost overpowering fragrance from its glistening leaves as they trampled it under their horses' feet. In these woods and precipices they saw signs of bears, wolves, and panthers. Deer were seen, and trout abounded in the streams.

On the 28th, after every preparation being made, the passage of the Cascades was commenced into Eastern Oregon. The ascent was comparatively easy, crossing over many mountain-creeks and through woods, with a species of yew, until the elevation began to be perceptible in the flora. Thickets of rhododendrons, with their huge bunches of pink flowers, stood out in fine contrast to the drifts of snow, giving one a faint idea of the splendid rhododendron thickets in Sikkim Himalaya, so graphically portrayed by Dr. Joseph Hooker. Occasionally a magnificent species of mountain lily would bloom by the side of some beautiful saxifrage, and the shrubbery of the *Ceanothus* would add fragrance to the mountain air.

The scene from the summit of the pass (4441 feet) was grand in the extreme. The bold crags of the Diamond Peak, with its old crater, and the "Three Sisters" appeared to the north; on the left, the tops of Scott's Peak and Mount Williamson; while the wooded valleys and lesser heights of the Cascade range lay below, and off to the east the long slope of flat, wooded country, with the peaks of the "Three Brothers," the only break in the monotony of the view. Drifts of snow lay in shady places, and green grassy spots formed halting-places by the side of the mountain streams. Now and then a beautiful mountain lake, unsuspected before, lay glistening in all its quiet beauty in some unbroken valley.

As the descent began, a marked change became apparent in the country. Instead of moist woods, the route lay by an easy descent through groves of a pine, thickly scattered over that country (*P. contortus*), encumbered with no undergrowth, and the soil was a mere mass

of volcanic ashes and pumice-stone. After a weary ride of twenty-six miles they reached the head-waters of the Falls River, or Des Chutes, which arises by several forks, some of which take their source in the marshes, another in a lake that communicates lower down with another, and this again with a third. Herons, cranes, and grouse abounded near the river, but otherwise few birds were seen in this solitary region.

Hence their course lay over a level desert of ashes, thinly scattered with *Pinus contortus*—a scrubby-looking tree, at best, but abounding in resin. Reaching another branch of the Falls River, deer became plentiful, and beautiful little humming-birds flitted about among the few flowers which the invigorating moisture allowed to spring up, here and there, among the low swampy grasses. On the 2d of August they came to another straggling creek, with a great extent of rich grasses by its borders; and the next day they reached Klamath marsh, where the party lay for several days, the horses revelling in a paradise of clover. There is a fort in this basin for the protection of travellers, and here they learnt they had been dogged by three lodges of Snake Indians the whole of their journey, seeking an opportunity to "stampede" the horses or capture an odd scalp or two, when it could be done without the disagreeable accompaniment of running their heads against a leaden bullet.

The Boisé basin, which they reached beyond this, comprises the principal mines which have been discovered in and about the middle portion of Idaho territory. It is surrounded by very high mountains, from which waters flow into the tributaries of the Snake, the Colorado, and the Missouri, Jefferson's Fork being the principal tributary of the Missouri, Green River of the Colorado, and Snake River of the Columbia. The Snake River, or Lewis's Fork, flows for hundreds of miles through a cañon with vertical walls. The Owyhee and Boisé rivers, which debouch into it, within a short distance of each other, sensibly increase the volume of water. In the upper reaches of the Snake River is a magnificent waterfall, the entire volume of water pouring over a sheer precipice of 198 feet, 38 feet

higher than Niagara. The locality of this immense waterfall is near the point hitherto designated as the Great Shoshow or Salmon Falls; but these have always been enveloped in mystery. The Snake is navigated during the few weeks of high water by a steamer, as high up as Lewiston. There are four villages in the Boisé basin: Idaho city, the capital, is the largest; Pioneer city, the second; Placerville, third; and Centreville, fourth. The rocks are syenite and trap, with schists and slates. The gold is not found in earth or gravel, but in leads, many places being marvellously rich, others not paying the expense of working.

An ascent made of the Rocky Mountains, in a southerly parallel, by another able botanist—Dr. John Bigelow—presents a rare opportunity for comparing the vegetation of the two regions. Monsieur Marcon, who organized the little expedition, after crossing the "rolling prairies" of the far west, and which he describes as an almost interminable succession of plains, cut up here and there by the beds of rivulets and rivers, says that these are succeeded on approaching the Rocky Mountains by the uplands, called llanos by the Mexicans, and table-lands by the Americans. The first sight of the mountains, as seen in the parallel of 35 degs., reminded him of the Vosges or the Black Forest, seen from the plains of Alsatia or Suabia. The mountains themselves were, for the most, rounded with deep valleys between; but at times, as beyond Albuquerque, having a more continuous crest, singularly resembling in appearance the Jura of Soleure and Aarau, as seen from the Swiss plains. As the traveller rises insensibly from the valley of the Mississippi to an elevation of 6,000 feet, and the summits of the Rocky Mountains do not exceed an elevation of 13,000 or 14,000 feet, it will be easily understood how all sense of an imposing altitude is lost. It is, in fact, like gazing upon the Alps of the Bernina, from Salmaden and Pontresina in the high Engadine, instead of having the chains of Mont Blanc or of Monte Rosa rising directly before one, as seen from the plains of the Upper Po.

Monsieur Marcon was one of a party sent under Lieutenant A. W. Whipple to seek for a route which would facilitate the



passage from the valley of the Mississippi to the Pacific Ocean,\* and whilst the other members of the expedition were reposing themselves at Albuquerque, he organized a small party to effect an ascent of the mountains, known at this point as the Sierra de Sandia, or mountains of Albuquerque. The said party was composed of Monsieur Marcon, Dr. Bigelow, and four servants.

The plain of Albuquerque, at an elevation of five thousand and twenty-six feet, is a sandy expanse of some twelve miles in width, and would be a desert but for the *acéquia*s, or canals of irrigation. What plants grow upon it are spiny or sticky, with an odor as repulsive as that of creosote. Among these, the *Cereus giganteus*, *Echinocactus Wislizeni*, and *Larrea Mexicana* make themselves remarkable, as also the *Opuntia Bigelovii*, or "chug." These are all yuccas, with leaves so powerfully armed as to be called Spanish bayonets, and agaves, from which the Indians manufacture a spirit known as *mescal*.

The little party left Albuquerque on the 8th of October, 1853, and, after crossing this plain, they entered the hills by the cañon of Carruel, a granite ravine which affords a highway to San Antonio, just as the cañons Blanco, Galisteo, and San Domingo do to Santa Fé and other easterly regions. An examination and exploration of the chain was set on foot at the village of Tigras, whose houses of sun-dried bricks (adobes) are grouped in a valley beautifully enclosed among the hills, and it was soon ascertained that the central massive was a rose-colored syenite, with trap-rocks, and quartzites and limestones and shales of the carboniferous epoch. Above these, again, in the valley, were more recent deposits, with beds of rock-salt and selenite, or crystalline gypsum, which the inhabitants used for their windows. On the way from Tigras to San Antonio, the mournful memorials of all Mexican passes—crosses and cairns—indicated the almost innumerable murders committed in these mountain recesses. On approaching San Antonio, which is a village of outlaws, these lugubrious mementoes were as numerous as beads strung on a necklace, and

the party passed in consequence through the place without honoring it with a halt.

Beyond San Antonio (six thousand four hundred and eight feet), and leaving the road to Galisteo to the right, the party entered a splendid forest of firs and pines, which attained a height of from eighty to a hundred and twenty feet. They were the well-known Douglas pine, which extends hence without interruption to Oregon and British Columbia; the yellow pine, the *Abies balsamea*; the *Pinus edulis*, the seeds of which are eaten by the Mexicans under the name of pinones; and, lastly, the *Pinus flexilis*, or white pine of the Rocky Mountains. This forest, which is not above three miles in width, stretches like a band at about two-thirds of the elevation of the mountains, and as it is the first forest met with from the renowned Cross-timbers of Texas, with some three hundred leagues of intervening prairies, it is of rare value to the dwellers in these mountain solitudes. The party bivouacked at a settlement of American lumbermen, called Antonitto, and at an elevation of seven thousand five hundred feet. Cerei, opunteas, and cactuses still grow at this elevation. There was also some cultivation and many interesting flowering plants growing around the log-houses. The lumbermen were almost all old soldiers and deserters from the American army, and hearing that the party were ultimately bound for California, they prayed hard to be allowed to accompany it, and the tears of one of them—a Swiss by birth—so far prevailed over Monsieur Marcon, that he was attached to his service as foreman of arrieros or muleteers. An old man of the name of Ellenwood, however, alone offered to act as guide in the ascent to the higher summits. The night was cool, the sky clear, and falling stars visible every few minutes. Aërolites are common in these regions, and the forgers of Arizona and Chihuahua use them as anvils, which, they say, have come to them from heaven. Coyotes, or prairie wolves, howled at night, as they do throughout almost the whole extent of the Rocky Mountains.

They started early the next day, the 10th of October. The ascent lay through the forest, reposing on carboniferous limestones. Marcon avers that there

\* Bulletin de la Société de Géographie. Mai, 1867.

are scarcely any forests in New Mexico that do not grow on the carboniferous series. Issuing at length from the forest, at an elevation of thirteen thousand feet, only a few stunted specimens of the *Pinus flexilis* grew in crevices, and a few hundred feet farther there was nothing but herbaceous plants and a few hardy shrubs. Marcon found many fossils at this elevation, and among them *Productus cora*, common in England and Belgium, and which has been found in the Andes of Bolivia, in Thibet, and Australia; also *Productus semireticulatus*, which must have lived almost from one pole to the other in the time when the vegetation of the coal deposits grew on the face of the earth. There were also gigantic Orthoceratites—the ancestors of the now celebrated *pieuvres*—the great cuttle-fish of the Channel Islands.

The summit of the chain was attained at one o'clock in the afternoon, and, as usual, a magnificent, and in this instance a unique, panorama presented itself to the spectators. "Accustomed," says Marcon, "from my childhood to the sight of the Alpine regions of Switzerland and Savoy, I was still more strongly impressed by the general aspect of the immense horizon which developed itself before me than I ever had been with the views from the summits of the Reculet, of the Dôle, the Weissenstein, or the Rigi." The atmosphere was, in fact, perfectly pure, and the country so inundated with light, that objects could be seen at the distance of a hundred miles. To the west lay the valley of the Rio Grande del Norte, and immediately below the town of Albuquerque, in front of which the white tents of Lieutenant Whipple's expedition could be discerned with the aid of a telescope. Beyond was the valley of the Rio Puerco, separated from that of the Rio Grande by hills of sandstone, broken up by trap rocks. Right before them was the extinct volcano known as Mount Taylor, or Sierra de San Mateo, ten thousand feet high, and whose lavas have poured down into the neighboring valleys like long black snakes hanging from a Medusa head. The horizon was limited in that direction by an upland in advance of the Sierra Madre, which terminated to the north by an abrupt descent, with an isolated cone at its extremity.

To the south, the Sierra Manzana constituted the prolongation of the Sierra Sandia, but not so lofty, attaining only some ten thousand or eleven thousand feet of elevation. The six little salt lakes, known as the Salinas, were seen on a table-land at the foot of the Sierra Manzana. To the west were the plains and cañons (Blanco, Esteros, and Tucumcari) which the party had crossed on the way from Canadian River to the Rio Pecos. The vast Llano Estacado was lost in the horizon, like a plain tangent to the terrestrial globe.

To the north, they had at their feet, first, the Cerritos, a chain of extinct volcanoes, which stretch between Galisteo and San Domingo; and secondly, the Placeres, or Gold Mountains, which detach themselves from the sierra of Sandia, and whose name indicates the character of their rocks of crystalline and igneous origin. Lastly, the Rocky Mountains of the neighborhood of Santa Fé and the Sierra Jemez stretched out to the north-east into the State of Colorado. The mountains of Santa Fé appeared to be at least a thousand feet higher than those on which the party stood, and admitting thirteen thousand two hundred feet as the height of the culminating point of the Sierra Sandia, as determined by observation, the mountains of Santa Fé must be at least fourteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. Vegetation ceases at least a thousand feet below their summits, and patches of snow are seen here and there.

The ascent of the Sierra Sandia was rendered all the more easy on its eastern aspect, as the rocks on that side were regularly stratified, and, although much inclined, presented gentle ascents, whilst on the western side there were granitic precipices torn by impracticable ravines or barrancas. Old Ellenwood pointed out one of the latter in which he had nearly perished in pursuit of a grisly bear. There was still some vegetation on the highest summits of the sierra; not only was an occasional stunted pine to be met with, but also several kinds of cactuses. In other respects the vegetation resembled that of the Alps in the neighborhood of the glaciers. The common helix, rare in America, was also met with. Ellenwood, an old trapper, described the animals frequenting the sierra as the grisly

bear, the black bear, the coyote, or prairie wolf, the black-tailed deer, the antelope, and the American wild sheep, all of which animals are met with the whole length of the Rocky Mountains south of the Arctic regions.

Only a few weeks after this ascent of the Sierra Sandia, the poor trappers and lumbermen of Antonitto were all massacred by the Muscaleros, Apaches, and the Uta Indians, and a company of dragoons sent to scour the country was surprised in an ambush near Taos, and almost entirely cut up. The Emperor of Brazil rules, we learn, from Chandler's "Ascent of the Purus Branch of the Amazons," over countries never trod by white men, and over people who have never seen a European face, so the United States, ever interfering in Mexico and Canada, and buying up new territories in the frigid zone, has regions as extensive as all Germany, imperfectly explored, and overrun by wild Indians—Camanches, Apaches, and Navajos in the south, Sioux and a hundred other tribes in the north. It might be said that Great Britain in India, and France in Africa, hold countries on an equally uncertain tenure; but India is not England, nor is Algeria France.

Chambers's Journal.

#### SUICIDE EXTRAORDINARY.

"They are certain to be unhappy," said the lady of the house. "These unequal matches seldom produce anything but misery."

"And children," added the parson.

"Possibly," said the lady, a little sharply; "but children have nothing to do with peace in these cases."

"Olive branches are taken as types of peace, too," observed the parson.

"When one of the lower orders steps out of her sphere," continued the lady, without noticing the remark, "and unites herself with one of an order above her, it is a presumptuous thing, and may lead to the most terrible consequences."

"Quite so," assented the parson.

"You agree with me, then?" said the lady.

"I can bring a case in proof," said the parson—"one which had the most terrible results."

"Pray, let us hear it," said the lady.

"Did it come within your own knowledge?"

"One of my own parishioners," replied the clergyman.

"Ah, how sad!" said the lady, triumphantly. "A dairymaid?"

"No," said the parson, politely—"a dog."

The lady of the house, slightly piqued, and suspecting a snare, would have declined the illustration; but there appearing a pretty general desire on the part of the company to hear the story, the lady gave way; and the parson, after arranging an imaginary pair of bands, said:

No; I will tell it in my own way. As I cannot give effect to the account by the change of voice and play of feature which the parson had at his command, I shall take the facts, and arrange them after my own fashion.

Somewhere or other in the very heart of one of the loveliest districts of English woodland, there lived, not very long ago, a dog. This dog came, by the father's side, of the great family of the Newfoundlands; and by the mother's, claimed connection with the Setters—both well-known names, both families from which any dog might be proud to be descended, and both illustrious for all the virtues with which the canine race is gifted. No unworthy scion of these ancient and honorable stocks was our hero. With the more masculine characteristics of the Newfoundland, he combined the almost feminine tenderness of the Setter; so that it was difficult to say whether he were a Newfoundland, softened and refined to the extremest degree, or a Setter of a more than ordinary bold and masculine character. A dog so formed to inspire at the same time affection and respect, was, as you may suppose, a favorite with every one—was, indeed, the idol of the neighborhood. He was credited, and not without much show of reason, with possessing intelligence to a degree supercanine. He was pointed out to strangers as a curiosity, and was spoken of as a creature holding an intermediate rank between man and beast. Wonderful stories were told of him: how, when the clerk's little girl was lost, the dog roamed the country the whole night through, found her,

and restored her to her friends; how, when the thieves got into the church, the dog discovered them, and flew for assistance to the nearest house—not, mind, because it was the nearest house, but because it was the sexton's; how, when farmer Boodle found, on his return from market, that he had lost his pocket-book, containing the price of two cows in country notes, the dog made his appearance with the book in his mouth, just in time to make it unnecessary for the farmer, who, in his despair, had already torn out three handfuls of hair, to commit further devastation. The dog was the hero of a multitude of stories of this kind, and was valued accordingly. The brute—I use the term with no offensive meaning—had fairly established a claim upon the consideration of the Humans by displaying an intelligence almost as great as the intelligence of a man; and the Humans allowed this claim, and satisfied it by showing for the brute an affection almost as warm and constant as the affection of a dog.

A universal pet, the dog wandered happily about from this farm-house to that; here making a call upon the village clergyman, there accompanying on his visits the village doctor; now received with shrieks of welcome by the entire population of a hamlet, and now enjoying the hospitality of a Hall, wherever he went, as certain to be considered the most welcome of guests as ever was the barefooted friar in the ballad. Never was so happy a dog; but, mark you, his happiness sprang from the sympathy which attached him to a superior class of creatures to his own. He had, we may at once allow, a nobler and a larger mind than is common among his canine brethren. With them he had no fellow-feeling. No one ever saw him, with arched tail, and fun in every hair of him, assisting a fellow-dog to gallop strange circles on the grass, as if between them they were devising illustrations for an edition of Euclid for the use of dogs. But any day, he might be seen the centre of a group of delighted children; romping with them, or racing with them, allowing himself to be dressed in fantastic suits of flowers, or led a happy prisoner in a daisy-chain. No one ever saw him going on a friendly walk with another dog; but he would often accom-

pany the postman on his rounds; and he would go for miles with the doctor, waiting at the patient's doors till the man of medicine reappeared, and then, meeting him with a look of interest and a low, inquiring bark, which no one ever doubted meant: "Well, sir, how's the old lady to-day?" or, "The baby any better, sir?" or whatever the nature of the case might demand. Man-kind was his friend. What were dogs to him? What Aztecs are to Europeans; what the aboriginal Australian is to the English squatter.

Very beautiful, no doubt, was the friendly relation thus existing between dog and man—beautiful, but perilous withal; for, supposing that by some accident the relation should be broken, what would be the future position of the dog? Where could he turn for sympathy? Not to his own kind. Letting alone the dislike which all of his own kind naturally felt for one who invariably treated them as creatures immeasurably inferior to himself, could he, who had been the friend of man, condescend to be the mate of beasts again? Was he to wag his tail—that tail which the best-regarded maidens of the parish had often combed, and occasionally twisted into curl-papers—was he to wag it in friendly salutation at the approach of any scrub of a cur that chose to demand his notice? Was he to fall in the social scale in this way? He to herd with narrow foreheads?

So long as the friendly relation endured, however, our hero was the happiest of dogs, the admired of all admirers, the welcome guest at every table: turn which way he would, he could not go wrong, where every house was his home, and every man, woman, and child his loving friend.

But there came an awful change.

One day it was darkly whispered by some ignorant clown that the dog was going mad. (Say, Muse, was it an enemy who thus poisoned the happy atmosphere of the creature's life; or was it merely the babbling of bucolical folly, inflamed by home-brewed? Both the muse and the parson are silent upon this point.) The rumor spread: "going mad" became "gone mad," and "gone mad" "rabid," in very brief space. The superior order of creation was



seized with a panic in exactly the same way that panics operate upon the inferior orders. "Hydrophobia" was in every man's mouth, and the happiness of our hero was gone forever. Behold him trotting quietly along a lane on a fine spring evening, making leisurely for the house of an intimate friend with whom, and in the society of whose charming family, he thinks of remaining till the next day. See! he stops and pricks his ears; he recognizes the footsteps of a friend; with alacrity, but at the same time with dignity, he quickens his pace; the friend comes in sight, and the dog, springing toward him, says as plainly as dog-language will allow: "I knew it was Giles. How are you, Giles?" What is our hero's astonishment to see Giles leap hastily over a ditch on to a bank, and brandish a rake as no friend ever brandished a rake before; and to hear himself, in tones quite new to him, warned that if he comes a step nearer he will have his brains dashed out. Seeing that Giles is apparently meditating hurling the rake at him, and is, past a doubt, actually kicking at the bank, in order to loosen a stone, our hero leaves him, more in sorrow than in anger, and more in astonishment than either. At the next turning the dog looks back. Giles is standing in the middle of the lane, staring after him. Seeing the dog turn, Giles brandishes his rake once more, and goes through the pantomime of picking up a stone, with such a wild and exaggerated action, that the dog has but one conclusion to which he can come. "I'm very sorry for it," he says to himself, as he strolls on; "but there is no doubt about it: Giles is mad. Giles, through some cause or other—love or something else—is now a raving madman."

He shakes himself, pauses to consider what is to be done for Giles, sits down and thoughtfully scratches himself behind the right ear, and while so doing is startled by the sudden shrieking of children. He looks up, and perceives that two little children, who were coming in his direction down the lane, have turned, and are running back again as fast as they can, squealing with fear.

"Mr. Noakes's twins!" says the dog, starting up. "Who's frightening them, I should like to know? Let me catch

him at it; that's all," and dashes after them at full gallop. Before he reaches them, however, Mr. Noakes himself makes his appearance, terribly flustered and very pallid from some cause unknown. He flings himself recklessly over a five-barred gate, brandishes a pitchfork, as Giles lately brandished the rake, and between whiles—can it really be so?—throws stones at him, the dog, and shouts fearful threats. "This is a sickening state of things," says our hero. "Giles has evidently bitten Noakes. If something is not done we shall have the whole district in this condition. I'm off to the doctor's." And without a moment's delay, he turns into the field, and makes his way straight across country to the doctor's house.

With the familiarity which long acquaintance justified, arrived at the doctor's house, the dog jumped the garden-gate; and, seeing his friend engaged in watering flowers, bounded straight up to him, omitted, as the urgent nature of the case compelled, the customary salutations, and attempted at once to draw the doctor in the required direction by the simple process of taking one of his coat-tails in his mouth and pulling at it. The moment the doctor perceived the dog, he gave a shout of terror, flung away from him so abruptly that he left the greater part of the coat-tail between the dog's teeth, and fled precipitately into the house, banging the door violently after him. Appearing almost immediately at an upper window, he shook his fist ferociously at the astonished beast, loudly proclaimed his gratitude that his coat only had been bitten, yelled for his servants, who appeared one by one at different windows; and then himself and household, as if all were moved by a single impulse, commenced shaking weapons of various kinds at the poor innocent dog, and, with much abusive language, roared to him to quit the place. As soon as his astonishment would allow him to move, the dog turned round with a miserable whine, drooped his tail, and ran slowly toward the gate. In passing the watering-can which the doctor had been using, he paused a moment and smelled the water; but shrinking from the idea of partaking, even in so slight a way as that, of the

doctor's hospitality, after such treatment as he had received, he left it untasted. There was a unanimous shout from the house of "That proves it, he won't drink: it's too plain what's wrong with him;" and the dog jumped the gate once more, and disappeared.

They could not all be mad: the doctor, of course—the superstitious belief in the doctor, so characteristic of the lower orders, here coming out strongly—the doctor, of course, could not be mad; nor the doctor's servants who were constantly under his care. Then why Noakes, who had only treated him as they had done? And why Giles, who had only behaved like Noakes? No; it was too plain that they had all suddenly conceived a hatred for him, the dog; they had determined to have no more to do with him; they had made up their minds to throw him over, to cast him off. He would go to the friendly house to which he had been bound at first, for there he was certain of sympathy. He went. The children screamed, and ran into the house; the farm-servants shut themselves up in the cow-sheds; every one who saw him shouted at him, and threatened him with all sorts of dreadful deaths; and the master of the farm, his very good friend, his kindest and most intimate friend, displayed his much-loved figure at a window, pointed a gun at him, and swore that if he did not disappear instantly, he'd blow him to smithereens. Who shall say what dismal thoughts were in the wretched dog's mind as he skulked off to some lonely hovel, far away from any one? In all seriousness, from what an agony of surprise he must have suffered. There is no doubting that dogs think; they know friends from enemies; they associate kindness received with the persons who show that kindness, and cruelty with the persons who are cruel. Then, when those who had up to this time been kind friends, suddenly turned and acted like bitter enemies, what miserable confusion of all his ideas of right and wrong, what disbelief in goodness and sincerity, what dismal disappointment must have torn his dog's heart! Did the sterner nature of his father, the Newfoundland, come to his aid in those hours of darkness and desertion? or did the gentle blood of his

mother's family assert itself in him, and lead him to tell his sorrows to the moon until—should such a process be possible—he howled himself to sleep? Who can say what were the horrors of that night to him?

However, the next morning—apparently he had comforted himself with the thought that the previous day must have been the first of April, and all the people consequently foolish—he came out of his hovel comparatively cheerful, and still unwilling to believe that his intimate friend had seriously cast him off, made his appearance very delicately in the farm-yard about breakfast-time. A dairy-maid saw him first, screamed, and ran away; a cow-boy flung a fork at him; a man tried to throw a rope round his neck from the window of a loft (all friends of long standing, these); last came the master with his gun again; and then the poor dog, hopeless utterly, threw his head up, gave a long howl, that would have moved the pity of a mad-doctor, and fled away. All that day he wandered about, at intervals showing himself at different places—places where, a few hours before, welcome would have gone out to meet him—trying, seemingly, all his best friends one after another; and everywhere he was received in the same way. The people with one consent had all turned against him; not a soul gave him a kind word, or looked at him with any eyes but those of terror or threatening; the children, who formerly were never tired of petting and fondling him, and whom he used to treat with a tenderness and delicacy particularly beautiful, now, when they saw him, screamed, and ran to their mothers; the mothers screamed, and banged their doors in his face; the men threw at him the first thing that came to hand, and against him turned their ploughshares into swords, and their pruning-hooks into spears; every one's hand was against him; the whole neighborhood shrunk from him; the world hated him. At 7.45 P.M., his heart broke. He turned away from a house where a friend of six years' standing had thrown a large flower-pot at him; while another friend, who had known his mother when quite a pup, climbed hastily into an apple-tree, and applauded the deed. He stumbled down a well-known

path which led to the river; the moon shone brightly; the water flashed white against the black shadow of the trees on the further bank; he stood a moment, the cast-off, heart-broken creature, on the brink of the river; once more lifted his face to the sky, and protested with a pitiful howl against the cruelty of the world; and then deliberately committed suicide. He walked into the river till the water reached half-way up his shoulder, then plunged his head below the surface, and held it there. The waves beat against him; his body swayed to and fro; the water caught his long hair, and pulled at him; his limbs lost their strength, his feet their hold; the current took him; and with his head still held obstinately down, the river swept him away, far away from his ungrateful parish.

Such was the story. The company generally discredited the suicide, declaring that the dog only went to the river to drink, that his nose caught in some weeds, and that his head was drawn under by the force of the current. The Parson, while declining to accept this as an explanation, returned that the story was sufficiently lamentable, and quite as extraordinary, even if the dog's unhappiness only drove him to drink. But, for his own part, he held by the suicide, believing that the creature's wonderful acuteness had pointed out to it that drowning was the only means which could possibly clear it of the charge of madness; for a voluntary death by water, though it would be instantly set down as madness in the case of a man, yet, in the case of a dog, would be universally accepted as the clearest proof of sanity.

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Chambers's Journal.

#### GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

Who wrote the words of our national air? who composed the music? Mr. Chappell and Dr. Fink now speak positively about the proper mode of cracking these nuts; but so did other critics and Dryasdusts in bygone years; and we humble lookers-on can only wonder that the learned have not yet settled the matter. There is not much of the melody, certainly, in quantity, seeing that it only touches six notes of the scale; but what notes they are! When five or ten

thousand voices sing this song together, the effect is such, that almost any composer might wish *he* were the producer of such a grand though simple composition; albeit, there is little to admire in the words.

About the close of the last century, Mr. Carey, grandfather of Edmund Kean, claimed the honor for *his* father, Mr. Henry Carey, of being the composer of the music, let the writer of the words have been who he may. This claim at once raised a storm of dissension, for the honor had been awarded to Handel, to Purcell, to various composers throughout a range of two centuries and a half; and it seemed a descent in dignity now to settle down upon plain Henry Carey as the composer. Let us, then, jot down, in chronological order, the chief facts and scraps on which later critics have based their conclusions.

There is an old manuscript music-book, said to have been found among some papers in the church-chest of Gayton, Northamptonshire, in which is a song beginning:

God save King Henrie, wheresoever he be;  
And for Queene Elizabeth now pray we,  
And all her noble progenye.

This is supposed to refer to Henry VII. and his consort, who were married in 1486. The tune is not much like our National Anthem; and the words would certainly not fit in with the number of bars contained in it. We may therefore dismiss it.

Next we come to a remark of Mr. Froude's, that when the fleet assembled at Portsmouth in 1545, the challenge or watch-word was "God save the King," to which the answer was, "Long to reign over us." This does not necessarily imply that there was a song in existence containing those words; but it may very well be that a popular sentiment was expressed in the two loyal wishes, and that it was afterward made use of by the writer of the song, whoever he may have been.

There is a broadside sheet, dated 1606, which has been brought into the discussion. It contains a patriotic song, one verse of which runs thus:

All countries join with us in love  
To beat down Turk and pope apace:  
The king and council's arts approve,  
Let virtue now all vice efface.

Amidst all joys prepare to die,  
That we may live eternally.  
God save King James, and still pull down  
All those that would annoy his crown!

As we know nothing of the music of this very poor affair, and as the words "God save King James" (James I. ascended the English throne in 1603) furnish the only claim of this song to any part whatever in the inquiry, it need occupy no further attention.

The next following year, 1607, has been made the basis of a very lofty claim—that Ben Jonson wrote the words, and Dr. John Bull composed the melody of *God save the King*. Mr. Clark, who published a pamphlet concerning the authorship of the National Anthem about half a century ago, states that he had seen a music-book containing *God save our noble King*; that on the title-page was written, "Deane Monteage, given to him by his father, 1676;" and that this date identified the tune as not being later than the time of Charles II. He then noticed that Ward, in his *Lives of the Gresham Professors*, includes *God save the King* as being among the musical compositions of Dr. John Bull (one would like to be able to accept this authorship, the name is so fitting), a music-teacher in the times of James I. Mr. Clark then went to the records of the Merchant Taylors' Company, wherein he found that, on July 16, 1607, King James and Prince Henry dined with the Company; that Ben Jonson, the poet-laureate, was consulted about a speech suitable to be read before his majesty ("by reason that the Company doubt the schoolmaster and scholars be not acquainted with such kind of entertainment"); and that songs were sung as well as speeches made on the occasion. On this slender thread, Mr. Clark hangs an hypothesis that *God save the King* was written by Ben Jonson, and composed by Dr. John Bull, to celebrate, at Merchant Taylors' Hall, the escape of king and country from the Gunpowder Plot, which had occurred shortly before. He claims, in further support, the two lines,—

Confound their politics;  
Frustrate their knavish tricks,

as being specially applicable to such a time. Mr. Clark's view, however, is not now admitted to possess much va-

lidity. In the first place, the copy of the real *God save the King* may very reasonably have been written at a much later date, in a music-book as old as the time of Charles II., or earlier; those who keep manuscript music-books will easily understand this. Indeed, Mr. Hawkins and Mr. Chappell, who have both examined the book, agree in opinion that this particular tune was inscribed in it at some time in the next century. In the second place, the only known manuscript copy of Dr. John Bull's *God save the King* is a melody wholly different from our familiar anthem. And in the third place, there is no evidence, either that *God save the King* was among the songs sung at Merchant Taylors' Hall, or that Ben Jonson wrote it, even if it was.

Nobody seems to have taken the reign of Charles I. into favor, in connection with the writing and composition of the National Anthem, until the publication of a manuscript, which was recently ferreted out in the State Paper Office by Mr. Hamilton; it is a song, supposed to be of the date 1645, beginning:

God save Charles the King,  
Our Royal Roy;  
Grant him long for to reign  
In peace and joy.  
The Lord that in the heav'ns dwells  
Convert his grace  
All such Achitophels  
From him to chase.

In 1645, the unfortunate monarch was being driven about by Cromwell at Naseby and elsewhere; and such a song as the above was quite befitting the pen and tongue of a royalist; but the rhythm is obviously unsuited to our well-known tune.

The quarter of a century during which the easy-going Charles II. reigned has been made a source for some of the theories. Dr. Blow wrote a song in his honor, commencing:

God preserve his majesty,  
And for ever send him victory,  
And confound all his enemies—

words which lead some persons to think that the writer must have been familiar with the sentiments and turns of expression of *God save the King*, as a contemporary if not earlier composition. Beyond this, the case possesses but little



value. Mr. Pinkerton, in his *Recollections of Paris*, roundly gives Scotland the credit of producing our national tune, in the time of Charles II. He says: "The English have always borrowed from Scotland, insomuch that the national anthem of *God save the King* is a mere transcript of a Scottish anthem, preserved in a collection printed in 1682." Later critics have made mince-meat of the evidence on which this assertion rests. It appears that there is a book of part music, printed at Aberdeen in the above-named year, containing a tune bearing some resemblance to the national anthem, but having sixteen bars instead of fourteen, and being in the minor mode instead of the major; moreover, the words are these:

Remember, O thou man, thy time is spent;  
Remember, O thou man, how thou wast dead and gone;  
And I did what I can; therefore repent.

The words are as unfitting as they are wanting in intelligibility, to our notion of *God save the King*, even if the tune would suit. Another theorizer has asserted that the original melody for which such an eager search has been made, or the basis for it, may be found in a Book of Harpsichord Lessons, published by Purcell's widow; and that in a set of sonatas published by Purcell himself, in 1683, there is a tune of somewhat similar character. But Mr. Chappell will not admit the claim; he says there is a *little* resemblance of the tunes to each other, and to the National Anthem, but too little to rely upon.

The unlucky James II. is put forward by many as the monarch whom God was prayed to save. One Dr. Campbell, a Jacobite of the last century, alleged that *God save the King* was sung at the coronation of this sovereign. Dr. Arne and Dr. Burney were both under the impression that it was written and composed in James's reign, for singing at his Catholic chapel. A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* draws attention to a passage in the Life of the Duke of Berwick, son of James: "When James was seized on by the mob at Faversham, and returned to London, in passing through the City to go to Whitehall, the people hurried on in crowds to see him, crying out 'God save the King.'" Of

course, it was only a Jacobite crowd that could say this. At any rate, the cry is accepted as if it were known to the populace as one line of a song; and the two lines about "politics" and "knaveish tricks" are brought into requisition to support the opinion. Dr. Burney certainly believed in the Jacobite origin of the song; he says he thinks it was written for James II. at the time when William of Orange was hovering about the court, and that it fell into disfavor when William was settled on the throne. The Duchess of Perth, in her *Memoirs*, declared that the tune is of French origin; that it was first sung by the ladies of St. Cyr to James II. when he was in exile; and that Handel, procuring a copy of it, foisted it on the English public as his own. But in the first place, Handel never did claim it; and in the second place, the verses given by the duchess are utterly unsuitable to the national melody; there are ten French lines instead of seven, and the syllables are far too many for the notes.

There then comes another Jacobite period under review—that of 1715, when the son of the exiled James II. made a fruitless attempt to regain his royal patrimony. In the *Proceedings of the London Highland Society*, mention is made of an old crystal drinking-cup preserved at Fingask Castle, in the Carse o' Gowrie, on which is engraved:

God save the king, I pray;  
God bless the king, I pray;  
God save the king;  
Send him victorious,  
Happy, and glorious,  
Soon to reign over us;  
God save the king.

There is also another verse, invoking divine blessings on the "true-born Prince of Wales." The cup had belonged to a Jacobite family; and it has been supposed that the inscription was written about 1720, when James's son (the first Pretender) was regarded as the real king of England by his adherents, James himself being dead; and when Prince Charles Edward (the young Pretender) was just born. The question left in doubt is, whether this inscription might not have been made to apply to the date of the second rebellion, 1745.

In truth, there are numerous songs, in rhythm resembling *God save the King*,

which are full of Jacobite allusions; and the advocates of different theories have wrangled much as to whether these songs are attributable to 1715 or to 1745, the days of the "Old" or of the "Young" Pretender. In the *Jacobite Relics of Scotland*, there is one called *The King's Anthem*, in which the third verse runs:

God bless the Prince, I pray;  
God bless the Prince, I pray—  
Charlie, I mean;  
That Scotland we may see  
Freed from vile Presbyt'ry,  
Both George and his Teckie,  
Even so. Amen.

This and another verse referring to "the royal pair, both king and queen," seem to fit better with the earlier than the later of the two dates, or perhaps about 1720. Another song, in the same collection and the same metre, suits exactly the state of matters when, after the death of Queen Anne in 1714, the House of Hanover commenced a new dynasty in England. It is almost certain that the *form* of words, if not the exact words themselves, were known somewhere between 1714 and 1720, whatever tune they were married to.

And now we come to Henry Carey, who is believed by the most recent investigators to have a better claim to the production of *our* God save the King (or Queen) than anybody else. Carey, born in 1663, produced many short poems and pieces of music, and died in 1743. He was a Jacobite, and is supposed to have written a God save the King in connection with the stirring events of 1714–20. This he might have done by adapting an old song, and then combining it with an adaptation of an old tune, for the germs both of song and tune were to be found earlier. He is said to have sung it himself in 1740, at a dinner to celebrate the victory of Admiral Vernon; transforming "James" to "George," "soon" to "long," and "hopes" to "hearts." There is nothing unbelievable in this; men know how to change their politics in twenty years. Dr. Pepusch altered two notes in the first bar, and put the bass which has since been so well known. Carey announced at the dinner that the song was his, and received much applause at the announcement. He might really have written and composed it at this time, from old materials, with-

out having previously written any *God save the King* partaking of a Jacobite flavor. A plea has been put in for him, that as he is not known for any *good* writing, he might easily have been equal to the task of producing such rhymes as "victorious" and "glorious," with "over us," or "voice" with "laws" and "cause."

The first printed copy known of *God save the King*, decidedly the song we now possess, was given in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1745; "a song for two voices, as sung at both playhouses." Dr. Arne arranged it for one theatre; Dr. Burney for the other. There does not appear to be evidence that the song was sung on any stage before that year. Arne and Burney were alike ignorant of any hand that Carey (who died two years before) might have had in it; they received it as a new adaptation of an old Jacobite song. It was not till later in the century that George S. Carey brought forward the facts which connected his father with the production of the song, and adduced testimony from Dr. Harrington and Dr. Smith to support his view. Thinking he might make something out of it, and hearing that Dibdin had been awarded a pension of two hundred pounds a year for writing patriotic sea-songs, he tried whether King George III. would do anything for the son of the Henry Carey who wrote the most loyal of all songs. He applied to a notable at court, but was dashed by the reply: "Sir, I do not see, because your father was the author of *God save the King*, that the king is under any obligation to his son; and so poor Carey gave it up; and hearing a water-cress girl plying her trade in the streets as he plodded on, went home and wrote his song of *Spring Water-cresses*—for he had many mouths to fill, and could not afford to be idle.

What does it all come to, then? The truth seems to be, that the germ of the simple melody had been used over and over again, altered in those numerous ways with which we are so familiar in other cases; or rather, it had *grown*, and did not settle down into its present form till about 1740. In like manner the words have grown, or have adapted themselves to the peculiar seven-line verse which is so characteristic of this

song. Of all persons actually named, Henry Carey seems to be most identified with the modern form of words and tune; but everything tends to show that he used up old materials, and caused them to put on a new appearance. His other productions do not denote the sort of man who could originate such a song as this, either the peculiar rhythm of the seven-line stanza, or the very effective series of simply forty notes making up the melody. In looking over the music in Mr. Chappell's excellent antiquarian ballad-books, it may be traced that the first four bars of one of the old versions of *God save the King*, of our modern version, and of Mozart's lovely air, *Vedrai Carino*, have a certain build in common, though differing much in later portions of the melody. At any rate, the materials were already in existence out of which Henry Carey might have put his tune together, without any strong infusion of original genius. Mr. Chappell, Dr. Fink (of the *Leipsic Musical Gazette*), and several writers in *Notes and Queries*, pretty well agree in this view—that the tune grew up gradually. The words are still more easy to explain. "Confound their politics," and "frustrate their knavish tricks," were lines unquestionably in existence, and applicable to several political events between 1606 and 1745, either for or against the House of Stuart. A little change from "James" to "George" might easily be made—as easily as the change in 1830 from "God save great George our King" to "God save our noble King," rendered necessary by the puzzling difficulty what to do with the name of "William." Although "Victoria" is a good singable name, we have not adapted it in the present version; some one (who was it?) devised "gracious queen" instead. France, Prussia, Germany, all know the tune well. The late king of Prussia adopted it as the melody for a national song, *Heil dir im Siegerkranz*—yes, *Siegerkranz*, that same "crown of victory," the idea of which turns the heads of some kings of Prussia, and leads them to bless the sword as the grandest of all institutions.

Many curious attempts have been made to "improve" this famous song, under the influence of temporary

bursts of loyalty, in the form of an additional verse or two. When the *Gentleman's Magazine* printed the familiar version in 1745 (from which our present differs only in a few words and a few notes), the words were characterized as having "no merit but their loyalty;" and two other verses were suggested, which we suppose must possess some other quality than loyalty—even though we don't see it. One runs thus:—

Fame, let thy trumpet sound;  
Tell all the world around,  
Great George is king.  
Tell Rome, and France, and Spain,  
Britannia scorns their chain;  
All their vile arts are vain:  
Great George is king.

In the same year, Marshal Wade was dragged into the National Anthem, in the true thunder-and-lightning style:—

Lord, grant that Marshal Wade  
May, by thy mighty aid,  
Victory bring;  
May he sedition crush,  
And like a torrent rush,  
Rebellious Scots to crush!  
God save the king.

When George III. was attacked with one of his fits of insanity, Mr. Children wrote an additional verse to the National Anthem, containing a prayer for the recovery of the afflicted monarch. In 1793, when Europe was bristling with war, the Rev. Mr. Tattersal wrote two additional verses, one of which is certainly patriotic, if not poetical:—

When insults rise to wars,  
Oak-hearted British tars  
Scorn to be slaves;  
Ranged in our wooden walls,  
Ready, when duty calls,  
To send their cannon-balls  
O'er ocean's waves!

More than once, at philanthropic and charitable dinners, verses have been tagged on to the National Anthem, applicable to the special occasion. George Colman wrote a version, suitable for times of peace, with a prayer for a continuance of its attendant blessings. When Hadfield shot at George III. in 1800, Sheridan (some say Kelly) promptly wrote an additional verse, to be appended to the National Anthem at the theatre that evening:—

From every latent foe,  
From the assassin's blow,  
God save the king.

O'er him thine arm extend;  
For Britain's sake defend  
Our father, prince, and friend:  
God save the king.

Lastly, an Oxford-man made a Latin  
*God save the King* about seventy years  
ago, of which the first verse runs thus:—

O vivas omnibus  
Salvus ab hostibus,  
Georgi, O Rex!  
Tibi victoriam  
Deus, et gloriam  
Det, et memoriam,  
Optime Rex!

#### HOW POETS STUDIED.

The poet Southey, who is said to have been, perhaps, more continually employed than any other writer of his generation, was habitually an early riser, but he never encroached upon the hours of the night. He gives the following account of his day, as he employed it at the age of thirty-two:—"Three pages of history after breakfast (equivalent to five in small quarto printing), then to transcribe and copy for the press, or to make my selections and biographies, or what else suits my humor, till dinner-time. From dinner till tea I write letters, read, see the newspaper, and very often indulge in a siesta, for sleep agrees with me, and I have a good substantial theory to prove that it must; for as a man who walks much requires to sit down and rest himself, so does the brain, if it be the part most worked, require its repose. Well, after tea I go to poetry, and correct and re-write and copy till I am tired, and then turn to anything else till supper." At the age of fifty-five, his life varied but little from this sketch. When it is said that his breakfast was at nine, after a little reading, his dinner at four, tea at six, and supper at half-past nine, and that the intervals, except the time regularly devoted to a walk, between two and four, and a short sleep before tea, were occupied with reading and writing, the outline of his day during those long seasons when he was in full work will have been given. After supper, when the business of the day seemed to be over, though he generally took a book, he remained with his family, and was ready to enter into conversation, to amuse and to be amused. During the several years that

he was partially employed upon the life of Dr. Bell, he devoted two hours before breakfast to it in the summer, and as much time as there was daylight for during the winter months, that it might not interfere with the usual occupations of the day. Of himself, at the age of sixty, at a time when he was thus engaged every morning at work away from his home, he says: "I get out of bed as the clock strikes six, and shut the house door after me as it strikes seven. After two hours' work, home to breakfast; after which my son engages me till about half-past ten, and, when the post brings no letters that interest or trouble me, by eleven I have done with the newspaper, and can then set about what is properly the business of the day. But I am liable to frequent interruptions, so that there are not many mornings in which I can command from two to three unbroken hours at the desk. At two I take my daily walk, be the weather what it may, and when the weather permits, with a book in my hand. Dinner at four, read about half-an-hour, then take to the sofa with a different book, and after a few pages get my soundest sleep, till summoned to tea at six. My best time during the winter is by candlelight; twilight interferes with it a little, and in the season of company I can never count upon an evening's work. Supper at half-past nine, after which I read an hour and then to bed. The greatest part of my miscellaneous work is done in the odds and ends of time."

Shelley rose early in the morning, walked and read before breakfast, took that meal sparingly, wrote and studied the greater part of the morning, walked and read again, dined on vegetables (for he took neither meat nor wine), conversed with his friends (to whom his house was ever open), again walked out and usually finished with reading to his wife till ten o'clock, when he went to bed. This was his daily existence. His book was generally Plato, or Homer, or one of the Greek tragedians, or the Bible, in which last he took a great interest. Out of the twenty-four hours, he frequently read sixteen. "He wrote his *Prometheus*," says Willis, "in the baths of Caracalla, near the Coliseum." It was his favorite haunt in Rome.

The poet Campbell thus describes his



labors when in London, at the age of fifty-five: "I get up at seven, write letters for the Polish Association until half-past nine, breakfast, go to the club and read the newspaper till twelve. Then I sit down to my studies, and, with many interruptions, do what I can till four. I then walk round the Park, and generally dine out at six. Between nine and ten I return to chambers, read a book or write a letter, and go to bed always before twelve." "His correspondence," says his biographer, "occupied four hours every morning, in French, German, and Latin. He could seldom act with the moderation necessary for his health. Whatever object he once took in hand, he determined to carry out, and found no rest until it was accomplished." Whatever he wrote during his connection with the "New Monthly" and the "Metropolitan" was written hurriedly. If a subject was proposed for the end of a month, he seldom gave it a thought until it was no longer possible to delay the task. He would then sit down in the quietest corner of his chambers, or, if quiet was not to be found in town, he would start off to the country, and there, shut in among the green fields, complete his task. When sixty-two years old he says: "I am only six hours out of the twenty-four in bed. I study twelve and walk six. Oranges, exercise, and early rising, serve to keep me flourishing."

The biographer of Campbell has given us the following anecdote with respect to the oft-quoted lines—

"Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,  
And coming events cast their shadows before."

The happy thought first presented itself to his mind during a visit to Minto. He had gone early to bed, and, still meditating on "Lochiel's Warning," fell fast asleep. During the night he suddenly awoke, repeating, "Events to come cast their shadows before!" This was the very thought for which he had been hunting the whole week. He rang the bell more than once with increasing force. At last, surprised and annoyed by so unseasonable a peal, the servant appeared. The poet was sitting with one foot in the bed and the other on the floor, with an air of mixed impatience and inspiration. "Sir, are you ill?"

inquired the servant. "Ill! never better in my life. Leave me the candle, and oblige me with a cup of tea as soon as possible." He then started to his feet, seized hold of his pen, and wrote down the happy thought, but as he wrote changed the words "events to come" into "coming events," as it now stands in the text. Looking at his watch, he observed that it was two o'clock, the right hour for a poet's dream; and over his cup of tea he completed his first sketch of "Lochiel."

Proctor (Barry Cornwall) usually wrote in a small closet adjoining his library, with just room enough in it for a desk and two chairs, and his favorite books, miniature likenesses of authors, manuscripts, etc., piled around in true poetical confusion. He confined his labors to the daytime, eschewing evening work. In a letter to a friend, some years ago, he wrote: "I hope you will not continue to give up your nights to literary undertakings. Believe me (who have suffered bitterly from this imprudence) that nothing in the world of letters is worth the sacrifice of health and strength and animal spirits, which will certainly follow this excess of labor."

#### PETER PAUL RUBENS.

In the engraving, Rubens appears standing near the horse of Vandyke, still grasping the hand of his friend and pupil. The beautiful wife of Rubens stands just behind him, holding her little son. The scene is near the door of Rubens, whose house is still shown to all travellers who feel an interest in the great Flemish painter. Rubens was born at Siegen, Westphalia, June 29, 1577, and died in Antwerp, May 30, 1640. His birthday occurring on the festival of St. Peter and St. Paul, he was named after those apostles. His parents, who had been driven by the religious and political troubles of the Low Countries into a temporary exile, established themselves soon after his birth in Cologne, where Rubens resided until the age of 10. He then accompanied his mother to Antwerp, and in his 13th year was placed with Van Haght, a landscape painter. Subsequently, after spending some time with Van Oort, he completed his art education in the studio of Otto van Veen,

by whose advice he repaired in 1600 to Italy, furnished with letters of recommendation from the Archduke Albert, then viceroy of the Netherlands, and his consort, the Infanta Isabella. Of unusual promise in his art, he was also well informed in many branches of polite learning, of handsome person, dignified bearing, and accomplished manners. Making Venice his first halting-place, "he compounded," says Fuseli, "from the splendor of Paul Veronese and the glow of Tintoretto that florid system of mannered magnificence which is the element of his art and the principle of his school." At this time he became known to Vincenzo di Gonzaga, the Duke of Mantua, by whom he was appointed gentleman of the chamber and court painter, and who in 1605 sent him on a diplomatic mission to Philip III. of Spain. He was received with great favor at the Spanish court, where he painted portraits of the king and the principal grandees, beside many historical pieces, and after returning to Italy resided successively in Rome, Milan, and Genoa. In Genoa he made a collection of drawings of the chief edifices, which was subsequently engraved and published (2 vols. fol., 1622). The serious illness of his mother in 1608 hurried him back to Antwerp, where the Archduke Albert gave him a gracious reception, and, as an inducement to remain in Flanders, appointed him court painter, with the privilege of residing in Antwerp. Settling in that city, he married in 1609 his first wife, Elizabeth Brants, and for many years was prosperously engaged in his profession. His pictures painted at this period are considered, both in composition and finish, his most pleasing productions; and notwithstanding the rapidly increasing demand for them, it is probable that the greater part were executed wholly by himself. In his later works he was aided by a numerous band of pupils. He lived in an elegant mansion in Antwerp, built by himself and stored with a choice collection of works of art, and his prestige as courtier and artist drew around him pupils from all parts of northern Europe. In 1620 he was commissioned by Maria de' Medici to decorate the gallery of the palace of the Luxembourg with a series of allegorical compositions illustrating the principal events in her career. The pic-

tures, 21 in number, were in great part executed by his most eminent pupils from sketches prepared by him, which are now in the Pinakothek in Munich. While in Paris, superintending the details of this commission, Rubens made the acquaintance of the Duke of Buckingham, to whom he disposed of his entire collection of works of art for the sum of 100,000 florins. In 1626 he was for a time rendered inconsolable by the death of his wife, to whom he was tenderly attached, and whose portrait he frequently introduced into his works. In the following year he was sent by the Infanta Isabella to the Hague to negotiate with Sir Balthazar Gerbier, the agent of Charles I. of England; and in the autumn of 1628 he revisited Spain in a diplomatic capacity, remaining there until April, 1629. During this visit he was appointed by Philip IV. secretary to the privy council, an office subsequently granted in reversion to his eldest son Albert. Scarcely had he returned to Flanders, when he was despatched as envoy to the court of England. During his residence there, which terminated in February, 1630, he distinguished himself not less by diplomatic finesse than by assiduity in the practice of his art; and his allegory of "Peace and War," now in the British national gallery, with other works, was painted and presented by him to the king. The latter in return knighted him in Whitehall, presenting him at the same time with the royal sword and a massive gold chain. Returning to Antwerp loaded with distinctions, he was married, in Dec. 1630, to Helena Forman, a beautiful girl of sixteen. He now occupied, in point of fortune, rank, and public estimation, the most distinguished position probably ever attained by any artist; and so numerous were his commissions from crowned heads alone, that he had time for little more than designing and applying the finishing touches to the pictures which pass under his name, leaving the body of the work to be done by his pupils and assistants. In this manner were executed the series of pictures representing the apotheosis of James I. for the ceiling of the banqueting-house of Whitehall, which were completed in 1635, and for which he received £3,000. In 1633 he was sent on another embassy to Holland, which was interrupted by

the death of the Infanta. This was his last public service, and a few years later he became in a great measure incapacitated for work by severe attacks of the gout, which frequently assailed his hands, rendering him unable to hold a brush, and which finally caused his death. His posthumous collection of works of art, including 319 pictures, is said to have produced £25,000. The pictures ascribed in whole or in part to Rubens amount, according to Smith's *catalogue raisonné*, to the enormous number of 1,800, or, estimating the number of years he was actually engaged in the practice of his art, to nearly one a week. Of the number painted entirely by him no certain estimate can be made, although, judging from his well-known industry, his fertility of invention, and facility of execution, such pictures must be numerous. They comprise history, portraits, landscapes, animals, and fruit and flower pieces, and are widely dispersed over Europe, the collections at Antwerp, Munich, Vienna, Madrid, and the Louvre being particularly rich. The finest are still in Antwerp, in the cathedral of which city are his well known "Descent from the Cross" and "Elevation of the Cross," the former being generally considered his masterpiece. In the academy at Antwerp are many of the pictures executed by Rubens in his earliest and best period, but a number of those formerly in the churches have been removed to other collections. The Belvedere in Vienna contains a noble altarpiece, with wings, representing the "Virgin presenting a splendid Robe to St. Ildefonso;" "St. Ambrose refusing to admit the Emperor Theodosius into the Church;" and two altarpieces representing the miracles performed by St. Ignatius Loyola and St. Francis Xavier. In the Pinakothek at Munich, which contains 94 of his works, are two illustrating the surprising energy which he infused into his delineations of human action, the "Battle of the Amazons" and the small picture of the "Fall of the Damned." Scarcely less powerful, though in a different degree, is the "Village Fête" in the Louvre. The British national gallery possesses the "Rape of the Sabines," which has been called "a perfect nosegay of color," the "Judgment of Paris," and several other works. Animal vigor, in the represen-

tation of which Rubens excelled, is seen nowhere with more effect than in his bacchanal feasts and mythological subjects of the coarser kind, of which "Castor and Pollux carrying off the Daughters of Leucippus," wonderful for its flesh coloring, and "Sleeping Wood Nymphs surprised by Satyrs," in the Pinakothek, are excellent examples. In his representations of the human figure he seldom attempted to idealize, and his Madonnas, Magdalens, and female saints are literally imitated from Flemish types of womanhood. As an animal painter he showed great excellence, and Sir Joshua Reynolds particularly commends his lions and horses, which, he observes, "perhaps never were properly represented but by him." His portraits are by some considered superior in their combinations of vigorous life with careful handling to any other of his productions. The *Chapeau de paille*, in the collection of Sir Robert Peel, and his numerous portraits of himself and his two wives, illustrate his skill in this department. Lastly in his landscapes he exhibited, says Kugler, "the same juiciness and freshness, the same full luxuriant life, the same vigor and enthusiasm as in his historical pictures."

#### VANDYKE AND RUBENS.

##### EXPLANATION OF THE ENGRAVING.

THE scene depicted in the engraving presents the portraits of two artists of renown—Vandyke and Rubens—whose works adorn and enrich many galleries in Europe. It would be almost difficult to find an extensive collection of paintings on the continent without more or less of the works of Rubens. In visiting many or most of these collections, it has seemed a marvel to us how one man could achieve so much artistic labor in a single lifetime. The same may be said in a good degree of Vandyke, who was a pupil of Rubens, and the scene in the engraving illustrates their parting from each other, Vandyke, mounted on his horse, departing on his way to Italy. A brief biographical sketch will add interest to the engraving. We are indebted for the facts to Appleton's American Cyclopædia.

Sir Anthony Vandyke was born in Antwerp, March 22, 1599, and died in

London, Dec. 9, 1641. His parents, who were persons in comfortable circumstances, with some knowledge of art, gave him his first instructions, and at sixteen years of age he was placed under Rubens, with whom he made such rapid progress as, according to the common account, to excite the jealousy of his master. The often repeated story that Vandyke first revealed his talent to the latter by the manner in which he repainted a portion of Rubens's "Descent from the Cross," which, while still wet, had been accidentally damaged by a fellow pupil, has no foundation in fact, as the picture was painted and put up in the cathedral at Antwerp several years before Vandyke entered the studio of Rubens. There is probably no reason to suppose that the relations between master and pupil were otherwise than friendly; and when Vandyke went to Italy in 1619, by the advice of Rubens, they parted with expressions of mutual esteem. Influenced by his training in the school of Rubens, he repaired first to Venice, whence, after a careful study of the great colorists, he went to Genoa and Rome. In both cities he received abundant commissions for portraits, and in the latter produced a fine head of Cardinal Bentivoglio, esteemed one of his masterpieces, besides many altarpieces. In 1626 he returned to Antwerp with a high reputation, and soon after executed for the church of the Augustines there a celebrated picture representing St. Augustine in ecstasy supported by angels. For the next five years he was busily employed by ecclesiastical establishments and private patrons in the Netherlands; and to this period may be ascribed numerous "Crucifixions" and "Pietas," impressed with that character of profound sorrow for which the artist has always been distinguished. Preëminent among them is the "Christ Crucified between the Two Thieves," in the church of the Recollects at Mechlin, which Reynolds pronounced not only the best of Vandyke's historical works, but "one of the finest pictures in the world." The close imitation of Rubens which at first characterized his works was now, under the influence of his studies in Italy, replaced by a peculiar style in which gracefulness of contour, softness of coloring, and an expression of a deeper and more

touching emotion are the distinguishing traits. "In the hands of Vandyke," says Kugler, "this rather sentimental manner has been brought to the highest perfection, and imbued with the deepest pathos; but he does not always observe the proper limits, and sometimes borders upon the artificial and theatrical." Accordingly in portraits he won his greatest reputation, and it was in consequence of his skill in this department of the art that Charles I. invited him in 1632 to England. Within a year or two after his arrival he was knighted and appointed painter to his majesty, with a pension of £200 for life. "He always," says a contemporary writer, "went magnificently dressed, had a numerous and gallant equipage, and kept so good a table in his apartment, that few princes were more visited or better served." Excessive application (it is said that he frequently painted a portrait in a day) and a too lavish indulgence in dissipation, together with the anxieties caused by a search for the philosopher's stone, to which in his latter years he surrendered much of his time, rapidly undermined his health; and with the desire of repairing his shattered fortunes, as also of doing something in England worthy of his fame, he proposed to the king to paint the walls of the banqueting room at Whitehall. The price demanded was beyond the capacity of the royal treasury; and while negotiations were in progress for the execution of the work at a less sum, the death of the painter took place. The number of works of all classes attributed to him is enormous, in view of his short life, and of the circumstances under which the last ten years of it were passed. The best of his portraits are in England, prominent specimens being his several portraits of Charles I., those of the earls of Strafford and Pembroke, and many others in the collections at Windsor Castle, Hampton Court, Blenheim, Althorp, and other famous seats. There are also many in the galleries of Paris, Berlin, and Vienna. A series of one hundred small portraits in chiaroscuro of the most eminent of his contemporaries, from which etchings have been made, was executed by him in Antwerp, and is very celebrated. As a portrait painter he ranks next to Titian, and by some is accounted equal to that master.



## POETRY.

## BY THE RIVER.

THE sunshine quivered on the quivering poplars,  
That grow beside the stream;  
And o'er the distant hills there seemed a glory,  
A gold and purple gleam;  
And I know  
That even in the March wind there was music,  
And in the river's flow.

I love to hear the sighing of the water,  
To mark its green depths shine;  
But more I loved two brown eyes, calm and tender,  
A dear hand clasped in mine;  
For I know  
I thought that love would last forever, changeless,  
Though rivers ceased to flow.

Gone is the sunshine from the quivering poplars,  
The glory from the land;  
Gone, the brown eyes that made the sunshine  
brighter,  
And gone the clasping hand;  
But I know  
My tears are like the river—ah, the river!  
That cannot cease to flow.

## ON A SPITEFUL LETTER.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON, D.C.L.

HERE, it is here—the close of the year,  
And with it a spiteful letter.  
My fame in song has done him much wrong,  
For himself has done much better.

O, foolish bard, is your lot so hard,  
If men neglect your pages?  
I think not much of yours or of mine;  
I hear the roll of ages.

This fallen leaf, isn't fame as brief?  
My rhymes may have been the stronger,  
Yet hate me not, but abide your lot;  
I last but a moment longer.

O, faded leaf, isn't fame as brief?  
What room is here for a hater?  
Yet the yellow leaf hates the greener leaf,  
For it hangs one moment later.

Greater than I—isn't that your cry?  
And I shall live to see it.  
Well if it be so, so it is, you know;  
And if it be so—so be it!

O summer leaf, isn't life as brief?  
But this is the time of hollies;  
And my heart, my heart is an evergreen,  
I hate the spites and the follies.

—Once a Week.

## JACK FROST

JACK FROST is a wonderful artist indeed:  
Builds castles with breath on the smooth-  
surfaced glass;

Leaves flowers wherever his bright feet doth tread,  
And spreads a white carpet all over the grass.  
He climbs to the top of the tall forest tree,  
And crowns it with gems when the green  
leaves are gone.  
Poor lovers of beauty and wonder are we,  
If we prize not his work, so tastefully done.

He breathes on the wind-dimpled streamlet,  
and lo!  
A bright shield of silver gleams on its soft  
breast!  
Across the broad river his arms he doth throw,  
And its fast-flowing waters are hushed into rest.

Fantastic and strange are the pictures he draws,  
With a pencil of beauty, wherever he goes.  
Who'd seek in his works to find out any flaws,  
Would try to improve the warm tint of the rose.

The spots unadorned yet by Beauty divine,  
His fingers so nimble, so skilful and free,  
Move over, and quickly with jewels they shine,  
And look fair, as we dream elfin bowers to be.

I love him, although from a bow that's unseen,  
He lets loose his swift-winged arrows of sleet,  
As I cross the wide heath—their stings, sharp  
and keen,  
But renders my cot, when I reach it, more  
sweet.

He comes to my garden, where Robin sings sweet  
On the fence that is covered with roses in  
spring,  
And makes it a palace of crystal complete,  
Where fairies might dance in a jewel-wove ring.

His icicles fringing the bucket all worn,  
That stands on the brink of the old woodland  
well,  
Look brighter than dew-drops upon a May morn,  
That gleam in the roses that grow in the dell.

Then come, O Jack Frost! from thy bleak northern  
home,  
Thou beautiful jewel-robed wandering sprite;  
Show thy skill on the windows of my little room,  
And spread o'er the meadows thy carpet of white.

## FORGETFULNESS.

Who can forget a loving word,  
Tho' said in language plain?  
It sinks within the inmost heart,  
And is not sent in vain.

Who can forget a loving glance,  
A smile for us alone?  
Ah! these are what we love to get,  
And prize them as our own.

Who can forget a parting kiss,  
The last fond lingering look?  
'Tis these that, after years have flown,  
Are found in memory's book.

Yet there are some who can forget,  
Whose memories never stray;  
With whom the present is enough—  
The past has died away.

'Tis thus with some, yet I am glad,  
Of such I know but few,  
And may it ne'er be said, dear friend,  
Of either I or you.

THSITL.

### JANUARY.

THE first stage of the growing year,  
Though cold, so bitter, and so drear,  
Thy whistling, wintry, chilly wind;  
And yet we hail thy instant reign,  
Thou old year's offspring: for in thy train,  
Events unseen, unknown, we'll find.

Thou month in which all nature takes  
Fresh spring, invigorated breaks,  
Once more to battle on in life,  
One year of toil and joy hath past,  
And now another comes as fast,  
With daily, hourly cares and strife.

The first step of a journey long,  
Chequer'd o'er with right and wrong,  
Friend wishes friend a prosperous year;  
Yet if he should above him rise,  
He spurns him then with envious eyes,  
Ah! even those he owns most dear.

ANNIE M.

### GRANDFATHER'S PET.

THIS is the room where she slept,  
Only a year ago—  
Quiet, and carefully swept,  
Blinds and curtains like snow.  
There, by the bed in the dusky gloom,  
She would kneel with her tiny clasped hands,  
and pray!  
Here is the little white rose of a room,  
With the fragrance fled away!

Nelly, grandfather's pet,  
With her wise little face—  
I seem to hear her yet  
Singing about the place;  
But the crowds roll on, and the streets are  
drear,  
And the world seems hard with a bitter  
doom,  
And Nelly is singing elsewhere—and here  
Is the little white rose of a room.

Why, if she stood just there,  
As she used to do,  
With her long light yellow hair,  
And her eyes of blue—  
If she stood, I say, at the edge of the bed,  
And ran to my side with a living touch,  
Though I know she be quiet, and buried, and  
dead.  
I should not wonder much;

For she was so young, you know—

Only seven years old,  
And she loved me, loved me so,  
Though I was gray and old;  
And her face was so wise, and so sweet to see,  
And it still looked living when she lay dead,  
And she used to plead for mother and me  
By the side of that very bed!

I wonder, now, if she  
Knows I am standing here,  
Feeling, wherever she be,  
We hold the place so dear?  
It cannot be that she sleeps too sound,  
Still in her little night-gown dress,  
Not to hear my footsteps sound  
In the room where she used to rest.

I have felt hard fortune's stings,  
And battled in doubt and strife,  
And never thought much of things  
Beyond this human life;  
But I cannot think that my darling died  
Like great strong men, with their prayers  
untrue—  
Nay! rather she sits at God's own side,  
And sings as she used to do!

### NOTES ON BOOKS.

*Wynkoop & Sherwood*, of the new publishing-house, No. 18 Beckman street, send us a beautiful book, *Short Studies for Sunday-school Teachers*. By Rev. C. S. ROBINSON, D.D. 1 vol. 12mo, \$1.50. This is just the book to stir the heart and mind of the Sunday-school teacher. Sprightly, fresh, full of thought, condensed, suggestive, and all aglow with the sacred fire, it is a book that cannot fail to do good. Every Sunday-school superintendent and teacher should own a copy. Also *Pepys' Diary*. By ALLAN GRANT. A neat volume with memories of the olden time. With a fine portrait.

*French Literature*.—The name of Madame de Pompadour is identified with one of the most deplorable epochs in the whole range of French history. The indolent and effete prince whose sobriquet of *Le bien Aimé* seems like a cruel piece of irony, had no strength of purpose, no vigor of mind. Far from leaving his impress upon the age in which he lived, far from guiding the course of events, and making his power to be felt for the good of his subjects, Louis XV. was constantly the sport of unworthy intrigues; in the hands of his mistresses and his courtiers he allowed himself to be bent and moulded like the ductile piece of metal on the blacksmith's anvil. His reign comprises those of Madame de Mailly, Madame de Châteauroux, Madame de Pompadour, and La Dubarry; at a time when French society was undergoing a steady process of disorganization, and when a firm and enlightened Government was more than ever necessary, the sceptre had fallen into the mud, and absolutism served as a sanction for vices of every kind. M. Campardon explains very well the difference which existed between Madame de Pompadour's sway and that of the other ladies who preceded her in the high favor she enjoyed at Court. Her ruling passion was love of power,

and no means were neglected by her to secure that object. If she gave her patronage to literary men, philosophers, and artists, it was because she saw that the prestige of the pen was every day gaining ground, and that public opinion must be taken into serious account. In politics she adopted the quasi-liberal side, procured the expulsion of the Jesuits, and supported the administration of the Duke de Choiseul; and rather than lose her hold upon the monarch, she created the Parc-aux-cerfs, and thus gave herself rivals from whom she had nothing to dread. In preparing his volume, M. Campardon has taken care to consult the numerous documents, both published and unpublished, which are scattered throughout the various libraries and art-collections of Europe, and he has been able to print several *inédites* pieces of the most interesting kind.

*Home Life in Africa; or, A New Glimpse into an Old Corner of the World.* Written for the young people by one of their friends who went there, with an admirable Introduction. By Rev. D. Huntington, Boston. A. Williams & Co., 1868.

This is a very interesting and instructive book, price \$1.00, written by Miss Mary B. Merriam, for the noble purpose of educating a native African boy for the work of the ministry in Africa. Get this book and look into old Africa through Miss Merriam's eyes, and see the many interesting things which she saw there. For sale by O. S. Felt, New York.

#### SCIENCE.

*The President of the Royal Society*, in his anniversary address to the Fellows of that honorable corporation, discusses some important questions. Scientific students all over the world will rejoice to hear that the first volume of the great catalogue of scientific papers and researches collected from thousands of learned books published in the first sixty-three years of the present century, is now finished, and will shortly be distributed. Under a committee of the Royal Society, this work has been in progress during nearly ten years. When complete, it will contain about two hundred and fifty thousand titles: hence any student desirous to know what has been written on any scientific subject since the year 1800, will have only to look into the great Catalogue of Scientific Papers.

*Telescopic.*—The great four-feet reflecting telescope to be used at Melbourne will soon be ready for shipment; so that we may hope ere long to hear that a competent astronomer is at work at the antipodes on a survey of the grand phenomena of the southern sky. And, as there will be a total eclipse of the sun in 1868, of long duration, visible in India, the Royal Society have sent out instruments, which will be used by competent officers, for observation of the eclipse, from which it is hoped further knowledge will be acquired of the constitution of the sun. From these, which are but a few particulars from General Sabine's address, it will be seen that science has made good progress of late, and promises well for the year to come.

*Astronomical Movements of Plants.*—A somewhat peculiar paper has been published by M.

Ch. Musset, in which the author endeavors to show that certain characters of the trunks of trees are related to the movements of the earth. The trunks of trees, he says, are always flattened in the northerly and southerly directions, and expand in an east and west plane. He states that he could support his theory by several thousand examples, and that his views are thoroughly in accordance with astronomical laws!

*A Valuable Herbarium for Sale.*—On the authority of M. Henri de Saussure, the *American Naturalist* states that a valuable collection of plants is now offered for sale. The collection of the Swiss botanist, the late M. Gay, is to be sold, and is said to be on view at the Jardin des Plantes, Paris. The price is fixed at thirty thousand francs. The herbarium embraces the whole European flora. It contains ninety thousand specimens, each specimen bearing a description and analysis.

*Petroleum.*—An American journal states that the light of petroleum lamps is immensely improved by adding a quantity of common salt to the oil!

*Human Skin.*—Herr Biesiadecki has laid before the Vienna Academy a memoir on the structure of the human skin. In this he states his opinions as to the relation of the several layers of the integument, and we observe that his views are very like those some years since advanced by Professor Huxley. According to his observations, the cells of the mucous layer of the epidermis arise from a mass of *protoplasm* with nuclei which strictly belongs to the corium or true skin. This corresponds very closely to Professor Huxley's *protomorphie line or zone of indifferent tissue*. The author's pathological observations are of much professional interest.

*Father Secchi* has devised a simplified eye-piece spectroscope. Having found that the ordinary eye-pieces diminish the intensity of the red portion of the spectrum, he has constructed a cylindrical eye-piece of about 0.07 metre in focal length, which he has substituted for the ordinary eye-piece in his simplified spectroscope. The results obtained with the new contrivance have been, says Father Secchi, admirable.

*Ruins of a Palace found at Lyons.*—The excavations which have been made in the hill of Fourvrières, at Lyons, has brought to light numerous vestiges of Roman construction which are of great interest. There is found columns and capitals of the pure Archaïque style, with tablets of stone and sculptured marble, indicating beyond question the spot where was situated one of those sumptuous palaces inhabited by the Cæsars, who made the capitals of Gaul their homes during the first year of the Christian era.

*Effect of Electricity on Plants.*—In a memoir quite recently presented to the French Academy, M. Blondeau—whose researches on the sensitive plant were chronicled in our last number—described the peculiar influence which, according to his experiments, the induced electric current exerts on the seeds and fruits of plants. In the case of the fruit the effects of the current were not so remarkable as in that of the seeds. It caused the former to ripen with greater rapidity than usual, but it produced very singular results when passed through the seed. Peas and grains

of corn which had been electrified were placed in pots of earth, and beside them, and under like conditions, were placed seeds which had not been acted on by the current. It was found that the electrified plants germinated much sooner than the others, and produced better stems and more healthy-looking leaves than the others. A very curious effect was produced in some of the seeds—the stem and leaves grew down into the earth, and the roots came up and took their place.

**Luminous Visibility of the Electric Spark.**—Mr. Felix Lucas concludes, from very original theoretic considerations, that the luminous distance at which the electric spark is visible is greater than that of a permanent light, the apparent intensity of which would equal 250,000 times that of the spark. The light actually employed to illuminate our new lighthouses gives a brilliancy equal to 125 carcel lamps. An electric spark possessing the illuminating power of the 200th part only of a carcel burner, is superior as to its power of projecting light. Hence we can conceive the immense effect of a warning light composed of intermittent flashes of the electric spark proceeding from a strong Leyden jar battery. Mr. Lucas states that, in an experiment made in a laboratory, two apparatuses were established, one voltaic, equal to 125 carcel lamps, and another spark-battery, equivalent to, only the 1-2000th part of a carcel wick. The photometer (such as is employed in the lighthouse administration) showed a marked superiority in favor of the spark.

**Organisms in Respired Air.**—The researches of M. Lemaire are being continued on this point, and a paper lately published reports their results. M. Lemaire states that not only in the air which passes from the lungs, but also in the perspiratory fluid, he finds abundant indications of animal and vegetable life. The organisms discovered by him include various species of Bacterium, Vibrio, and fungoid plants. Besides these he has noticed peculiar spherical or ovoid diaphanous bodies, which he is unable to assign to any particular group.

**The Eruption of Vesuvius.**—A letter has been received at Paris by M. St. Claire Deville, from Signor Palmieri, in which the latter gives an account of the last and still existing eruption of Mount Vesuvius. The eruption commenced on the 12th of November. About the end of October it was found that the temperature of the older craters was getting higher than usual, and that large quantities of vapor were from time to time evolved. Early in November the disengagements became continuous and the *sismograph* gave indications of a series of slight shocks. Then, at the date mentioned, the discharge of incandescent matter commenced; and the enormous masses of compact lava which had before filled the crater were lifted out, thus opening up four new and small craters, which afterwards became larger, and the discharge of lava then became regular. Disturbance of the magnetic needle and repeated registrations by the *sismograph* were then observed. At the date of closing the letter (Nov. 17th) the stream of lava was winding round the side of the great one, and in the direction of the crater of 1855.

**A New Gunpowder.**—The Paris *Presse* publishes the following curious piece of intelligence: "The Minister of War has been for some time past in

communication with M. Schultze, formerly a captain in the Prussian Artillery, and the inventor of a new gunpowder, which he terms 'white powder.' The object of these communications is to secure for France the secret of manufacturing the preparation, in which neither saltpetre, charcoal, nor sulphur is used, these being the ingredients of the gunpowder now employed. The white powder is superior to the ordinary kind, especially for rifled arms, as it leaves no deposit in the barrel, and its projectile force is greater."

**The Duc de Luynes' Prize.**—In the year 1856 the Duc de Luynes intrusted a Commission with 8,000 francs, to be awarded as a prize to the inventor who should produce photographs in printer's ink, within three years of that time. Before the expiration of these three years, Mr. Poncey claimed the reward for a process of producing prints in carbon, and received from the Commission 400 francs and a silver medal, in recognition of his progress toward the desired end.

**Safety of Dr. Livingstone.**—Mr. Reid, of the Livingstone Search Expedition, reached England on the 19th of January. The members of the expedition are satisfied that Dr. Livingstone was not murdered, as the Johanna men reported. He did not take the route expected from the Ruyuma River, at about 11 deg. S. along the north coast of Lake Nyassa, in from 36 deg. to 34 deg. E.; but from the Ruyuma went south, round the south end of Lake Nyassa, going as far as 14.28 S. Thence he proceeded to the north-west, and was left pursuing that route, either with the view of exploring the west coast of Lake Nyassa, and thus ascertaining how far it extends north, and then to proceed on to Lake Tanganyika; or he had gone direct for Tanganyika, and thence, down the Nile, home. Mataka, Makata, Marenga, and Makura, mentioned by the Johanna men, were found on the southern route instead of the northern. The expedition followed Dr. Livingstone up to within a few miles of where it was reported he was murdered, and there found that the Doctor and his "boys" were ferried over a marshy lake by Marenga; but the Johanna men under Moosa made a detour round the lake, and returned next day to Marenga, saying they had deserted Livingstone and should return to the coast, because he was leading them into a country where they would be murdered by the Mavite. The expedition also had interviews with the native porters who had carried Livingstone's luggage five days' journey further to Pasombe.

Sir Roderick Murchison published the following letter in *The Times* of the 20th January:

SIR,—With unspeakable delight I have just received the following telegram from Mr. Young, the commander of the boat expedition sent out to ascertain simply whether, as the Johanna men reported, he had been killed near the head of the Lake Nyassa, or had, as I have always contended, gone on into the interior:

"Plymouth.—I have returned from Lake Nyassa. Dr. Livingstone had gone on in safety. The Johanna men deserted him. I will be up the first train."

There is now, therefore, no longer the shadow of doubt that the white man seen on the west side of the Lake Tanganyika was Livingstone.

Your obedient servant,

RODERICK I. MURCHISON.



*Niagara Falls.—Signs of an early breaking down of the Horseshoe Ledge.*—The interesting question of geological and commercial importance as to what period of time is likely to be consumed by the Falls of Niagara in wearing their way up the bed of the Niagara River, past Tonawanda and Black Rock, until they become at Buffalo the Falls of Lake Erie, has been raised anew of late by some remarkable signs observed in the rapids above Horseshoe Fall, which are thought to forebode an early downfall of the rock forming that magnificent cataract. For more than a year past, some watchful residents of the vicinity have marked a peculiar motion of the rapids at a point something less than half a mile above the apex of the Horseshoe in the channel which the greatest body of water descends, and this motion has been of a character to give rise to the supposition that a breach had been made by the current through the soft shale strata underlying the limestone that forms the present ledge of the Falls. Recently the appearance of the rapids, at the point indicated, has undergone a marked change, and so exactly in confirmation of the theory stated, that those watching it do not doubt the speedy doom of the famous Horseshoe Cataract. If the limestone ledge, over which the river now falls, is, as supposed, in course of being undermined by a subterranean stream, breaking through as far back as nearly half a mile, of course the consequence, inevitable and liable to ensue at any moment, must be an immense breaking away of the face of the cataract, changing its whole form and appearance—perhaps converting the perpendicular fall into a shooting rapid, down a steep decline.

Some observers at the Falls anticipate this grand catastrophe at an early day. In confirmation of these opinions, we find it stated in *The Hamilton (Ontario) Times*, that, within a few weeks past, "Dr. J. N. Osborne, at Chippewa, has noted a marked and constant change in the motion of the rapids at the point indicated, and it is also reported that indications are discovered of the pouring of a subterranean stream in to the gulf below the Falls, which the absence of the mist, it is thought, would reveal beyond a doubt." The same paper remarks that a gentleman from the Falls, with whom it has conversed, fully believes that the days of the Great Horseshoe are numbered.

If it be the fact that this grand cataclysm is soon to occur, geologists will only be able to account for it by the supposition of a great fracture or fissure in the southward dipping bed of limestone over the outcropping edge of which the river falls. Professor Hall's elaborate survey of the geology of the Niagara river region, made in 1842, showed that, at the present site of the Falls, sheets of hard limestone rock, of the formation known as the Niagara limestone, cover the surface of the country and form the edge of the cataract to the depth of between 80 and 90 feet. Under this, extending to the foot of the fall, are the shaly layers of the same formation. All these strata slope downward, against the current of the river, at the rate of about 25 feet to the mile, and in the rapids above the fall the uppermost layers of the Niagara limestone succeed, one stratum above another, till about 50 feet more is added to the thickness of the formation, when all dis-

appear beneath the outer offing edges of the next series above, which is that of the shales and marls of the Onondaga salt group. We see, therefore, that both above and below the hard limestone, there are soft shale formations easily to be cut by a rapid current; but the lower of these shale beds can only be reached, and the limestone undermined by a fracture in the limestone itself. It is very possible that such a fissure exists at the point where the changed motion of the rapids has been observed, and that through it the river has found its way to the underlying shales and cut a subterranean passage.

Should the undermined ledge of the Horseshoe give way, the Falls will perhaps recede at one step a greater distance than they have been borne back by the wearing of two or three centuries. Sir Wm. Lyell estimates the average recession in recent periods to have been about a foot a year. Hennepin rudely sketched his view in 1678; for in that sketch we have exhibited a third fall, from the Canadian side toward the east, across the line of the main fall, and caused by a great rock that turned the divided current in this direction. In 1750 this feature had already disappeared when Kalm, the Swedish naturalist, visited the place.

It is probable that the rate of recession, since the waters of Niagara River first began to cut out the gorge above Lewiston, has varied greatly at different periods, as the formation of the river bed has varied. From the present site of the Falls, the strata above described gradually rise toward Lake Ontario to higher levels, till, along the great terrace, the capping is of the lower 20 feet of the Niagara limestone, below which the shaly strata form the next 80 feet of the steep slope, next appears a succession of calcareous layers, shales, and sandstones, belonging successively to the Clinton and Medina formations. Through these piles of strata the river has worked its way back, receding, probably, most rapidly where, as in the present position, the lower portion of the cutting was composed of soft beds, which, being hollowed out, let down the harder strata above, and less rapidly where the strata near the base were hard sandstones.

It was the opinion of Prof. Hall in his report, that the effect of continued recession must be to gradually diminish the height of the Falls, both by the rising of the bed of the river at their base and by the slope of the massive limestone to a lower level. The thin-bedded limestone above being swept off, the succeeding shales and marls of the Onondaga group must immediately follow, and the Falls, he thought, may become almost stationary, when their base is at the base of the massive sandstone and their upper line is as now over its upper edge. This, Prof. Hall thought likely to be the case after a further recession of about two miles, and the height of the fall must then be reduced to about 80 feet.

In 1818 and in 1828 great fragments of rock fell at the Falls with a concussion which shook the whole country around as by an earthquake. If our citizens are presently awakened some morning by a shock which starts them from their beds, they may know, if they have read *The Express*, that Horseshoe Fall has become a memory of the past.—*Buffalo Express*.

## VARIETIES.

*The Walrus at the Zoological Gardens.*—The walrus of which the public have already heard so much, may now be seen at the Zoological Gardens. He is in the pond with the seals. His diet, on which he seems to thrive, is composed of fish and porridge. The addition of this interesting creature to the Zoological Society's collection is another instance of the admirable zeal which the present secretary displays in his management of the menagerie.

*Novels.*—Four hundred and ten novels are said to have been published in England during the past year, nearly one and a half novels a day; politics and religion rank higher than fiction among the books of the day, since of the works belonging to these two classes of literature there were published during the same time some eight hundred and fifty. Truly, the English are a reading people!

*Alhambra.*—The chapter on the Alhambra is like the art it describes, bright, and gay, and fanciful, and some of the ideas strike us as very happy. It is a good specimen of Miss Edwards's style:—

"The Alhambra is so ruined as a whole, and yet so perfect in its parts, so bare here, so rich in color there, so desolate, and yet so haunted by voices, that it reminds one most, I think, of beautiful antique jewelry. Some of the jewels have dropped out, the gold is tarnished, the clasp is broken, the crown is bent, but gaze a little time and all becomes as it once was. Pearl and amethyst, emerald and opal, blaze out on some lovely throat, a golden clasp is wound on some round white arm, and a crown shines on some golden head, perhaps of a goddess, perhaps of a woman. Nothing is lost or changed or dead.

*Virginia.*—In 1860 the tobacco crop of Virginia was 70,000 hhds.; the wheat crop 10,000,000 bushels; the corn crop 30,000,000; the oat crop quite 7,000,000 bushels. The products of West Virginia are not included in these figures. The tobacco crop of Virginia marketed in 1867 was only 48,778 hhds., while the cereal crop of 1867 will not reach a third of that either of 1859 or 1860. For example, the receipts of wheat in Richmond in 1859 were 2,500,000 bushels; in 1860, 1,500,000 bushels; and in 1867, 368,896 bushels. The cause of this falling off in the production of the State is found in the disorganization of the labor system, consequent upon the war, the impoverished condition of all classes of the people, and unfavorable seasons.

*M. Rouher.*—The Confederation of the North, said M. Rouher, has just concluded the constitution of its army, and in eight-and-forty hours could place on foot an effective of regulars amounting to about 1,300,000 men. With the addition to North Germany of the South German States, which is sure to occur sooner or later, and may not be very far distant, this immense sum-total will of course be largely increased. Then, the Russian effective on a warfooting may be raised to 1,440,000 men; that of Austria to 1,200,000; and that of Italy to 900,000. All these numbers are exclusive of National Guards and volunteers, where such exist. Of regular troops, France only requires 800,000; but to these must be added 400,000 National Guards, making a total of 1,200,000.

*Champollion.*—In the year 1827 the celebrated Champollion submitted to the King of France the plan of a scientific journey in Egypt. The monuments of that country were then beginning to be known, and through the discoveries made in the science of deciphering hieroglyphics, the annals of one of the greatest nations in the world were gradually unfolding themselves. It was obvious, however, that such studies must be prosecuted on the spot, and that the first requisite was a careful examination of the gigantic ruins which are still standing at Thebes and other places. M. Champollion's suggestions met with the encouragement they deserved, and consequently the accomplished *savant* was enabled to undertake, during the years 1828 and 1829, a journey throughout Egypt and Nubia. Forty years have, of course, added much to our stock of knowledge respecting the history of those countries, and having the works of Bunsen, Lepsius, and Sir H. Rawlinson before us, we can carry out our inquiries with an amount of certainty which we did not possess in Champollion's days; but still we should not forget the services rendered by the pioneers of science, and, notwithstanding the advance made by recent Hiptologists, the letters of Champollion are still valuable on account of their accuracy and their interesting character. They were originally published in the *Moniteur*; collected afterward and issued in the shape of a volume, they created a great sensation and were soon out of print. The present edition is due to the care of M. Cléronnet-Champollion, son of the French antiquary.

*The History of a French Senator.*—One of the new members of the French Senate, Dr. Conneau, has an interesting personal history. He became secretary of king Louis, father of the present Emperor of the French, and was appointed physician in ordinary to Queen Hortense. He attached himself from the outset to the fortunes of her son, Prince Louis Napoleon, and has shared alike his adversity and prosperity. He joined the expedition to Boulogne in 1840, headed by the Prince, with the avowed object of overthrowing the Orleans monarchy. He was arrested with his chief and the other associates of that enterprise, was tried with them by the Chamber of Peers, and sentenced to five years' imprisonment. During his examination by the court, M. Conneau avowed frankly and boldly his participation in the plot, and the important services he rendered on that occasion. He admitted that he was from the beginning in the confidence of the Prince; that it was he who had printed in London, and in the Prince's house, all the proclamations, with types which belonged to him; and that it was he who, with his own hand, sewed on the buttons, marked with the number 40, to the uniforms of the invading force. It was arranged that he should serve at first as sergeant-major, and then as "head surgeon to the staff;" he was to march in the rear-guard, and it was the uniform of this rank he wore when arrested.

The Prince having been sentenced to imprisonment for life in the fortress of Ham, M. Conneau asked to be allowed to share his captivity, which was granted. It was principally through his aid that the Prince succeeded in escaping. It was given out that the Prince was ill and unable to

receive visits. M. Conneau personated him in bed while the Prince made his escape in the dress of a carpenter employed about the place, and marched past the sentries with a plank on his shoulders and a paper cap on his head. On the election to the Presidency, M. Conneau was appointed physician to the President, and on the establishment of the empire first physician to the Emperor.

*Giving away an Empire.*—Congress has given to the different Pacific Railroad companies one hundred and twenty-four million acres of land. It has given, to railroads and wagon-roads altogether, nearly one hundred and ninety-four million acres of land, of which less than twenty-one millions have been "certified" to the companies.

*The Central Pacific Railroad.*—The Central Pacific Railroad Company propose to push forward the line across the Plains energetically the present year, and have organized a force of ten thousand men to carry on the work through Humboldt County. The Central Company also have two corps of engineers, surveying the route between San Francisco and Sacramento, intending to complete the connection of the two cities as soon as possible.

*The Suez Canal.*—It was calculated by the engineers of the Isthmus of Suez Canal Company that at the close of November, 1867, 32,562,631 cubic metres of earth, &c., had been raised, out of a total of 74,112,130 cubic metres to be extracted, leaving 41,549,499 cubic metres still to be dealt with. The number of workmen employed at the end of November was 8,340, of whom 5,980 were engaged in the Suez division, which comprises the last twenty-eight miles of the canal.

Literary critics cannot determine whether men or women are the superior letter-writers, but they are unanimous in declaring women the greater story-tellers.

*Siberia.—Discovery of Gold Mines.*—St. Petersburg, Jan. 7. Reports have been received here from Siberia of the discovery of rich and extensive gold deposits on the Amoor River. The natives were flocking to the gold region by thousands. So great was the excitement that troops had been sent by the Governor of the District to preserve order and guard the mines; and desperate and bloody conflicts had taken place between the natives and the soldiers.

[About thirty steamboats are employed in the Amoor River, nearly all of which belong to the Russian Government. Steamboat navigation extends up the Amoor two thousand miles, and then five hundred further on one of its branches.—[EDITOR OF THE ECLECTIC].

*The House of Peers.*—The British House of Peers at present consists of one prince, two royal dukes, three archbishops, 26 dukes, 33 marquises, 160 earls, 33 viscounts, 27 bishops, and 164 barons—the total number of peers being 449. The Bishop of Bath and Wells sits also as Baron Auckland.

*A Relic.*—A curious medal is for sale in Paris. The lead of which it is composed was a part of that used to rivet the chains of the prisoners of the Bastille. On one side is a confused representation of the taking of the Bastille, and the date, 14th July, 1789. On the obverse, the following inscrip-

tion: "This lead sealed the chains which chained the victims of despotism, and recalls the period of liberty conquered in the year 1.

*Social Condition of England.*—The London Review devotes its leading article for the new year to a retrospect and a confession. The confession is certainly candid:

"At this time there is no country, no matter how embarrassed or how poor, in which there is so much pressing and painful poverty, so much vice, so much misery, as in England. We have failed with our lower classes to such an extent that in the country we find some of them working like cattle, fed and housed worse than cattle, while in the towns we do not know what to do with them until they are ripe for dropping into the seething pool of vice and crime. With all our wealth, and England is a wealthy country, we have not succeeded in distributing happiness or content in the proportion of which we could be proud. We find massed against us a gloomy and threatening spirit of insubordination, and a gathering of ominous elements, from which voices are heard, that having broken down in our task we should give it up to those who will change all things. Criticism is no longer a function limited to one class. Our future masters begin to take stock and value of us.

"In that social life in which most of us are concerned, which may be placed above the reach of sordid wants, can we congratulate ourselves upon a distinct advance? Around us on all sides we learn of families living upon fictitious incomes, we find a rate of increase in the taste for luxuries so incommensurate with the means for getting them honestly, that people satisfy the craving with a recklessness which brings ruin upon them. Comfort is a word the meaning of which is beginning to disappear. Every one desires to be rich, and those who are not rich keep up the pretence until the wolf is at the door."

*The Last Act of the Mexican Tragedy* was the bringing of the embalmed corpse of Maximilian from Vera Cruz, of which we learn from a letter dated November 25. The key of the coffin was handed to the mayor, who delivered it with all formality to Admiral Tegethoff. Maximilian was dressed in a full suit of black, his hands cased in black kid gloves. The features were distinguishable, although described as being of an "ashy brown color." The ship *Novara*, which brought the Emperor to rule over the country, was selected to carry off his remains, and sailed away with its dismal freight without military honors. The Mexican government paid the undertakers' and the embalmers' accounts, and defrayed the charges for conveying the corpse to the port of departure.

*A King's Treasures.*—The Vienna papers publish some details respecting the treasures which King George of Hanover has just taken to that city. The plate comprises a valuable service in gold, and another in silver. The cabinet of relics is composed of church utensils and of objects brought in 1172 by Duke Henry, the Lion, from the Holy Land, &c. The collection of coins numbers nearly twenty-two thousand. The pictures, library, &c., remain, at least for the present, in Hanover.

*Locomotive Works.*—In 1858 Mr. Thomas Rog-

ers began to make car-wheels and axles for the railway companies. Soon afterward he built the locomotive "Sandusky" for the Mad River and Lake Erie Railroad. It was the first locomotive which ran west of the Alleghany mountains. It was finished after sixteen months of hard work in October, 1837. It had a truck, one pair of driving wheels, cylinders eleven inches in diameter, and weighed fifteen tons. During the war the Rogers Works turned out ten locomotives a month, and Paterson furnished thirty locomotives a month. Mr. J. S. Rogers is the president of the company, and Mr. Wm. S. Hudson has superintended the works since 1852.

The Grant Locomotive Works were built under another name in 1847. They cover nearly five acres, employ in busy times nearly eight hundred men, and can turn out from seventy-five to ninety locomotives in a year. This company built the "America," which took the first prize last summer at Paris, and which Dr. Prime pronounces "the most majestic single contribution to the exhibition."

*The Turn-Stiles* at the Paris Exhibition admitted eight million of paying visitors. The sum required to cover the guarantee fund was only six million of francs. The three days' grace given to the exhibitors to remain open longer than the stipulated time, benefited the poor to the extent of eleven thousand pounds.

*Mr. Nobel*, from whom the nitroglycerine was procured which caused the calamitous explosion at Newcastle-on-Tyne, states that by mixing nitroglycerine with methylic alcohol (a cheap spirit known as spirits of wood), the nitroglycerine is rendered unexplosive either by percussion or heat. When required for use, water is added, which absorbs the spirit, and the oil sinks to the bottom of the vessel, whence it is drawn by a syphon, and its explosive nature thereupon found to be restored.

*Impure Water.*—Set a pitcher of iced water in a room inhabited, and in a few hours it will have absorbed from the room nearly all the respired and perspired gases of the room, the air of which will have become purer, but the water utterly filthy. This depends on the fact that the water has the faculty of condensing and thereby absorbing all the gases, which it does without increasing its own bulk. The colder the water is, the greater its capacity to contain these gases.

*At ordinary temperatures*, a pint of water will contain a pint of carbonic acid gas, and several pints of ammonia. This capacity is nearly doubled by reducing the temperature to that of ice. Hence water, kept in the room awhile, is always unfit for use, and should be often renewed, whether it has become warm or not.

*Elephants.*—Part of the outfit of the English expedition to Abyssinia was a herd of twenty elephants—unwieldy animals at best, but uncommonly troublesome as passengers on shipboard. A Bombay paper describes the shipment:

"The hoisting tackle required was of immense strength, and the hoist was formed in this way: The main yard was supported from the lower mast-head by stay tackles; from the top-mast-head there was a strengthening tackle, and from the lower mast-head to the yard there were preventers. From the foremast head there was a tackle for hauling the hoist forward. The ele-

phants were brought from the place where they were picketed, one by one, and on reaching the Compta's side were fettered and placed in slings, consisting of the stoutest canvas secured by thick lashings. The height to which the animals had to be hoisted before they were lowered away into the hold was some twenty to thirty feet, and a small regiment of kallases was employed in working the lifting tackle. The operation was really an extraordinary sight, well worth witnessing, and it was curious to observe the different moods in which the unwieldy beasts submitted to it. Some, when they found themselves suspended in mid air, shed tears copiously, and were affected in a remarkable manner; others became vicious, and roared and plunged about most alarmingly.

"In the days of Queen Elizabeth some rather remarkable ideas were entertained in England as to the anatomy of the elephant, and Shakespeare says: 'The elephant hath joints, but none for courting; his legs are for necessity, not for flexure.' Now nobody in these days, we suppose, holds such an opinion; but if he does, he would have had a convincing proof of his error had he witnessed the surprising agility of some of the elephants hoisted into the hold of the Compta; for they bent their legs about, and pawed, and kicked with tremendous violence, and one or two managed to throw their legs behind them so as to get a footing on the combing of the hatchway. Fortunately, no difficulty was experienced in dislodging their feet, and they were safely got down below. By about five o'clock p.m. nineteen had been embarked, but the twentieth one was so vicious and 'musty' that it was determined not to take him; for he would not submit to be slung, and he seemed very much inclined to do as he pleased. It was said that in an unamiable mood on Friday he killed one of his unfortunate attendants."

*The Italian Minister of Finance* exhibits a budget for the year 1868, which shows a surplus of about eight millions sterling in the expenditure over the revenue. A tax must be levied somewhere; but where, is the question. There is a rumor of a tax on flour, on wine, on oil, on silk, and from these imposts it is expected that about six millions would be obtained, leaving a deficit of two millions "to be provided for in the future." Italy has a great deal to provide for in the future.

*A Royal Marriage in Persia.*—A letter from Tauris, of the 19th November, gives details of the marriage of Mosafer Eddin Mirza, heir to the throne of Persia. The prince is only sixteen years old, and the princess of the same age. The princess occupied thirty-three days in her journey from Teheran to Tauris, and was preceded by about a hundred beasts of burden, horses, mules, camels, carrying servants, carpets, tents, and the outfit of the bride; then followed a number of led horses covered with magnificent housings, and next the carriage containing the princess, who was invisible to all eyes behind the mahogany blinds. The procession was accompanied by violins, trumpets, and tambourines, mingling their sounds with the military band sent from Teheran. Then came mules carrying palanquins closed with curtains and containing the women of the princess's suite.







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